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GLANCES AND GLIMPSES

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GLANCES AND GLIMPSES;

OR

FIFTY YEARS SOCIAL,

INCLUDING

TWENTY YEARS PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

BY

HARRIOT K. HUNT, M. D.

"If I have done well, and as is fitting the story, it is that which I desired; — but if slenderly and meanly, it is that which I could attain unto."

FOURTH THOUSAND.

BOSTON:

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DEDICATION

TO MY ONLY SISTER.

TOGETHER we plucked the early rose in childhood — enjoyed the refreshing morning walk — shared the same happy elevated home — watched the glorious bow, as after a storm it spanned the west — enjoyed the broad sea, and caught tone from its bracing air — were gladdened, cheered, encouraged, and disciplined by the same parents, whose love for the eldest, and then for the youngest, rested so sweetly upon us. Our childhood so full, so generous, so truth-like, has never been forgotten by us. Maturity finds us in separate homes, separate duties, separate responsibilities, but there is a *key-note* to which both our natures are attuned, — there is a magical word, which arouses our souls, and that wand is, childhood's home. Oneness in spirit, oneness in aspiration to be true to our parentage, has given a charm to our varied lives.

While you, my sister, in a high and holy marriage, have become a mother, I have in part shared that relation with you, in directing *my* maternal nature to quicken with life my *profession*, as well as to gladden with joy, those children which you have borne. The removal of the eldest to the spirit land has brought us nearer to our parents. Now, my sister, I offer you in these pages, the home department of my life — the days when our parents blessed us — and the days also when our mother fulfilled both relations to us; the days when *your* nearness to the spiritual world, causes now many to marvel that you are here; the days when anatomical and physiological knowledge attracted us to the medical life, and the early years of the profession shared with you ; but there is another to whom I dedicate that part of my life, since my mother's removal ; one you honor and revere with me.

> "We are but *two*, O let us keep
> The link that binds us bright."

Peace be within, and around your happy home.

TO

SARAH M. GRIMKE.

My Dear Sarah:

You have elevated, deepened, and brightened my public life, by your high-toned principles, leading me ever to apply the touchstone of truth to every subject, reckoning nothing small. The reforms of the day, in your philosophic mind, have been so united with gentleness and tenderness, and you have so taught me to control the impulses of my nature in the withholding of great truths, until the fulness of time, when like ripened fruits they could fall into wanting and waiting hands, that I have sometimes thought you a wise magician.

Your moral courage in living out the internal, is so blended with your religious responsibilities, that harmony has a meaning when applied to you. (Heaven bless and guide your declining years.) As a woman, rare and true, you have done much for me, and also for every woman engaged in the reforms of the day.

PREFACE.

"Link by link the chain is made,
Pearl by pearl the costly braid,—
The daily thread of hopes and fears,
Weaves up the woof of many years,—
And well thy labors shall have sped,
If well thou weavest the daily thread."

I PRESENT you, kind reader, glimpses of a life, not so peculiar in any one thing, as quietly and connectedly linking many things. My aim shall be truthfulness, not omitting a proper regard to those *small influences*, which go to make up the great whole of this existence. The home and professional life will be married, and from this union, it is to be hoped, will arise an offspring healthy and useful, impressing the *reader* as it has the *writer*, with the vast importance of *obedience* and *early discipline*. You will find in these pages the observations of one who has watched life with a lamp lighted at the sacred *altar* of home, and fed by oil pure and fresh from the cruise of parental influence. One who has dreaded more to lose her childhood than aught else, and

who, in the removal of her last parent, felt that orphanage, which would have terrified, had it not led her to the Father of all.

You will find *hints* from a medical life which has been earnest and sincere; and as varied diseases of both mind and body have been presented for relief, *random remarks* may *aid* you in apprehending the *height*, *length*, *breadth*, and *depth* of the profession. The reasons will be glanced at which induce a desire for health. Some, that the duties of life may be acceptably met; others, that ambition, love, hatred, or selfishness may have renewed opportunity for action. May these pages succeed in arousing attention to *home;* to days of the past, when *parents* bestow upon children, in careful training, the fruits of their own rich experience; when early hours nurtured frugal habits; when obedience to parents was a preparation for responding to Divine commands; when respect to age and poverty were habitual to children. May it also succeed in awaking attention to the *medical profession*, as it *now* stands before the public, rent in twain by *pathies*, *isms*, and *quackery;* and may it arouse in some true minds a willingness to do something towards building a "suspension bridge" over the foaming waters of controversy, which shall unite the *conservatives* and *progressives*, the kingdom of the *Old*, with the States of the *New*, world. May it help to fix attention upon the great movements of the day, resulting from the development of *freedom* in our republic, and induce a frank, full recognition of *personal* respon-

sibility, based on INDIVIDUAL birth, life, and position, and an appreciation of the necessity of adapting mental culture (irrespective of sex) to the genius of the recipient.

Now, reader, if thou hast been a "patient," thou wilt feel the "physician" near; if we have taken "sweet counsel" together in investigating diseases, that we might gather data, the one for counsel, and the other for obedience, let an unction from the *past* rest on this humble offering. If Europe or California is now thy home, these pages will bring back choice hours; memory will respond, and thy true heart send a recognition. If a stranger — can there be a *stranger*, when the inmost life is depicted, and a *womanly* desire to present truth in a simple garb is felt? — I shall not entertain such a word.

Critics, *satirists!* here is work for you; there are plenty of *defects*, plenty of rough *granite* for your *hard* natures to hammer upon; an overflow of *enthusiasm* for you to brand as mere *impulse;* a confidence in *intuition* which will startle your *causality*, and an undoubting faith in even a *grain* of "mustard-seed." Farewell on the door steps; let us enter the building, and in examining its apartments and the uses of each, we shall soon feel at home.

The picture gallery is ready; the sun is at mid-day, (fifty years,) and you are all entitled to your opinions on the pictures. Be kind in your severity, charitable in your criticisms, and find the "stand-point" of the *writer*

before you adjust your glass. Some may through affection use a magnifier, and exaggerate their merits; for there are those with whom H. K. H. has passed both fearful and tender hours, — and kindly thoughts are sometimes extravagant; others, a microscope, that they may pick flaws, argue on the style and propriety, and comprehend and discover what is *hidden* from the naked eye. With these *last* I can sympathize, for there will be *dashes* of the brush *not* to be completed; *touches, not* finishing strokes upon the canvas.

GLANCES AND GLIMPSES.

CHAPTER I.

"It would be no unprofitable thing for you to pass over the several streets, and call to mind who lived here so many years ago."—INCREASE MATHER.

ON the evening of November 6, 1791, Bishop Parker, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, united in marriage Joab Hunt, (born November 7, 1769,) and Kezia Wentworth, (born November 5, 1770,) youngest daughter of Edward Wentworth,—all of Boston. On the 9th of November, 1805, Harriot Kezia, their first child, was born; and on the 25th of December, 1808, Sarah Augusta, their last. The attention of the reader is directed to the fact that many years elapsed before the birth of these children:—it bears a relation to what follows.

My mother was a pet child—the youngest of her family. Before she was ten years old, her mother died. But the love that had been breathed on her childhood for those ten years, remained for ever. Its memory was the glad light that cheered and guided her in the performance of her duties in after-life. As her discriminating and healthy tone of mind is shown in these pages, the reader cannot fail to perceive that Love is

the cause for every beautiful and vigorous growth, — that for every such growth, Love is demanded as a condition. I remember often hearing in childhood of my mother's usefulness, — of her great capacity for doing good to others. It was all reflected back upon her in respect and blessing. We had a very large circle of affectionate relations. My mother could pride herself on the love borne her by the relatives of her husband. There were influences in the community, at that time, favorable to the formation of her character. Her life began at a period in the republic when substance had not given way to shadow; when the distinction between wealth and happiness was seen and accepted; when prudence, intelligence, and economy were considered household virtues; and when diligence and frugality took lessons from every sunbeam, as well as from every cloud.

My father was entirely "a North-Ender!" His family always lived, as did his maternal grandparents, in Charter street. A bright, glad, witty man — without a shade of vulgarity — perfectly the master of all those nice little arts and manners which give zest to conversation, enlivening it, — with a true, constant, and genial benevolence in thought, word, and deed; — his face was always radiant with a pleasure that had its source in his heart, — "a contented mind is a continual feast." I have a pleasant thing to record of him. He always loved the nautical profession — but in his youth he had felt even more strongly

> "The beauty and mystery of the ships,
> And the magic of the sea!" —

and he desired to follow the mariner's varied and trying life. It was the warm wish of his heart — it was his

cherished plan; but it was repugnant to his parents, and he laid it down. His only brother, Capt. Joseph Hunt, of Charleston, S. C., took it up, and carried it out. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," says a homely proverb. Fated not to be one of those "who go down to the sea in ships," my father's next plan was to link himself as closely as possible to those who did; and he learned the trade of a ship joiner, (it was so called then,) which he followed many years. Subsequently he went into the business of Eastern navigation. In those days, Labor was the father of freedom and independence. Indolence was not fashionable — it was considered a cancer; and extravagance, a fever. In view of the converse, I think it is no wonder we have so many physicians in these days! My father's companions were sea-captains. I think my childish mind was enriched from the stores of valuable facts he gathered from them, and was first opened to thoughts of a world outside of Boston, from my early reading of the ship-news in the papers of that day.

Such, in brief, were my parents. Theirs was a happy — cheerful — joyous home. Fourteen years of their married life were spent there without a child; but they were not lonely. They used that time — particularly my mother — as a season for improvement and a time to prepare themselves for affinity with higher minds. Reading enlivened their days, and the quality of books that were read illuminated their minds and enriched their conversation. Possessing freedom of thought, and large capacity of language, utterance became with them a law of life. No mental dyspepsia marred their blessings. Their ideas did not fossilize into prejudices, but grew and blossomed. Good sense did not stagnate at their table, because they were but two; but argument,

fresh and varied, gave to that quiet little home a power and a charm even for the stranger. My mother had a strong love for politics — even more than my father. Those were days when women were not stigmatized for having an interest in the National housekeeping, as well as the domestic! I remember when but a child, dreading the President's and Governor's Messages — for I had them to read! In these days, any feeling we may have is, more wisely, transferred from the messages to their authors.

In every life there is a Sabbath life. My parents were constant church-goers. It is a prominent trait in New England character. My father's family attended Dr. Elliot's (Congregational) church. My mother was an Episcopalian — a firm and true one; an observer of holy days, and a lover of the august and beautiful services of that sect. Her family left Trinity Church with Dr. Walter in 1792, when he became rector of Christ Church. But a great change was to come over both my parents. "In 1770 JOHN MURRAY first preached in America." The famous Universalist delivered his first sermon in Boston on the 30th of October, in a hall over a factory. His second visit finds him preaching at private houses, in Faneuil Hall, and other places. On the 29th of December, 1805, the Universalists "purchased the meeting-house at the head of Bennett street, vacated by the death of the Rev. Samuel Mather." Here was the germ in 1805; in 1855, look at the tree! My father heard John Murray — was satisfied of the truth of his doctrines, and embraced them zealously. My mother was surprised and saddened by this change in his religious views; and when he urged her to hear this new preacher, she hesitated — she could not believe it right. However, she consented at length, and started

with him one Sunday morning, reluctantly, to go. Her acquiescence carried her as far as the church door — there it failed; she vanished, and went to the Episcopal church! Meanwhile my father, gratified and delighted, walked up the aisle, opened the pew door, turned around — lo! no wife! She had fled at the threshold! I have often heard her allude to this incident with sorrow, as revealing her bigoted state of mind at that period. Becoming acquainted with John Murray, socially, she applied herself to Bible reading, in order to reason with him, and confute their arguments. Her polemical powers were very remarkable. When the famous preacher came to take tea with the family, certain texts of Scripture were presented by her for him to solve. Her arguments with him resulted finally in her conversion to his views; and she accepted his light with the deepest gratitude. Faith had a more potent charm for her, from its correspondence with works; and her new belief in the broad, impartial love of God, became enthusiastic. Her life, obedient to a love now entirely divorced from fear, gave to her conversation a peculiar eloquence.

I come now to speak of my birth. The older portion of the inhabitants of the North End can remember when Lynn street (now Commercial) was open on one side to the broad waters of the harbor, and when the houses on the right hand from Hanover street side were not built. Those older people can remember, too, a neat, pleasant little dwelling facing the water, with a garden of flowers all about it. From the windows you could look on the free tossing of the sea tides, with the ships far and near, and the little ferry-boats plying to and fro. Beyond was Chelsea, where the cows were feeding in the green pastures. You could see the beau-

tiful sunsets reflected in the water, kindling its unstable mass into gorgeous color and shifting flame. And in this house, whose surrounding scenery gave it a soft charm, — a house with flowers without, and birds within, and itself the nest of every comfort, — in this house I was born. There had been a preparation for my birth in my mother's life: in her discipline, her activity, and her maturity. She was then thirty-five years of age. Children had been repeatedly offered her for adoption; to each offer she would say, "If the Lord wills me to sustain that relation, he will give me a child." The Lord willed it.

The birth of her first-born was an event, not only in the family, but in the neighborhood; and it even excited interest among strangers. Severe, sorrowful, anxious hours dragged by; still the physicians tarried, and uncertainty became resolved into anguish as the news spread that both mother and child could not live; — then, of course, the child was nought. After three days of intense anxiety — surgical skill being demanded — a baby was born and laid away as lifeless. But the joy was great, for the wife was saved!

A careful, capable aunt, my mother's eldest sister, who herself had a family, took this baby, — this child of so many after prayers, hopes, and aspirations, — and exerted all her skill for its preservation. She rubbed, and chafed, and breathed upon its apparently lifeless body; and it revived — it moved — a cry escaped. How many times I have been told of *that* cry! The tidings broke upon my parents like an electric shock. They had a daughter! Never was a child more gladly welcomed — never was an anxious mother more devoted — never was more true love breathed on an infant! Why the little one was so plain — so homely —

so unlike her parents — never was a question. I remember very well my father often telling me, as an equivalent, that I would never fade!

This was their first, and (then) their only child. Congratulations, prayers, and benedictions came in from every quarter. Such was its welcome into life; such the tenderness and joy with which it was received. I often think now at this mature age, that those blessings were not in vain, — were not without a mystic mission. I often think that the incense from those hearts has perfumed my whole existence; — that the gratitude of those parents for a living child has impressed me through subtle, and, it may be, undetectable agencies, with a more reverent and awful sense of the great fact we term Life. There have been times when I have had the consciousness of a Presence — when I have *felt* a light producing a feeling too vague, too mighty, for utterance; but, like a mantle, it has covered me, and a sense of individual responsibility has been created. The gift of Life is a great blessing. The contemplation of mere physical life has a charm for the thinking mind; — infancy attests this truth. But when that physical life is quickened and inspired with the life of Heart and Soul — with the affectional and intellectual life — when the three are one — the Trinity may well draw around it guardian angels who hover only to bless. Hours of spiritual loneliness, of busy thought, of intense professional activity, have been brightened by a happy sense of the early love that welcomed my infancy, known only by its light on the path without, and — its reflex — the illumination of the mind within. Birth has ever been to me a magic word, — the sesame that opens many of the locked mysteries of life. A golden chain binds my to-day with my first day. The

thought — so like a memory! — of my mother's first kiss, her maternal pressure, her exquisite joy in giving nutriment to her child, thrills and awakens a new, delicious life in me now. Happy child, thus early blessed with blessings hereditary to all after hours!

Many childish anecdotes come thronging around me. Some tell of my presentation to the family; of my dedication by John Murray: — "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." In after years, — after that dear mother had been removed to heaven, — a baptismal service was performed, and the same words rested on me again. An inspiration illuminated them, and babyhood, childhood, womanhood, were mystically united. Again, with the simple trust of a little child, I felt the serene confidence in a Heavenly Parent. There are moments when the soul sees, through Faith, the angelic ladder of the patriarch's dream, — divines, by a flash of revelation, the presence of God above His world; — moments in which a glance — a glimpse — leave their hallowed impress on our daily lives!

That dear, kind aunt who brought me to life, was a rigid Baptist. My mother had often urged her to hear John Murray; but Universalism was a terrible heresy then; and she always refused, with this reservation: — "Sister, if you ever have a child *dedicated* — then, I will go." She supposed *that* an impossibility. However, she kept her word — she was present at my dedication! My mother's joy that she was, at length, to hear the "glad tidings of salvation," was so great, that she really lost sight of the occasion, until the child was called for! She was startled. On interrogating aunt

after the service, respecting her feelings, aunt said she had "kept her seat, and that was all!"

I was nursed with the strictest care; trained from infancy to correct physical habits; watched, guarded, blessed, and prayed for. My infancy must have been golden, or I could not, now, feel so much on the subject. My mother, who had never prayed to become a mother, now fervently desired another child. One, she felt, would be lonely; — and she probably knew that her daughter's life would be more open to trial and selfishness, than if her childhood could be shared. Her desire was granted. On Christmas day, December 25, 1808, she gave birth to another daughter. Equal joy, unmixed with anxiety, welcomed this little girl — this *beautiful* little girl! I only hint at the fulness of the mother's heart; the happiness of the father's; — all else belongs to the inviolable sanctity of Home.

I have dwelt thus minutely on my earliest existence, because its importance deepens with the whitening of every hair; — and I really believe that the *reception* of every child has much to do with its whole life. "For unto each was there added by its Maker, in the perfect chain of being, dependencies and sustentations, accidents and qualities and powers. *And each must fly forward in the curve, into which it was forced from the beginning.* Each must attract and repel, or the Monarchy of Order is no more."

When I come to speak in this work, of my professional life, I shall have occasion to say something of marriage and birth. It has been made clear to me in quiet hours, that the joy — the holiness — the inspiration, that rested on my infancy, and streamed through my childhood, must be used for others. The child accepted as a *necessity* — nursed and tended grudgingly –

has one birthright. But the child, loved and cared for in embryo, and received in the fulness of conjugal, paternal, and maternal love, — has quite another birthright! I put this down here only as a hint — but is it not a significant one? It is the outline of a truth. You can see the disregard of that truth in the sorrowful perversions all around us!

CHAPTER II.

"The love of *use*, and therefrom a fixed attention to *use*, hold together the mind, so that it may not flow forth and dissipate itself, and wander about and drink in all the lusts which flow in from the body and the world through the senses, with their allurements, by which the truths of religion and morality, with all their goods, are scattered to the winds, but a studious fixing of the mind *upon use*, holds and binds them together *in use*, and disposes the mind into a form receptive of wisdom from those truths, and then it exterminates the sports and mockeries of falsities and vanities." — SWEDENBORG.

JUST before the birth of my sister, we moved to Fleet street. In 1800, there were but two houses on the water-side of Lynn street, and my parents probably foresaw the changes it was destined to undergo. I have been told (it may be interesting to the local antiquarian) that the Bulfinch House, on "Hemmenway Land," near Harris's mast-yard, was the first building on that side. Persons conversant with the old localities of Boston will remember Garden Court street, leading from Fleet street on the right, wherein stood the elegant old-fashioned mansions of Governor Hutchinson and Sir Harry Frankland — the last, afterwards the residence of William Clarke, the opulent North End merchant. "The walls of the principal parlor of that house were wainscoted, and on every panel was a landscape painted in oil, handsomely bordered, and blazoned at the top with armorial bearings. The floor

of the room was tessellated; being composed, it is said, of fifty-two different kinds of wood, cut into small squares, party-colored, and so disposed as to resemble handsome patchwork. In the centre of the floor, the arms of the family were inlaid." Cooper has accurately described this house in his novel of Lionel Lincoln; making it the residence of Mrs. Lechmere, and locating it in Tremont street. School mates lived in both of these houses; and my girlish feet have often responded to the merry violin on that tessellated floor, my aunt having afterwards resided there. Old associations hallow the spot;—nothing but the site is left now! The trees and gardens are all changed for brick walls, and a new "Prince street" has arisen. Opposite Garden Court street, in Fleet street, was the residence of Redford Webster, Esq., the father of Professor John White Webster. There was an old house adjoining his estate, (now removed,) in which the first Industrial School for poor girls, was opened. I distinctly remember the interest of Mrs. Webster and my mother, in that school. My home stood in the same relation to the North Square as Mr. Webster's residence to Garden Court street—both were open and airy. The private residences of very many old North End families, with their nice little gardens in the rear, and their verdant grass plots in front, cannot now be traced in these streets. There was a pleasant neighborhood of children there. But they are all grown up, and slowly growing down again. I remember them now as phantom-children. And there are other phantoms that trail through memory to the music of Christ Church chimes. I know them, and I greet them all.

The quaint streets and houses and gardens, have been gliding by in phantasmal procession,—now come

other revered forms — I knew them all! — Cordwell, Howard, Stanwood, Rogers, Barnard, Dickinson, Harris, Bray, Smith, Lash, Goodwin, Palfrey, King, and many more, — they are nearly all gone. A blessing rest on their descendants, and may they prove worthy their North End origin! I am proud of mine. I am grateful that my childhood lived in the sound of those sad or merry peals of musical church bells, which gladdened or subdued my soul! I am thankful for the freshness and the life I drew from those morning walks with my father on the wharves, and through the ancient streets and pleasant gardens of that old North End he loved!

It was in that Fleet street home, my sister and myself grew up to youth. As our childish characters developed, and our dispositions unfolded, we were very carefully guarded from temptation. Habits of trust and obedience were thus more easily formed. Our early playmates were chosen with more care — yes, a great deal more care — than is now given to elect a member for Congress. Our hearts were kept enlarged by family needs; and the difference between *wants* and *needs* was wisely taught us. We were not suffered to grow up in ignorance of the distinction between the apparent and the real — What Is and What Seems. Our fingers were kept busy out of school and play hours, aiding the shirt-maker — helping her in the fine stitching, ruffled bosoms, and button-holes. In the making of the latter, even now, I am considered an adept. But with all this work, (which would be accounted a terrible hardship in 1855!) there was always blended a merriment and joy, for our mother managed to make us feel that younger eyes were aiding older ones. Children always like to think they can be of service; and love transfigures every task, and makes it

pleasure. The books we read were carefully examined, as our eager curiosities seized these intellectual treasures; healthful imagination was encouraged; pains were taken that beautiful pictures of Truth should impress our minds with its power. With scrupulous care, our apparel was ever alike; but with thoughtful wisdom, our individualisms were respected. I was naturally indolent — yes, I may say, lazy; and I well remember the pleasant devices used by my mother to lure me to industry. Loving books, and a sort of dreamy foreshadowing resting on me at a very early period, I was not a useful child in many of those domestic arts which tend to make others happy; but I was not *forced* from my natural bias to constrained obedience, by rough, rude treatment, but gently *led* to be of service to others, and, as gently attracted to such service, because it was *for* others. I am grateful to my mother for this. I think she was wise.

The memory of our early morning walks with our father, our constant attendance at church, our simple and chaste wardrobe, our happy intercourse with our parents, our cheerful, witty, piquant table, shared frequently with many of our kindred, and overrunning with cheerful vivacity, is present with me now. The lonely meal partaken so often since my orphanage, has been endued with life from the past. I call it lonely; it is indeed solitary; but old memories make it festal.

> "Unseen companions, guests of air,
> You cannot wait on, meet me there;
> They taste not food, they drink not wine,
> But their soft eyes look into mine,
> And their lips speak to me, and all
> . . . . . .
> Is full of looks and words divine!"

Taught at home while young by our mother, we received the impress of her mind. The remembrance of sitting on my father's knee at twilight, learning the multiplication table, by the bright light of a wood fire in a Franklin stove flashing softly on the shadows of the cheerful room, comes to me now like an interior illumination. Thus early were formed those domestic loves — those sacred attractions, which in time lead the child to desire to know that Heavenly Parent who guided, blessed, and encouraged the earthly ones. In minds thus prepared, religious obedience has its root. The influence of our childhood's home is felt through life, and gives a quality to our conception of a heavenly home.

I think again of our little garden, fragrant with the early rose and fleur-de-lis. There, on spring mornings, our mother was seen, as many may remember, training and weeding her choice plants and flowers. The early lettuce and peppergrass on our table spoke of her thrift. How often, while training and weeding in that garden, she must have been reminded of her maternal duties, — of the young "children like olive plants round about her table!" To such a mind as hers, every flower and plant must have borne spiritual leaves and blossoms, and each one conveyed a lesson. She yielded to those natural teachings in her own quiet, sensible way.

Time came when we must go to school. My first school days were calculated to impart cheerfulness to my mind. Whoever can look back to childhood, and recall, with gratitude, a good and kind teacher, remembers — no matter what that teacher's name — Mrs. Carter of Friend street. I am sure all who were her pupils, reading this work, will agree with me in her unfailing suavity, kindness, and tenderness to children. Her hus-

band was a dancing-master. His hall adjoined our school-house; and many an hour she permitted me to enjoy the music and dancing as a spectator. When the time came for me to be a scholar in his school, my joy seemed complete. He had then removed to Concert Hall, which was some distance from our home. The walk to and fro gave me vivacity and health. Glancing back to that period, I find that my first outdoor experience was salutary. Mrs. Carter's was a private school: — we never attended the public schools; they were not then the carefully modelled institutions they now are, and did not bear their present relation to the public. I have my first school bill to Mrs. Carter, dated 1810. Our bills were always carefully preserved by our mother, that we might realize in maturer years the expense of our education. Friend street was at some distance from our house; this distance being objectionable in the winter season, we went, while yet quite young, to a school in an old house (now removed) at the junction of Garden court and Fleet street, kept by Misses Hannah and Elizabeth Brown. My early school mates will remember vividly the Misses Brown, and their peculiar tact in *leading* the minds of their pupils to knowledge. For years, at both of these schools, I pursued my English education, and I am ever grateful for it. The little troubles, sorrows, and perplexities I shared in those early school days with my sister, were as blessings in comparison to the deprivation I felt from her frequent absence through ill health. She was never as robust as myself, and therefore I was often left alone, — this was my greatest grief in those happy days.

Our mother was always intimate with our teachers. They often took a social cup of tea at our house with

friends; and this intercourse gave them more influence over us. Her determination to know our school life (she always knew what were our class lessons) encouraged a spirit of frankness in our instructors, and in us a degree of carefulness. Learning readily, my constitutional laziness was increased; and at twelve years of age, I promised what I have never attained — scholarship. I have always memorized too much; hence a mental superficiality. This habit of nurturing the memory, to the neglect of other intellectual faculties, has given me trouble; and I think it fostered a willingness to trust more in *perception* than *reflection*. My perceptive faculties take the lead; the causative seldom. The end is perceived first; then wonder attracts me to the somewhat difficult task of tracing it to its origin. It is a good thing to arrive at a conclusion; it is an equally good thing to know by what road, and from what starting-point, we travelled thither. My own experience in this matter has aided me in counselling others, who were forming the same mental habit.

The simplicity of our lives, the nearness of our spirits, and our limitation to home delights, placed us where we were little understood by our neighbors. When we were mere children we read the newspaper to our parents. (How long the President's messages seemed to us then!) While other children were walking out in the evening, we were quietly in bed — too often awake! — and talking over when *we* should be old enough to be up in the evenings! The early hours we were made to keep, have had a beneficial effect on our whole lives, in the matter of health, and the control of our nervous energies. And thus, too, were formed habits of personal independence. Other children did thus and so: — why we should imitate them was not "in the Dic-

tionary" used at No. 6 Fleet street! I suppose feelings of gratitude that we were individually recognized, tended to quiet our childish natures, when our neighbors' children were living a life so much more congenial, and with more *apparent* enjoyment. The restrictions put upon us, often caused our dear mother to be termed, prudish. There are persons unalterably true to their Ideal of Duty, they inevitably provoke the fancies and whims of the world about them, and are accused of nearsightedness and want of judgment. But such minds heed little what other people think or say; they do not take the trouble to prove they are right, or prate about the wrong; friends and foes may judge as they please; for within is the fixed light-house, and they keep their course through the shifting currents of opinion, directed by the safe, bright beacon — Conscience.

There have been many as choice Homes. There have been many as true Parents. In many a soul their memory shines, like a star, and in many a heart they have lit an undying sunshine of gratitude. My sympathy with such, is electrical. I would take to my bosom every child thus blessed in its opening life; I would gratefully acknowledge the few friends with whom my parents took sweet counsel. But there is a mournful converse. My ear is sick — my heart is pained, with the conditions, and the changes, of social life! My medical professsion has opened homes to me; and I have seen them ugly and bare. Sometimes I seem to myself a century plant, comparing the days that *are* with the days that *were*.

What are these homes of which I speak? The merest apologies; places for eating, drinking, and sleeping; haunts for ennui, fretfulness, and distrust; habitations where foreign servants control the kitchen and the

nursery, while foreign fashions lord it over the parlor and the drawing-room! Elegant localities where vacant folly plays its antics; where hypocrisy lays off its sanctimonious mask, and shows the scowl; where whispering slander poisons the breathing air. Nests for parrots and mocking-birds. Alcoves where pompous pride and fickle vanity perform their private theatricals. Uncultured gardens where indolence, neglect, irritability, and recrimination, gather nettles and nightshade, and heaps of rubbish, choking every vital plant, that would germinate if it could, and make the air as sweet as summer. Dwellings where apathy and indifference are the substitutes for quiet home enjoyments; where fulsome flattery of some one for some end, is planned, and bait and hook prepared for social angling. These are the sad homes of what we call Society! This is the social exchange where the currency is counterfeit coin! Let the social philosopher decide why it is that the quality of the homes in the present, bears no comparison with that of the homes in the past generation. Is it the graft of prosperity and luxury that gives us this bitter fruit from a healthy ancestral tree? Is it a natural growth that gives us the miracle of thorns where grapes grew before — of thistles where once figs ripened? Or is it that these are indeed hereditary evils, which, like a disease, were kept dormant by privation in the past generation, and are now developed by luxury in the present? Who doubts the hollowness and rottenness of our interior social life? Look at the Schuylerisms — the bank and railroad defalcations — the mercantile failures and forgeries, that start up constantly and make us stand aghast. These are but slight evidences on the surface, of the life that is lived within. Many — many of these monstrous growths of

sin and crime, and many more monstrous, had their roots in the soil of what we call Home. Yes, and the fearful physical diseases nursed in that miasmatic atmosphere — of these I will not speak now.

"A sentence has formed a character, and a character subdued a kingdom." But example is worth all the precept in the world. Parents! your children are worth more to you than the unrealities so many of you follow. See to it, that you not only educate by wise precept that conscience which will be their only guide to noble lives, but that you also educate that conscience by your own example, and by those good and graceful influences whose presence in your dwelling alone can make it worthy of the beautiful and sacred name of HOME. Parents, see to it, that you give to your young children a home worthy of the name. Giving them *that*, you give them *all*. Failing to give them *that*, though you bestow every thing else, you give them nothing. Home is the mould of character. If it has cracks and flaws, expect to see the consequences in your children. You may separate precept and example, but, remember! infantile ears are very keen, — childish eyes are very searching, — and if your theory and practice are divorced, your young child of seven years, knows all about it. Plans are laid to trap you by your children when you least suspect it; and you find yourself ashamed of yourself. Before you know it you are weighed in the child's balance — wo to you if you are found wanting! If there is sin and disorder in your life, you will see it all lived over again in your child. That child holds the clue to the intricate labyrinth of deception in itself, built by your ignorance or folly and used against yourself by your neglect or vacillation. My way of life has led me for many years,

both as a teacher and a physician, to the observation of homes. The view has been a very sad one. The joy and gratitude I have felt for my own privileges, have been mixed with sorrow for the neglected childhood I have seen around me. I do not care what *after* delights and alleviations may be in store for the life of a neglected child; there will always be a void — a cheat — a sorrow — a loneliness in its being, which it will feel, though often not understand. Fathers! Mothers! think of this; and while you are striving for houses, lands, wealth, social position, and all those uncertain and perishable accumulations you are wont to gather for your children, give some little time to your own spiritual development, — to that certain and imperishable wealth of parental care which should be bequeathed to them; their use of this treasure will bless your lives and solace your dying hours — it may be, conscious that you have left them the best legacy!

I resume my narrative. I have before observed, that our intimates were carefully selected. Having a strong spice of romance in my nature, I formed many love attachments with the school-girls, entered into correspondence with them, sometimes anonymous, — and thus I was early on the alert, watching character. I had a natural passion for the study of human nature, it was a source of inexhaustible pleasure. My mother always invited to the house those I was attracted to, that she might deepen the friendship by approval, or loosen it by wise caution. My school days were very happy; never overtaxed. Dearly loving fun, I found many sly opportunities for its indulgence, and was fond of extracting the ludicrous from the most trifling incidents. My lungs learned a joyous laugh, which, even now, at fifty, (they tell me,) has its distinctive character.

I hardly knew how smoothly my life slipped away Constant family interchange kept the home wide awake. My father's and mother's sisters were both widows. My father being the only uncle in the family, our house naturally became head-quarters. Stiff religionists were glad to unbend there, and bigoted Christians used their risibles freely. With such surroundings, life was full of thought even to the school-girl. Even at that early period, I always felt I was to do something different in the future, from other people, that I was not to keep school, or go into any province that had been occupied. What was it? I asked myself. The answer came in the "fulness of time."

I can now aid memory in these glances at my life by reference to my journal, which was commenced in 1815, and has to this day been kept up in the family. I find the first entry:—"Business very dull; father being now a juryman, fifty-three days at the supreme judicial court gladdens us, because his *mind* will be employed." I find reference to my desire to write my first letter to a cousin, and to my mother's refusal, on the ground of incompetency. This was just the thing for my sanguine nature, because now I would prepare myself. Here is an entry, dated January 13, 1815, referring to the close of the war of 1812–14. "The joyful news of peace is announced. Mother says the greatest emotion of our hearts must be gratitude to God." The next morning, I remember, we were awakened by the ringing of the bells, whose merry peals lasted, at intervals, all day; for it was the day of the ratification of the treaty. The morning following, we were again awakened by the ringing of bells and the firing of guns; for that was the day of celebration. Mother aroused and shared our joy; and that evening,

when the town was illuminated, was our first evening out, away from her. In 1855, at the Fourth of July Celebration in Dorchester, her grandchildren were out for the first evening, to see fireworks! Think of it — in modern times, too!

In the following September John Murray, after six years' illness, passed into the spiritual world. There has always seemed to me a wonderful connection between my parents' bold, earnest reception of the liberal doctrines of this wonderful man, and my own reception of truths, which the present century is pleased to call ultraisms. New truths never seem strange to me; I accept them as consequences of my development. I take no credit for prescience, heroism, or originality: — the principle is ingrained within me.

John Murray was a Trinitarian, as was my mother. He was a believer in the abounding, perfect, and benignant doctrine of Universal Salvation — of ultimate happiness for all. It seems to me to be a doctrine which, to say the least of it, results from genuine and hearty sympathy and loving-kindness for mankind. Certainly we need a more genial, loving, neighborly spirit in our religious organizations. A *profession* of religion is one thing; a *possession* of its life-giving principles, ultimated in practice, is quite another thing. It is the hollowness of our spiritual life that fosters infidelity, despair, fanaticism, and religious insanity. It is the hypocrite who poisons the religious element in society. Look at these people! Spiritual life and motion, moral consciousness and responsibility, suspended interiorly; the body used unlawfully through physical impulses and passions; and they term themselves Christians! Perpetually denouncing the "ungodly," which means all persons who do not happen to see through their specta-

cles; themselves the victims of lurking evils known to all with whom they are in daily contact; and all this time they are talking about Christian truths! If we do not truly love our neighbor, — "godly" or "ungodly," — that daily utterance, "Our Father who art in heaven," is but a daily mockery. We need religious confidence in this age of atheistic science; we need faith and courage in this age of cavil and doubt; but more than all we need that spirit of Divine love which assimilates us to Him who is the way, the truth, and the life.

John Murray was a great reformer. He cared nothing for the hail storms of rebuke and denunciation that were showered on him. He would have died the death of martyred Stephen for his faith, and trusted in the Divine love. He was eccentric and peculiar, but he was the man needed for the times. I regard with reverence a Bible he gave me. It has accompanied me many journeys. I have read from it when lecturing, and have enjoyed its sphere. Bold, earnest, thinking minds were attracted to this preacher. Those conversant with the early history of Universalism will love to be reminded of the men he drew to his support — Frothingham, Kettell, Balch, Brazier, Russell, Goddard, Townsend, Wright, Sargent, Hale, Hersey, Thompson, and many others. The large body of Universalists in this country will read with interest some writings he gave my mother, which have never appeared in print. I introduce them here. The first is a letter which accompanied some notes of his sermons, dated Boston, Dec. 6, 1806.

"My Friend, — Since you have been confined so much at home, knowing that your heart has been with the disciples of our blessed Master, I have thought it would be some gratification to you to have some lead-

ing hints of the great truths so essential to our happiness, presented to you *in this way;* that your Christian mind may be employed, on some occasions, in the same manner as when you are seated in the place where those meet who resolve to hear what God the Lord will speak. I am persuaded you will very readily enter into the spirit of these truths, because you have the teachings of God's holy Spirit; yet you will need, and will have to be reminded of what you knew before, lest you should let it slip. It has been frequently observed, that the hearts even of believers — those taught by God's holy Spirit — are slippery places; that they have need, therefore, to be often reminded of what they before knew, lest they let them slip; and as the salvation we have consequent on believing will last no longer than while we are believing, (though the salvation *believed* is as durable as God himself, because it is hid with Christ in God,) we have need of our attention being roused frequently by hearing or reading, the Word of God. But even the word of our God is so little understood, and so much perverted, that if we do not depend on this word for the *explanation*, as well as for the text, we shall greatly err, not knowing the Scripture. I have the pleasure to believe that you have as much of the teaching of God's Spirit as any of his children. I have been acquainted with you while you were growing in the grace and in the knowledge of God; and when you are enabled to attend, you frequently find something *new*, as well as *old*, from the Divine Treasury, and these new discoveries give you much delight. I am not very fond of writing, because I have not been much in the habit of writing; but I feel ready to communicate with those that I know will feel a pleasure in attending thereto. But I am the

more disposed thus to do with you, as you are a *Christian parent*, and will, I am persuaded, be disposed to bring up your little one in an acquaintance with God, and with his word, from her infancy. Nothing can be of so great advantage as this. Were you one of the fashionable world, I should expect my time in this way would be next to thrown away; but, thanks be to God! you are not. You will therefore, I am persuaded, when your dear child is capable of receiving instruction,—you will see that she will be made acquainted with those things, which make for her peace. Another reason I have for giving you these hints is, that I shall not be long with you; and though you may as *one of a* congregation get a much greater, and a much better man, you may not very soon get a preacher who has been longer acquainted with the Scriptures. I really feel very sensibly for God's children who *will* statedly attend in that place when I am taken away. It is very true God is able to fill my place much more to the profit of his people than now; but, be this as it may, you will find pleasure when I am no more here, in reading some of these remarks to your sweet child. You will tell her, I heard this preacher deliver such truths as these; and when I was confined at home attending on you, he, as a kind parental friend to us both, recorded some of those great truths he delivered during my absence. I am persuaded he had not much time to devote in this way, and, therefore, wrote but poorly; but we, my sweet child, will be able to pick it out for our mutual profit. Thus, I doubt not, you will talk to your sweet child when I am no more here; but I shall expect you where I shall be — that is, with our God, our Saviour, who gave himself for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, live or die, we should live together with

Him. These things you will instil into the mind of your sweet infant, and God, the Everlasting Father, will water the seed sown with his blessing. May you long live a blessing to each other, and both a never-failing consolation, an abiding blessing to her father! I am persuaded he loves his child as well as you can, or ever man loved a child. But a daughter will be principally under a mother's care. I have no doubt of his being pleased with every attention you pay to her *in this way*, though he may not feel the necessity of it so much himself. I feel a real, sincere affection for her father. I am persuaded no man ever loved a wife and daughter more than he loves you and your sweet babe; yet I should rather you had the care of her mind and her education than her father. A mother is the best tutor for a daughter. I pray God to preserve you for *her*, and *her* for *you*, and bless you both with every blessing. Amen.

"Inclosed, you will find some few of those notes I have mentioned; you shall have more should you approve of these. I presume you have heard repeatedly that I never preach by note. When I take any notes, similar to these, it is after I have preached, — merely from recollection. I wish, however, I had paid more attention to this method. I should have preserved many things now lost, even to myself; for my memory is as treacherous as the memory of any of my hearers. O what a blessed thing it is, that we have the Record open before us at all times, to which we can apply as unto a light shining in a dark place, which, rightly attended to, will guide our feet into the way of peace! O blessed be our God, who has not only given us this light, but sight to see the light, and what the light makes manifest! For the light without sight would be of no advantage.

O, my friend, how greatly blessed are we to whom it is *given*, to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven! — which to others is *given* indeed, but locked up in the language of parable, that they to whom these mysteries *are* given, may not *now* know what they contain, — like orders given to a sea commander, not to be opened till *he* gets into a certain latitude; but then it is plain those orders are to be opened, and when opened they will be known, and when known they will be obeyed. O, my friend, what a soul-cheering consideration, that we are taught to look forward to a day of vision, which is called the day of the Lord, when *all* that is hid shall be made manifest! But are we made candidates for this blessed state? We are — we are! heirs of a blessed, ever blessed immortality! — nor can any power, within or without, in earth, or hell, or in ourselves, deprive us of it! This life is the gift of God; he never will take away what he gave, or repent that he gave it; for the gifts and callings of God are without repentance. O nothing, nothing can ever separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, in whom our life is hid! Yes, my friend — my Christian friend — we shall live because Jesus lives. Because *I live*, saith the dear Saviour, *ye shall live also.* O let us take comfort from these reflections! These reflections will cheer our hearts, both in the meeting and in our dwelling."

The following is part of a letter, prefaced by the outline of a discourse on the death of Washington. It is dated February 26, 1807: —

"'Isaiah 60:20, "Thy sun shall no more go down neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

"'In every age of the world, human nature has been the same selfish. . . . This is a source of sorrow and of mourning; this mourning is either of a public or private nature. Its signs are governed by custom. But real mourning shuns parade. No person would be supposed to mourn for an unworthy character; — mourning is justly considered a sign of respect; and the greater the signs are, the more honor is done to the individual on whose account they are expressed. Perhaps there never was, in any age or nation, more *real* sorrow felt, or more signs of it displayed, than in this age and in this nation, on the decease of our beloved, revered Washington. This is not only honorable to him, but to them who feel, or feign, this sorrow. Next to the possession of real virtue is the love of it. . . . We are called on this day to celebrate the sublime virtues of General Washington, and mourn his departure. But how shall we recount them! We know the value of every thing excellent in the loss thereof. The near connections of our departed chief, — the intensity of *their* sorrow will never be called in question. The general — the patriot — the honest statesman — the upright magistrate — the truly brave — the faithful, honest citizen — the real religious man. . . . Every true American — every honest citizen of the New World, not intoxicated by the spirit of party, — *these* will be considered real mourners. It is not for me to say how much the cultivation of the soil will suffer in the loss of such precepts and such examples; — how much the statesmen, the legislatures, the armies of the country; — but while each of these express the sense they have, we are bound to notice, though last, not least, the immense sorrow felt and expressed by the ancient and honorable brotherhood of which he was so

bright an ornament. We defy the scribblers of the Old or New World to graft on the minds of the public a disagreeable impression of an Order so many years admired, loved, and patronized by the wise and virtuous Washington. And it is with peculiar pleasure we can say, Our illustrious brother has been wept and honored by the craft he loved! But he is raised far above these rolling spheres. Our sun *has* gone down. Our moon is withdrawn. Have we any consolation left? Yes; [*that consolation*] in the words of our text, . . . "We do not sorrow as those without hope."'

"This is a rough sketch of a discourse delivered before the Grand Lodge on the death of General Washington. As I view you in the light of a real Christian friend, who may live many — very many years after I am called home; and as you once did me the honor, (taking this into consideration,) to tell me if I had any little scraps of my writing that I did not want, you would, (you were pleased to say,) accept them with thankfulness, (more than they deserve,) that you may look over them when I am no more here, — I take leave to present you this. I much doubt whether you will ever be able to pick it out; it is with some difficulty I have done this myself. But the more trouble you meet with in deciphering this poor hasty scrawl — the more time and difficulty you meet with — the more value you will set by it. You and I, my friend, have one origin — God is our Father; — indeed we know Him to be the Father of the spirits of all flesh; but this we should not have known had he not have been graciously pleased to manifest it unto us. There is another and a better state. I am verging on it. I shall soon reach our Father's home, in which are many mansions — I am sure there are. If it were not so, He

would have told us. I make no doubt, as the names of God's children are written in heaven, every mansion has the name of its owner over it. Those who are gone before us, see those names, and wait for the arrival of the blessed beings to whom the mansion belongs. When I get home, I shall see your mansion prepared for you; and, believing you will enter it in due season, I shall patiently wait, and quietly hope for your arrival. Believers in that bright world will not make haste; but it will be no small addition to their happiness to know that they are expected. Those who arrive *there* first, will enjoy much in contemplating the felicity that awaits those who remain here. Then, all the weighty matters that fill *us* with joy and sorrow, alternating in *this* state of being, will to those who are in *that* state, come of age, appear so trifling as not worthy to be thought of.

"It is very true that children's pains and sorrows are, to children, sufficiently grievous; and they are the more objects of pity for the time being. But there will be so much more known in that bright world, that the souls of the blessed inhabitants will feel no sorrow there; — yet, they will feel a holy anxiety for the redemption of the purchased possession, and sometimes say — 'How long, Lord?' But, my dear Christian friend, as the happiness of the inhabitants of the upper and better world will be increased by contemplating the felicity they shall experience on the arrival of the dear connections they have left behind, — so, those that remain will find some mitigation of their sufferings, by thinking of those who are gone before. You may, for example, some time after I am gone, in looking over some papers, find this; your eye will run over it; you will recollect when, and on what occasion, you saw the writer; when you were first brought to see under his

teaching, 'the salvation of our God;' when you first tasted of the grace of God in truth; when you entered into rest by believing; and on how many occasions afterwards, you felt the power of God's Spirit witnessing with your spirit, to the truth as it is in Jesus; and while thus looking over this scrap of paper, — now penned on the 26th of February, 1807, in the afternoon of this day — you may call your dear child to you, and say unto her — See, my dear child, see! there is a paper written by the friend you have so often heard me speak of as the instrument made use of by our everlasting Father, to bring me into an acquaintance with himself. He is now, dear man, in heaven; but in this little scrap of paper he seems as if he was speaking to me from heaven, while I am yet on earth. He is now, perhaps, looking down upon us, and waiting with joyous expectation for our arrival. O, my love — you will then say — the religion of our Saviour, God, is no fable. The friend who wrote this is now with God, in heaven; and so, my love, shall we be by and by! —

"This, my friend, may be followed by something more from time to time, which you will have the goodness to lay by till I am gone. O, eternal praises be to Him who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we may live together with him! Amen.

"I called the first page of this, a sketch of a discourse; but it is only the introduction to one."

This closes my selections from these manuscripts. I have introduced them not only because I think they will be interesting to the numerous members of the church their author planted, but because I think they show the peculiar simplicity and fervor of his religious nature.

CHAPTER III.

"There are certain scenes made of moonlight and murmuring waves, of silent spires and whispering branches, which assume an intelligent, symbolic form, which are the hieroglyphics of the soul, from which Memory and Hope, those twin daughters of the fates, read our destiny in the past and future." — ANONYMOUS.

My mother's tender sorrow for her sisters when sick and in trouble, and her sympathy for the afflicted everywhere, find record in my journal in few, but emphatic, words. Her spirit seems to rest on the diary. Commemorative seasons were hallowed by our family, our kindred always sharing them with us largely; and the gladness and vivacity of our childhood, freed on these occasions, were so tempered that exuberance did not overflow, nor mirth become boisterous. The description, in the journal, of our school days, our dancing-school ball, and the family associations around us, are all recorded so pleasantly, that they live again when perused, catching another brightness from memory. That beautiful, graceful accomplishment of dancing, so perverted by late hours and the indecency of fashionable attire, has outraged many sensible people, and led them to deprive the young of one of the most simple and healthful enjoyments, because it has been abused. For myself, I can testify not only to its healthful, but to its recuperative power. The fortieth, nay, the fiftieth year of my age, found me enjoying

this life-cheering exercise. It should be one of the earliest amusements of children, and care should be taken by parents that it is understood as an amusement. The frivolity and ruin of many a young man and woman, are owing to the severe restrictions which imprisoned them in youth, released from which they rush wildly into excitement the moment they are in freedom, and sell their souls to vanity and dissipation.

While I am on this topic, I will mention a case that occurred in my practice. A thoughtful, anxious mother, who had lost three children, brought to me her only remaining child, — a daughter. Her temperament nervous-bilious — the nervous fearfully predominant; with great irritability of the system; peevish, passionate, dyspeptic, sleepless; of course, exacting, arbitrary, and uncomfortable; — the poor child looked sad, old, morbid, and miserable. She had been to school, because her parents thought it an amusement for her to be with other children. After critically examining her physiognomy, I said to her mother, "What is the temperament of your husband?" "The same as my own," she replied. "Then the child is doubly stamped," I continued, "and very vigorous measures must be used, if you expect to restore her health. Divorce her immediately from any thing mental so far as memorizing is concerned — let her reflectives yield to her perceptives — then send her to dancing-school, that she may combine exercise with order and melody, and thus some of her rough edges may be rounded." The child — her large eyes wide open with wonder and delight — interrupted me with — "Dancing-school! O, how I've longed to go! but mother says it's wrong, and leads to wickedness." What a dilemma for a physician! what a dilemma for a child! "My little dear," said I to her,

"What color are my eyes?" "Why — they ain't exactly blue, and they ain't black." "Very well, my child, they are grey eyes. Now your mother sees with black eyes, and I see with grey eyes! Did you ever intend your daughter to play the piano, guitar, or other musical instrument?" said I to the mother. "O, yes," was the answer. "Why," I continued, "why show such partiality to the upper extremities? The hands are rendered happy as a medium of melody: the feet are rendered equally happy in the same way. Only be as careful in the selection of your dancing teacher as of your music teacher, and all will be well." A nice afternoon school received this little girl, who grew in health and harmony every month as she followed the hygienic rules prescribed for her. Dancing is a healthful, beautiful, graceful recreation, and it is not responsible for the abuses luxury has thrown around it. The vulgarisms and excitements of the ball-room have no more to do with the simple enjoyment of the dance than the rich wines and sumptuous banquets of the gourmand, in whom they induce disease, have to do with the temperate repasts that satisfy the natural wants of the body.

A dear unmarried aunt suffering with paralysis, aroused our early sympathies. For four years she was an object of the tenderest care to us all. She lived in the old mansion-house of her parents and grandparents, in Charter street. We daily wended our way to that revered spot, (the house is still standing,) and our love of kindred was strengthened by her grateful smile and beaming eye; while the many family anecdotes and revolutionary reminiscences, she recounted, with her genial laugh, rendered our bundles light and our footsteps active in our many walks thither. Her paralysis was of the body; it did not touch her spirit, nor neu-

tralize her buoyancy. The pleasant flow of her conversation, gleaming with wit and humor, — always so delightful to a child, — so natural to us, — repaid us for every care. Why not consider, sick and afflicted ones! — home invalids of every degree! — that if you throw the sombre tint of your misfortune on all around you, joyous childhood shrinks away from you, and you lose the consolation of childish sympathy? — Children dread fretful sickness, and instinctively avoid fault-finders and complainers. I thank you, kind aunt, departed now, for your wise teachings! And for the nickname, "Zion!" — and bestowed on me! Was it prophetic? "Zion, lift up thy voice; be not afraid!" At any rate, it was suggestive of purpose and stability.

Copp's Hill, Fort Hill, and Beacon Hill! These are the three hills which gave Boston its early name of Tri-Mount. Each is the haunt of old memories and the misty ghosts of reverie. To me, the first named, most of all. I almost feel familiar with the spirit of John Copp, the wealthy shoemaker, who died long before I was born, and from whom the hill took its name; so blended is the ideal with the real in connection with the romantic position of the eminence, and the early associations my childhood threw around it. The first windmill erected in Massachusetts colony, was brought here from Watertown in 1632, as it would only grind in a westerly wind, and this was the most favorable site for its operation. The waters of Charles River flow at its foot. Here the British constructed a battery, from which they fired across the stream at the Americans, during the battle of Bunker Hill; — the remains of the fort afforded fine fun for the North-End boys, till they were removed in 1807. How many Sabbath evenings I have walked in the old graveyard on this

hill! There, is the tomb of the Mather family. There, rest the bones of Increase and Cotton Mather — old Puritans, stout and grim; pastors of a congregation in which each man was

"— a soldier of the Lord,
With his Bible and his sword!"

I knew a descendant of this family — Mrs. Crocker, who was a neighbor of ours in Moon street; she resided in an old mansion on the ground where a Catholic church now stands. In the same old burial-place are the gravestones of my grandfather and grandmother Hunt; and also my maternal great-grandparents — Thomas and Sarah Adams. There, the sweet notes of Christ Church chimes, often came to my ears, and made my footsteps more reverent. I think we should be grateful, who have enjoyed this melody. It is recorded that, "In 1774, these Bells, eight in number, were the gift of a body of generous persons to Christ Church." On the third bell is the inscription, "We are the first ring of bells, cast for the British Empire in America." On the seventh, "Since Generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall ring forth its praises."

My birthday, as far back as I can recollect, was celebrated by a family party; but at twelve years of age, my mother gave me a child's ball, ever after the anniversary was sacred to ourselves and our immediate family. She said there was a propriety before teens, which, to be observed after that age, did not belong to childhood. That child's ball was such an event! I remember distinctly, even now, the Creole fiddler, our dancing-school dresses, and all the minutiæ of the occasion. Those were the days when whole families met

together; when, though dancing and music enlivened the scene, early hours were observed, the sweet proprieties of life were regarded; and childhood was full of life, fun, and joy.

My journal, under the date of May, 1818, speaks of our grass being mown. The entry refers to the plot in front of our house; and in this connection I remember the old man who regularly came from year to year, for some medicinal plant which grew there, mixed with the grass. Quietly he helped himself, left his thanks quietly, and quietly departed. What a magic mirror is memory! It now shows me our sweet little garden in the rear of the dwelling, filled with flowers, and fragrant with the cinnamon-rose trees trellised on bars, from which we were wont to cut wreaths to grace the rooms of our friends. Among the flowers, the Iris was my mother's favorite. Its broad, green, decided leaf, appearing when the frost was gone from the earth, with the snow of the early spring resting upon it, had a charm for her. At that time, as I have before observed, the North End abounded in beautiful gardens, and very fine fruit was then abundant, — not doled out in scanty quart boxes, as now. My father always wished to avoid the doctor and his bill; he, therefore, expended liberally for choice, ripe fruit. While our school mates were suffering from summer complaints, we were exempt.

It is very pleasant to find recorded in the diary, my father's deep interest in the "Charitable Mechanics' Association of Boston." Its triennial festivals, its trustee meetings, all had a charm for his social nature, which loved the cultivation of whatever was benevolent.

Our Christmas family gatherings were doubly joyous.

Christmas was the birthday of my only sister; I remember that my childish fancy thought the merry peals preceding it had had much to do with her birth! What an exciting affair to me, was my first school prize for spelling! And also, my medal for proficiency in history! Then came my first essay at letter writing for others. My father's aunt, whose only son had died at the South, wished me to write to his friends for her. I see myself now, sitting down with my slate, — my mother's charge with regard to carefulness in spelling resting upon me. The draught was prepared; I took it to my aunt; it was approved. I copied it on paper. My heart quivered — my life grew great in importance; I had written to a business man, and the letter was to the point! For years afterwards I was my aunt's letter-writer; the employment assumed much consequence; it was of great use to me — a capital discipline — though I sometimes rebelled. My father said he "never knew money that came in the slave-trade blessed;" and the intricate lawsuits, vexatious delays, and continued disappointments, of the business transaction which occasioned this correspondence, were always referred to by him in connection with the iniquity of its origin.

My father met with an accident from a fall, which kept him in the house for some time, — the family physician, Dr. Dixwell, called in to dress the wound every day. We were very thankful to have him at home. His witty sallies, his genial laugh, his overflowing good-nature, so brightened the domestic circle, that we became really selfish, and longed to have him with us constantly. I think men in sickness too often overlook the attentions which they enjoy, and keep an atmosphere of restraint and half fear about home. It is very bad policy, to say the least of it. Sickness always

calls for extra care and solicitude, and the nurse, whether serving for the sake of kindred or for hire, is always in need of, and grateful for, a recognition of her attentions.

Our home might truly have been called "The Great Joy," — so much pleasure was planned and enjoyed in it. I will not pass over one beautiful fact attending my opening life. Our mother had not only wisely determined that profit and pleasure should be united in our culture, — that the hours of play and study should be orderly adjusted, — but that our relations to others should be maintained. While walking and lounging were occupying all the spare time of many of our school mates, part of ours was given to some connections, who were book-folders, and entirely dependent on their own exertions. We passed many hours with them, sharing their labor.

I have spoken of the Misses Hannah and Elizabeth Brown, my teachers for so many years. In 1821, Hannah married Captain Sprague, and died at the birth of her first child, a daughter. I loved her; my heart was touched, — my soul was grieved at her removal. It seems strange that I have never seen her child. She is a mother now, and probably has felt her loss severely, for the most judicious love would have been hers, had her mother lived. A week after Hannah's departure, her sister Elizabeth followed her. Their lives had been blended for many years, — excessive grief beclouded her reason, and she passed away. Peace to the sisters! "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and ir their death they were not divided."

In connection with these deaths, pass before me a long procession of school mates. Many of them are now scattered over the country; many are in the spirit land In recalling reminiscences like these, there is something

like the lifegiving feeling with which we take the hand of an old school mate. If this book is read by any of my early companions, let them think again of those formidable Thursdays when each of us had our turn in writing down hard words! Let them remember again that provoking history of England, and all the difficult et ceteras that beset our paths!

A serious and thoughtful state was produced in our family by the death of my only uncle, Captain Joseph Hunt, of Charleston, S. C. He was a loving, high-toned, and noble man, very near and dear to his kindred, and his visits were ever regarded as angel ministrations. I corresponded with his only child, a daughter, for many years. I never saw her: she passed away very soon after her marriage, and her children also. The sundering of these ties was felt very severely. One reason why I have never visited South Carolina is, that it does not contain a relic of our family.

Does the reader weary over these details? I must recognize them, — they are the little rivulets, brooks, and streams, that gave power and volume to the broader after-current of my life.

My French teacher, — oh! dear me! *Parlez vous* came very hard to me, with such a peculiar petrifaction of a man expounding the grammatical rules! Do be careful, mothers, that your children's teachers love their professional life, that they may infuse spirit into their pupils. This should be especially looked to when languages are in question, for a cold, hard, prosy linguist dulls and deadens your whole brain. Teachers should always have vivacity: — what a farce they are without it!

As life unfolded, my reading was still carefully guarded. Reading aloud was a constant practice with

us; thus opportunities were afforded for the expression of thought on various subjects, and conversational powers were developed. This is a very important part of the education of the young, and one lamentably overlooked in this age. How few conversationists there are among us! The great interest we feel when one appears proves the value of the gift. . . . My mother was sometimes troubled with an inflammation of the eyelids, and thus was often unable to read or sew. Even this had its salutary effect on our dear home. Social mental relations, formed at such a time, never die.

It is sad to read in my diary of the joyful thrill that shot through the heart of the nation when Lafayette visited our shores, rekindling patriotism, and awakening memories of the days when men's souls were tried. I say sad, — for where is freedom in 1855? Where is principle? Where is public virtue, — that shining aggregate of a myriad of noble private qualities which are as atoms to the star? What have we done with the antique jewels, bought at great price by our fathers, for the brow of a people? They are gone. We have sold them for luxury, wealth, and power. Look at the daily life and character of the men who control and symbolize the masses! See to what a depth of peddling, huckstering, and legal fraud we have descended! Mark those merchant robbers of the people, fattening where they may, failing systematically, and paying perhaps ten cents on a dollar to their needy creditors after a failure, while costly dresses bedeck their wives and daughters as ostentatiously as before! Behold the merchant princes selling principles cheaper than they sell silks, — dwarfing public action, — guiding the conduct of the nation into the meanest channels, — sacrific-

ing right to the most blind and cruel expediency, — and bartering public spirit, patriotism, humanity, private virtue, every thing which makes life noble, and covers the grave with honor, that cotton may hold a high price in the market, and that stocks may thrive! Scan the political cliques, factions, and cabals, hiding from the sun, arrogating to themselves, and disgracing the grand old name of party, and scattering depravity broadcast to spring up in future crops of ruin! Whigs, Democrats, Know-Nothings, Know-Somethings, Hard-Shells, Soft-Shells, Silver-Greys, and the like, — all no more than cunning dicers for office, playing with loaded majorities! They advance no worthy public interest; they settle no public question; they aim to win nothing but private emolument for themselves, and a doubtful, short-lived notoriety, which they call fame. These are the public men of a land which once gave us Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, Hamilton, Ames, and Otis! They call themselves statesmen; — the masses they lead, parties! Why, the names once carried in them the essence of the principles they professed. The name of statesman once expressed something of the attributes we imagine in the sage and the prophet, with the powerful magnetism of the leader! It seems to mean nothing now, but the facile motion of the weathercock to the veering wind. The name of party once signified the consolidated opinions of worthy and earnest men; — the honest difference of conscientious minds on vital measures of government. It means now, with few exceptions, nothing but the most reckless gambling on the largest scale; to form organizations where truth, rectitude, honor, common sense, and common humanity are sacrificed at the shrine of expediency. Show me the name of a party

that means something nobler and loftier than this — that means the converse — and I will show you an honorable minority!

I say nothing of the public condition of women in relation to government. Faneuil Hall was not *our* Cradle of Liberty. We had no hand in the rocking. If we *had* had, perhaps the child would have turned out better. But *men* rocked *that* cradle! There as everywhere, we have no civil rights, but those which are dependent on the will of our legislators doled out to us by ignorance, caprice, or whim; — units in the sum of the nationality, not even deriving an importance from the numerals to which we are appended. But we are even more so now, than we were. The chain has been tightened. Time was, when those were only moments of crisis — hours for earnest action — that could draw the mechanics and artisans away from their evening homes, to take counsel with Paul Revere at the Green Dragon Tavern or elsewhere. Parlors in my childhood were used for caucuses,* and women were not excluded. Men did not then leave their families, evening after evening, for political headquarters; but Home was made the place for high-toned conversation on the movements of the day, and the feminine element was felt in the discussion. It was courteous, to say the least of it. Now, men hire rooms to discuss political questions in, and we are told to keep our "sphere!" We are not even supposed to have an *interest* in the very laws under which we live — which control our destinies, and shape our lives — by which we are tried,

* The word caucus, so tradition says, is derived from the calkers and others meeting together for political purposes. The calkers were hardy, upright, efficient men, and as they gave tone to the meeting, it took this name.

judged, and condemned, and which we are taxed to support!

I find reference in my journal to the deep impression made on me by a sermon preached on the last night of the year 1824, by Henry Ware. It was from the text — "Prepare thyself to meet thy God!" It affected me much. His touching tones, his tender exhortations, and the truthfulness of his life to his convictions, rendered him eminent in all earnest appeals.

The diary mentions the half-century celebration of the Fourth of July, 1826, — the day which gave birth to that Declaration of Independence whose principles will yet, I trust, be lived out by the nation, as progress causes the scales to fall from the eyes of ignorance and bigotry. The anniversary was celebrated with much eclat. I was unable to get into Old South Church to hear the oration, so great was the crowd. That day should be hallowed in this country. It was on that day that Adams and Jefferson died! On that midway day — that half-century day of our freedom — they dropped their material forms. What a live coal for the altar of civil liberty! Those minds had been the guiding stars of a nation, and as such, they were recognized and honored. They sank beneath our horizon,

"To shine on other shores and seas."

Sacred principles are daily compromised, or trampled underfoot. Men without conscience — without honor or rectitude, — creatures whose folly would make us smile, if their wickedness did not make us sigh, — occupy the highest official stations in the gift of the people, yet, let us trust in a better day. When the century of freedom is complete — when 1876 dawns on us — it may be we shall look on nobler men and nobler

women. Hope prophecies that the moral prowess of the land will arise and slay these giant iniquities. God grant that that spirit may arise, destroy the many-headed hydra of Party, dissolve the enchanted castles of Luxury, strangle the glittering serpents of Expediency, and, abolishing the whole monstrous brood, lead us over fears dissipated and perils past, to a fairer future! It will be a worthy preparation for that good time coming when Freedom shall cast her mantle of sunlight over all humanity, — over every being, white or black, included in that name; and Justice — she is carved as a woman! — this shall be no longer symbolical, but actual!

Henry Ware's sermon on the last night of the year 1826, is spoken of as very searching and penetrating. The text was from Philippians, chap. iii. 13th and 14th verses. This is the last glimpse I catch of my early youth from the dimness of the past.

CHAPTER IV.

"Heaven is the magazine wherein He puts
Both good and evil; Prayer is the key that shuts
And opens this great treasure; 'tis a key
Whose wards are *Faith* and *Hope* and *Charity*.
Wouldst thou present a judgment due to sin —
Turn but the key and thou mayst lock it in.
Or wouldst thou have a blessing fall upon thee?
Open the door, and it will shower on thee!"

QUARLES.

I COME now to a momentous period of my life. The year 1827 was to me the first year, strictly speaking, of individual responsibility — of a going out alone. No breath of disappointment had chilled my sanguine heart: no rude wave of unbelief in the beauty and the blessedness of life, had swept into the landlocked haven of home. Relying on good, good came. And now, courage was to be tested; the billows of the great ocean of existence were to break upon the little skiff. Early influences had prepared the mind for action. As the chymist, balancing elements with scientific skill, pauses with reverent wonder among the hidden stores in the great arcana of nature, and sees nothing made in vain, but every thing awaiting a need, — so the thoughtful girl, thrown on her own resources, beholds with awe, a use and purpose in the accumulated minutia of her discipline. Just so far as her culture has made her vision clear, she sees a strict aptitude in her own

powers to the ends of life; just so far as her moral nature has been developed, does she feel the need of her conscience for guidance; just so far as her heart is true, does she warm and fertilize all around her. It is the early life that makes the after-life. As every little brook, rivulet, and stream contributes to the vast ocean through which the proud ship speeds her foaming course, — so every tone, every word, every encouragement, every influence, every discipline, and example, make up that sea of life through which we sail. Destitute of these, life becomes a stagnant sea, on which we lie

> "As idly as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

A deadness — a coma — seizes the individual, and the cold, sad days go by, like a procession of corpses.

I have a purpose here, I cherish a hope to arouse public thought respecting the position of our young women after they have left school. Their parents — many of them — are in only moderate circumstances. They have toiled early and late to procure the education of their daughters; and, if they were truly parents, they should desire to see some worthy result follow that education, — to see it practically applied to the business of life. Alas! what is the truth on this subject? Girls are educated — for what? They are sedulously trained — for what? For nothing but marriage! They are early taught to consider what are their chances and attractions for the market! I say the market, — for I have no more scruple in applying this term to the state of society with regard to women, than I have in applying it to the marts where any other purchasable article is bought and sold. In Circassia, they tell us, women are trained with a sole view to the piastres they shall

bring when sold to a Turkish harem; and, what is worse, they are degraded to consider such training honorable. I charge it on society that women are generally educated with a view to their future sale for wealth, social position, a home, or any other terms on which a dependent, and ambitious, — a weak and silly woman, may be obtained; and, as systematically as in the East, they are taught to believe this training reputable! Now I see no possible reason why young women, unless they are absolutely needed in the domestic circle, — and even then, self-reliance should be taught them, — should not be trained to some healthful, remunerative employment. To say nothing of its beneficial effects on their own character, or of the independent position it would give them in society, such employment would often enable them to sustain their parents by their own earnings, — when the chances and changes of life have brought reverses to the home, and to gladden the declining years of those parents with comforts, too often wanting now. Daughters would then be capable of rendering assistance, as well as sons. Within my own knowledge, fathers with families of daughters, lament the loss of a son because "girls are so expensive!" Think of it! This constant keeping back our sex from an early, active participation in the duties of life, has been the means of throwing upon many a father with a family of daughters, a burden he was utterly unable to bear.

He has given them money, hardly earned by toilsome and anxious hours — perhaps a creditor needed it; — but they must appear well at the party — they must make their market! Hard-working, kind-hearted, but injudicious mothers, are hid away in the kitchen, that silly daughters may be flauntingly dressed in the parlor,

thrumming tunes without a touch of melody, for the entertainment of Mr. Bombastes! How many of these cases are around us. They are heartless deceptions, and outrages on womanhood. Too many of these poor children marry, and return to their parents, broken-hearted through the failure of their husbands, (many of whom never had any thing to fail on,) or penniless widows with children who sorrowfully increase their care in old age. Such heart-histories appeal powerfully to our sympathies, while they rouse our indignation at the degradation and uselessness of our sex. I wish I could touch this subject with the pen of inspiration. I look around the early home of my childhood, and my heart sickens; whole families nearly swept away by false and perverted views! young, bright, promising school-girls, dwarfed into young ladies, and the flag hoisted that they are to be sold to the highest bidder! The matter is made still worse by the conditions of the sale; for sobriety, chastity, principle, character, are not required in the purchaser,—he only need have wealth, show, or bravado. I could be personal here, and bring out harrowing cases; but let them pass. Let the reader glance around his own neighborhood, and say whether I speak the truth or not. Go to Washington street in Boston, go to the main street of any of our great cities, and in the silly, coquettish, overdressed, fashionable young ladies, promenading to and fro for the purpose of being seen, behold another phase of this abominable social marketing. Can hotel-life promote family growth? Can auction sales of furniture, changed to suit the caprices of fashion, and often at the expense of the poor mechanic, contribute to domestic happiness, or inculcate habits of prudence and economy? Do they not indicate an incapacity for

home duties, — a miasmatic indolence in these purchased wives?

This pernicious evil is to be charged on society. It is not, as many suppose, charging it on an intangibility. Is not society an aggregation of individuals? and is not this to be charged on those individuals separately and collectively? May it not be affirmed that the prevalent custom of educating young women only for marriage, and not for the duties and responsibilities consequent on marriage — only for appendages and dead weights to husbands — of bringing them up without an occupation, profession, or employment, and thus leaving them dependent on anybody but themselves — is an enormous evil, and an unpardonable sin. In the name of my sex, a protest should be isssued against the fashionable education fathers and mothers give their daughters, encouraging them to acquire those peacock accomplishments, those shallow charms of conversation, and those personal airs, manners, and graces which they are pleased to term "attractions," in order that they may catch the fancy of some wealthy simpleton or arrant knave, and so win a husband! It is educating their daughters for what is not marriage in any worthy sense of that word. Yes, their protest, earnest, solemn, touching, should be entered against the custom of bringing up young women who are to become wives and mothers, without a knowledge of those domestic duties and responsibilities, which alone can fit them to live true to those relations, without those solid intellectual attainments and spiritual graces, by which they are to educate their children and hallow the atmosphere of home; and without those "attractions," — enduring when youth and beauty are gone, which can alone win and keep for them the re-

spect and love of any sensible, upright, and noble man, worthy the name of husband! against the wrong done to young women, who may never enter the marriage state, by giving them no trade, occupation, or profession, and thus leaving them to idleness, dependence, helplessness, and temptation. Let every girl see to it that she has the means of her own support. The remedy for the evil of which I have here spoken, is in the hands of every daughter and every parent. It *is* a crying evil. It is one of the Upas-trees which are poisoning society, and beneath its pestilential branches the health, the happiness, and the comfort of whole families are withered. You have the axe, and the root lies bare — strike courageously in faith, and a resurrection will follow. It *must* soon be seen that bringing up daughters for nothing but marriage, mingles poison in the cup of domestic life, is traitorous to the virtue of both sexes, for neither suffers alone — is adverse to happiness, to the development of conscience and to religion, and introduces to the dwellings of wretchedness and despair. The result of this degradation is pride, intemperance, licentiousness — nay, every vice, misery, and degradation. When labor becomes honorable and elevating — when we realize that labor is the charm to stay this fiend, and the pride from which it had its origin and sustenance, dies at the awakening of the sense of our relation to human kind, and our responsibility to God. Then will every woman prepare herself for useful occupation, and follow it. Then will man see that industrial avenues are open to women — that they can follow any business or profession for which they are qualified without being exposed to contemptible insults which are heaped upon those who have independence enough to step out of the beaten track.

There are women who have wealth, and who may be supposed to have nothing to do with this subject — occupation for woman. But it is not so. They have a great deal to do with it. Responsibility rests on them, as on every one. *Wealth has never given happiness except through its use.* The moment luxury is its use, that moment diseases of mind and body lay hands on their victims. How can the physique be braced if no fresh breath from the outer world is suffered to permeate the languid, enervating air of the drawing-room? How can the grasp of the mind be vigorous, without action? Daughters of inherited wealth, or accumulated labor! the wide door of philanthropy is open peculiarly to *you!* Your life-work lies beyond your threshold: your wealth has placed you above the sorrowful struggle for daily bread which takes up the whole time of so many of your brothers and your sisters. You are the almoners of God. A double accountability is yours. There are sufferings around you which you can alleviate or remove. There are heavy burdens which you can lighten. There is ignorance which you can illumine. There are the poor who look to you for solace and for aid.

You are liberally endowed; are you to use these gifts and powers for those only, who have had the same advantages as yourselves? No! If you can find nothing else to do, let each of you find out some child, poor in purse, but rich in soul, as all children are before the world makes them bankrupt; and with a holy and generous self-denial, lay aside a certain sum of money each month, for that child's culture. Educate — carry that child forward! Ultimate your life in that child. Bring philosophy to your investigation of the mystery of existence; it will show you, at least, that it is impossible

for you to enjoy physical health and spiritual life, if you pass your time in sleeping, eating, drinking, dressing, reading, flirting, or any thing that is only for your own gratification. Nor will these occupations prepare you for the life to come. If you are not wholly insensible, you will thank me for these hints;—use them! Your duty is to minister to the sorrows, the privations, the wants, and the needs around you. Show the world that there are Florence nightingales for the sad army of the suffering and the poor! Make it your life-work "to attend to the neglected, and to remember the forgotten!" Money! money! Rely upon that for happiness? Possession adds to your responsibilities, if you look at it rightly. It elevates you — it gives your life dignity and nobleness, if you use it as a trust! Used otherwise, it is useless. A fixed purpose in the mind of every young woman, rich and poor, when entering on the theatre of life, would open the mind to an understanding of the Divine Word — 'Lead us not into temptation' — for idleness is the greatest temptation to selfishness, and selfishness is the ruin of the individual, and the cause of three fourths of the misery in the world.

These admonitions are from one who has labored, yes, and dearly loved to labor! The felt necessities of my soul urged me to open for myself some path of usefulness. As our house was large for so small a family, my parents gave me a pleasant chamber overlooking the broad blue ocean, and there I opened a school, and became a teacher. My own school-days were fresh upon me; the surroundings were favorable; I was in the neighborhood of my whole life; our social circle was of the highest respectability; all these were advantages. But hidden within — far away from the little world without, that wondered at my enterprise — was

my own consciousness of its importance. My father's hospitable nature, added to the depression of business, and his own ill health for a few years before, — had made it a duty for me to act. Was it not noble in those parents who had sheltered, loved, and breathed prayers on their children, that when the time came for the eldest (who had ever been loved because she was the eldest) to act, they gladly, cheerfully, encouraged and sustained her? I feel now a thrill of gratitude for my home — yes, and of deep responsibility to my parents; and during my professional life, when some people have marvelled, I have felt depressed by my consciousness of the unworthiness of the response that life has made to home influences so excellent. The secret of whatever has been worthiest in my existence, is in my home. My first independent movement — my school — was blessed by my parents. The pleasant room was soon alive with happy childhood, and I tried to profit by the wise tact that had led me along, in leading others. The ninth of April, 1827, found me in my school-room with eight pupils, and when the following October came, I had twenty-three!

I have often looked back to this with dreamy wonder. It was ordered in infinite wisdom that this very year — this year so pregnant with events — my school should have been opened: — had I waited till the year following, my voluntary action would have been compelled. It is well to enter on the new path in the sunlight! Many of my father's family had been removed from earth; each of these deaths to me, was a foreshadowing of what might come. In the mist of the future there was a voice, faint, low, but arresting. So, in the fortunate hour, when my destiny beckoned me, I followed her. Had I paused to doubt, query, or parley, the fortunate

hour would have gone by, perhaps never to come again.

Previous to my school-keeping, my father gave me a large account-book. When I was a teacher no longer, the book was laid aside for many years; but in 1853, I brought it once again to the daylight, and wrote the following on the first blank page I found: —

"What changes since I penned within this book, devoted to my school, my pupils' names, my receipts, expenditures, etc! All are sacred to that period — to Fleet street days — to childhood's days. For what did I dream of then? Was not my vision as a child's? The preparation for my life, how quickly has it taken place! No rupture — no violence; one duty performed — the door opened for another — and still another, and another. Let me here breathe out a testimony to my parents — it is a proper and fitting place. The first pen-mark speaks of a father's gift. His sunny, true, genial smile, ever varying with rapid thought — the reflective, true, unselfish expression of his companion — blended together, and the two became one. I say in truthfulness, I owe to those parents, all! Divine Providence guided, guarded, elevated them: they in turn, guided and guarded their children. The two girls who came to them in mature life have been blessed through them. Book! thou hast had many years' retirement in my father's desk: come out from thy hiding-place, and I will inscribe on thy pages every worthy record on the great woman question — the great central reformatory movement of this age!" So the book is now used.

I had made out my first school-bills for two quarters; I had earned my first money — had tasted the joy of exerting myself for a useful purpose, and my parents had seen my education ultimated in practical life. I

pass over many very pleasant and interesting incidents penned in my diary, for I have much to say on other subjects. When I commenced my school, I relinquished the journal to my sister; but it will still aid me in keeping up the sequence of events which now follow in quick succession. Our domestic life lost none of its joys by my stated daily avocation. That avocation but widened our sympathies, it gave us better opportunities to meet the parents of the children on a higher plane. It also opened to me a rich experience in social life. Many of my former schoolmates at this time, had no graver employment than muslin work. Of course, we were still on visiting terms, though I had lost some caste by becoming useful. I was struck at an early period, by the selfish, contemptible indolence they indulged in, as by the lamentable ennui it occasioned. Living on their parents, like parasites, most of them dwindled away and became uninteresting to me. A chasm had yawned between our friendships, — for I was at work — they were at play. Our lives had nothing in common. My school was a grand use to me, for it not only called out gratitude to my parents for the advantages they had given me, but also for the delight, and enthusiasm with which I pursued the occupation. I was an enigma to those who had once been school-girls with me. They knew not the magic of usefulness. They often told me — boastingly! — they had "nothing to do," — they had "all their time!" Soon, marriages of convenience, of position — some of true affection were entered upon; but even in view of the latter, I often had reason for the queries, "Why so much indifference to these holy relation? Why so little continued interest in intellectual pursuits?" One would have thought that these last would still be prosecuted for the pleasure they afford, to

say nothing of the power they bestow on a mother in relation to her children. One would naturally suppose that being loved and loving would be a healthy stimulus to mental growth and freshness; but nevertheless my married schoolmates and friends — too many of them — sank down into a monotonous half-life. I often pondered on these things, as one does over a puzzling sum. It was not until my medical life opened to me, that I perceived causes which are poisoning womanhood, inducing physical diseases, and beclouding even the perceptions of duty.

The last of March, 1827, I find we were very anxious in regard to our father's health. Added to the strong expression of our anxiety, is the aspiration that he might be spared to us, and not afflicted with palsy, as his hereditary tendencies indicated. The succeeding summer but deepened this feeling.

I now look back with reverent emotions on the first death-bed scene I ever witnessed. My father was with me. The dying person was the aunt for whom I had written so many business letters; — she who had outlived all her children, and was alone. I had often heard her speak that emphatic word, "alone," and little did I then apprehend its significance, though it is but partially apprehended by me, now. I recall my father's tenderness to me as I naturally shrunk from an event so calculated to rouse mystic thought in a young mind. I remember the intensity of the silence as the parting breath left the body — the fixed eye — the still heart — the aged expression on the pallid face that spoke of the fulness of earthly time. I remember the peculiar pressure of my father's hand on mine — his uplifted gaze — his countenance radiant with the faith in immortality!

In the autumn we commenced house alterations with

a view to the enlargement of our home. My school was delightful to me, and had my father been in good health, I would have been perfectly happy. His contented spirit, overflowing with good-nature, recognized what he had, — not what was taken. He kept our sadness constantly tempered with joy. The triennial festival of the Mechanics' Association took place in October of that year. He dined with the members, as usual, in Faneuil Hall: but still there was a sunken look about his face. Our sympathetic natures were quickened into activity, by a severe accident which happened to him on the first of the ensuing November. A bundle of shingles fell on his head and face, and cut him very badly. His escape from death seemed almost a miracle. He would not allow any thing to be thought of the casualty, but it stimulated us into an unnatural watchfulness, which seemed like a foreshadowing of an undefined something to come.

CHAPTER V.

"Only with *silence* as their benediction
God's angels come,
When in the shadow of a great affliction
The soul sits dumb."

ANON.

"Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief; death cannot long divide,
For, is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall, and blossomed on the other side?"

ANON.

NOVEMBER — that month of family festivals — was with us. The fifth was my mother's fifty-seventh birthday. It came, and found her bright, healthy, vigorous, clear. My father ever spoke of this anniversary with gladness. The sixth came — the marriage day — the suspension bridge that had united two in one. Then the seventh — my father's fifty-eighth birthday. On that day he visited his sister at the old homestead in Charter street. While there he spoke of the short life of the family: he felt he should "soon go home" — that was his term. The window of her chamber overlooked the family tomb; and there his gaze was fixed, as he uttered these words. We never heard them from his lips. My own birthday — the ninth — came, and, as ever, it reminded me of my blessings. But this year, it brought to my life a sense of newness, for I

was now a teacher, and my school had become even more endeared to me as I found my pupils advancing. The Sunday after my birthday, I heard the Rev. Hosea Ballou, — he had always been pastor of the Universalist Church in School street where we attended, — preach from these texts: — "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God." . . . "By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed, and went out, not knowing whither he went." I mention these sermons, not only for the deep impression they made on my mind, but because they afterwards seemed peculiarly preparative. Our domestic enjoyments this month, and our anxiety for our father, are expressed in the diary, with great earnestness and feeling; the words impress me like an illumination.

The cold weather had set in. The provident, caretaking nature of my father had, as usual, provided bountifully for the household. Our wood-house was filled to its utmost capacity; the cellar was a storehouse of good viands; and there was a general completeness of arrangements in every department, for the winter. By Thursday, the 15th of November, my father had nearly recovered from his fall. There was to be a meeting for a choice of officers at St. Andrews (Free Mason's) Lodge, that evening. He had been a Mason for thirty-two years; he loved his masonic brethren; he had ever been with them in heart — particularly on committees of relief, and he often took us with him on such occasions, while money was being dispensed which should gladden the hearts of widows, and comfort fatherless children. That evening we attended him, as we were wont, to the door of the old court

house. Taking leave of us there, he tenderly said to mother, "I shall come home immediately after the choice of officers, — we must look after the young folks." Never had his eye seemed to rest on us more affectionately; never had his tone sounded more sweetly. It was the last tone that ever lingered on the outward ear; but in quiet moments of after-life, that cheering voice has been heard within! That voice, so ringing, clear, and musical, has never been lost; it has cheered us in great emergencies, it has given us strength to struggle for victory in the battle of life.

"On entering the lodge-room," says John James Loring, an old member of the lodge, "we shook hands, he appeared cheerful as usual, and some sportive remarks passed between us as was our custom. We sat down on a settee with a friend — Major Purkitt — and commenced conversing with him on the accident he had lately met with. The conversation changing to topics connected with the meeting, he observed, 'I shall not be here many times more: the way seems longer every time.' Having said this, he dropped his head on Major Purkitt's shoulder, who, supposing he was going to whisper something to him of a private nature, listened attentively; but hearing nothing he started, and exclaimed, 'Brother Joab!' One gasp — it was all over! Not a groan — a struggle — a distortion. It was truly the *sleep* of death!"

Other lodges were in session in the same building. Every effort was made — warm water was at hand — venesection was resorted to — every thing that brotherly love, combined with medical skill, could suggest, was brought to the solemn occasion. But the soul had gone; the spiritual world had its tenant! The Rev.

Sebastian Streeter came in from an adjoining room, and made an affecting prayer. Preparations were then made to notify us, and remove the body. Were there no presentiments at that dear home, awaiting its head? Were there no premonitions of the coming shock, whispering to that loving family? Ah, yes! When the carriage wheels were heard clattering rapidly down the street, bringing Dr. Dixwell with the sad tidings, that youngest daughter said prophetically to her mother, "Hear that chaise — father is hurt — something has happened" — she rushed to the gate with mother, and when Dr. Dixwell appeared he exclaimed, "Good God, how came you here!" He knew not how to meet them.

I pause here. No language can picture the scene when that heavy shadow swept over the brightness of our home. I cannot enter that sanctuary of sorrow. It was a dear, dear home! The colors in which I have painted it, are pale and dim to its own. Its love — its happiness — its peace — its perfect union — every thought, memory, and association that clustered there — every hope, and every promise — all, were bathed in sunlight. And now, pain, and grief, and the darkness of eclipse, had fallen on all!

Our family physician, Dr. Dixwell, who bore the mournful intelligence to us, proved his sympathy in words, tone, and manner. Many members of the lodge quietly accompanied the bier of our father, and laid it in his own room. We could not believe him dead! He seemed as though in a sweet slumber — a trance. Was it indeed death? It could not be! Life *could*, and *must* be brought back! Thoughts of galvanic remedies rushed to my mind — we would have our father again — but no! Those who have known by experi-

ence, the shock caused by a sudden death in a family, will be touched by our condition. They will know it is not to be talked of, but felt. The stroke is become an era in life; and well for those, who, in after years, can think of the sacredness of the blow, and look upon the scar that was once a wound, with thoughts of Him who "tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb!"

The deepest darkness of our grief had passed away, and now mellow rays of religious faith lightened the heavy gloom. We loved to linger over the body. The countenance gave no sign of its great change. It was natural and pleasant as in its earthly life. It seemed less a death than a translation. He had desired to be removed suddenly — his prayer had been answered. His friend, Major Purkitt, says he had frequently expressed the wish to him that he might be "taken away in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." His kindred had suffered much physically — he was freed without pain. He dreaded leave-takings — he was spared that sorrow. But above all to us, was the consolation of that abiding confidence in divine love which had permeated his whole life, and which had always made his face radiant when he spoke of his Heavenly Father.

I pass over the emotions of many private hours. They belong to life's holy of holies. They are hours which the heart would still leave in silence, if the voice could reveal. Hours when spirit speaks to spirit, and we hear the low, arresting voice of God. Hours when the divine word becomes illuminated, and grief is transfigured with promise. "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me shall never die."

I pass over all but my mother's unselfish and noble bearing. Deeply sustained by the love which had blessed their union for so many years, — wonderfully

self-possessed in that sad hour, — she only thought of her children and their first sorrow, and folding her motherly arms around them, the three became one. The spirit of the departed was near, and upheld her. The consciousness that her mother who had died in her childhood, had always been with her and always blessed her, gave her now a double perception of spiritual life. She shielded and guarded us, — she taught us to quietly accept the chastening, and she taught us gratitude that we had had in our father so much that was valuable to surrender.

At eight o'clock on Sabbath morning, the body having shown the fearful mystery of change which follows its divorce from the spirit, was committed to that tomb on Copp's Hill, which he had carefully built in 1811, and to which he had often taken his children that they might habituate themselves to the spot. That morning was an era to me. The Rev. Hosea Ballou attended the funeral. He shared so deeply in our sorrows that his words of consolation became words of cheer. Then came the soothing, melting melody of Christ Church chimes, — the dear old music of Pleyel's Hymn! Oh! how those sounds penetrated every fibre of my being! How it made my heart tremble, and lifted my soul upward on its harmony to the gates of heaven! The same sweet tune those bells always rang at the burials of my father's family! The members of that family were generally interred in the morning. My father disliked afternoon burials; he wished the laying of the body in the tomb to be hallowed by connection with a new day and a new morn. On the third day after his death, at early morn, we laid him in the tomb. The material form was deposited in its last resting-place, and we returned home. Who does not know the feel-

ing with which we reënter our dwellings after the funeral of one we love! That feeling is known: it cannot be uttered! It is seen in the suffering expression; it is heard in the sigh; it is felt in our indifference to every thing, and in the unutterable aspect of desolation which rests upon all. While we were in that sad state, my mother asked me to read the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, which treats so consolingly the sublime theme of the resurrection. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. As we have borne the image of the earthy, so shall we also bear the image of the heavenly." These truths deepened in significance in that sacred moment: a light shone from them and irradiated the tomb; and, from that moment, our father ever was present to us. In all after exigencies, our mother always attracted us to the consideration of what would have been his opinion. We selfishly desire the forms of those we love, and the mind will revert to enjoyment with them: then, sombre hues sadden life, and morbid feelings paralyze our souls. But living faith in the words, "Not here, but risen!" rouses us anew. Birth and death have become words of earnest thought to me, these epochs in our existence; have an irresistible attraction for me.

As memory lifts its curtain, and reminiscences of my childish days come thronging round me, my whole soul is instinct with the wish that I could impress fathers with a religious sense of the sacred character of paternity. Oh, father! home is the type — the foretaste — the forerunner of joys or miseries to come. Nothing — nothing is a trifle there! After-life may cause your children to roam into the wide world, and other thoughts, other things, and other fashions may attract them then. But the love you give your wife, the purity

of your marriage, the blessing of your good example, — these are the lessons of your children. Husband! whatever your degree — it matters little whether your home be humble or sumptuous, if you feel a perception of your duty; the daily aid, counsel, and sympathy you give your companion, will sweeten the air of your home as with frankincense, — will freshen it as with a fountain of pure water, — will paint a gallery of pleasant pictures on the heart of every child, never to be forgotten, and never to fail in their instruction. Your home, if you make it deserving of the name, will teach your children more than all other teaching, the way to noble, honorable, and useful lives.

Fathers! how can you reconcile your lives with your duties? How can you feel the responsibility of your situation, when you allow business to be absolutely your god? How can you conceive home to be merely a place where sleep, food, drink, and clothing are to be obtained? And how can you expect your daughter to choose wisely a husband when your example has obscured her perception, and deteriorated her ideal of manhood? A son-in-law often shows up the father-in-law; indeed I think it safe to say, that the home qualities of a father give to the daughter her ideas of a husband, and that the home qualities of a mother give to the son his ideas of a wife. I think this rule will stand the test. Husband, if your wife is doomed to petty manœuvring and constant deception, in order to manage your perversities, rest assured, by the law of compensation which is as unerring as the compass, that your daughter is taking a lesson in management which she will practise in her turn. Let utter neglect of home take possession of you; let your cheerful face and gay smiles be given only to the world; 'check, chill, and

freeze the fountain of affection at its very source — home — and see the automaton wives and scary children you will have to comfort you! The present domestic relations of society are fraught with the gravest social evils, which are poisoning not only numberless families, but the whole body politic. By and by we shall have the tangible public result of them all, — nay, we have it now! A man who does not love his home will not love his country. The last is the natural growth of the first. And the man who does not love his country will do her no service. Like loves like. Two of a mind agree, though one mind work on a little, and the other on a large scale. Great statesmen and great patriots are not bred in counting-houses, nor in "*residences*." They are growths of loving parents, and homes deserving the name. It was a happy thought that gave those men of eighty years ago, the title of fathers of their country. That term is very significant of the something that made them fathers of their country.

Read the biographies of such men as John Jay, Samuel Adams, John Quincy Adams, and other stars of the same galaxy. Will they not deepen my appeal to you on this vital subject? Look at your homes on the score of material comforts. Look at them in a moral point of view, and examine the *nature* of your expenses. Look at them in a Christian light, and ponder your responsibilities to God and to your families. Remember, your sons may develop *outwardly your hidden vices*, for homes always report their character, and it is for you, fathers, to sanctify these abodes.

In November, that month of dear, sweet, hearty merriment — that month when from my earliest recollection, thoughts, gifts, and prayers had mingled — the

month whose anniversaries followed in quick succession to sanctify and hallow it — in that month our father was removed that life and death might be linked — that the material and spiritual might be united, and that thought might be elevated, and attracted from the living on earth to the living in heaven. We had that month given some pleasant parties; we had paid up our debt to etiquette, and it was well. Then came our sorrow, so strangely mixed with joy. The ease and freedom — the calmness, with which my father always spoke of death, calling it "a dark alley leading into light," and his confidence in Divine Love, constantly made us intimate with his interior life; — to us, therefore, *he never died.* An infusion of strength came to my mother for her new duties, so that she wonderfully fulfilled both relations to her fatherless children. Our home was not melancholy. The spirit that was freed, hovered over it. The sweet tones of the hymn, "The Dying Christian," sung by him and our mother the evening before he passed away, still sounds in my ears: —

> "Vital spark of heavenly flame,
> Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;
> Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
> Oh, the pain, the *bliss* of dying," etc.

This was a favorite anthem of my parents, and was often sung by them, as were others, to their children, in those sacred twilights which belong to the past, — those golden hours when angel ministrations came and went, while the dimness of the light gave a mystic, shadowy, holy charm to all around. Blessed season, whose shadows and eclipses speak of the heavenly sun — the heart is softened by a mist of tenderness, and a spiritual magnetism quickens the pulses of being! I

pity many of the children in this age, who are cheated of all the romance and mystery of twilight, and allowed artificial light the moment the sun withdraws his rays. In this way optic nerves are weakened, and presently false glasses take the place of true ones. Dawn and twilight are God's appointments; they are preparative; they are states to be enjoyed. But man, fearful if he is not busy, — eager to be bustling about all the time, — breaks the curfew law of God. Chaos, consequently, disturbs the order of his being.

My father's state of mind regarding death, caused him to lay aside Brazilian mahogany for his coffin, which was found just where he had said. From the remnant I have a footstool, on which is inscribed "Durability." My father never knew the fear of dying, or of leaving his loved ones; but amidst his brethren who had known him for years, he passed away. His body was weakened — his understanding remained clear — in a moment he became immortal! Fifty-eight years of age seems hardly old; but the fulness of years — the completeness of life — has not to do with calendar periods, but with the accomplishment of a *purpose;* and if that purpose is accomplished in infancy, transplantation takes place. The first sorrow in a family — accept it wisely; so shall your life advance day by day. Disregard its monition; so shall you wander without a guide-board, and your journey will be uncertain.

Our mother administered on the estate: the writing devolved upon me, with counsel from my sister. We very soon ascertained that the navigation business, in which my father had been engaged, was at the very worst period for profitable settlement, on account of the general mercantile depression. Meanwhile we proceeded with our house repairs, as it now became neces-

sary to let a part of our dwelling. I saw more clearly than ever before how much our early training had to do with our lives, in assisting us to meet the emergencies and changes that had come upon us. To be sure, they were but external; our love for each other had deepened. They opened to me my first consciousness of the great need of women being educated to meet business exigencies. How many widows have lost their homes, — how many fatherless children have been thrown upon the world, — when all this distress might have been avoided had the wife and mother known, as every woman should know, the business relations of her husband, and been prepared for action! I am cognizant of many painful cases arising from this neglect and ignorance. I will mention one only, because it is an illustration of many others, and not because it is the worst; — there are instantial cases which are absolutely appalling. Mrs. ——, a patient and friend of mine, who had lost her three first children, having only one little daughter left, and who was now midway in her maternal life, about to give birth to another child, was suddenly arrested, stunned, and overwhelmed by the death of her husband — a true, loving, noble man. She knew all about his business; he had told her every thing; and in his last moments when he named his unborn babe, if that babe should prove a boy, — he felt that every comfort was secured to his family. When I saw her for the first time after his death, she was bowed down by the severest anguish: she felt she should meet him soon — she would not believe she was to remain long in this world. But time wore away the poignancy of her grief with the weeks and months, and at length a noble boy was born to bear the name left him by his father. Her husband's estate had, meanwhile, been

under the hands of the administrator. My urgent appeals to her to look after this business — to examine every thing for herself — had been in vain. I had urged — I had entreated — I had protested; but, no: she shrunk from it; she was a woman! But now, this boy brought with him fresh hopes, an awakening element to her life. At last, she turned her attention to the business; and on examination, she soon discovered a state of affairs which never would have been, had she been prompt and vigilant. Stocks and lands sold at a period when their value had deteriorated, and minus rents stared her in the face! Then the consciousness that she was to be left with scanty means, and the conviction that this was through her own negligence, brought new sorrow. Who was to blame? The administrator had his own business to attend to — this was but an item: he had done all he had time to do; if estates were sold at an unfavorable date — he did not intend it — he did the best he could. Yes: but when the time came that the darling home, endeared by so many hallowed associations, must pass from her — must be sold; and an abode far more humble, and far less comfortable, must be taken; then she wept in very sorrow, and felt she had been unfaithful to the trust left her by her husband.

Legislation in Massachusetts with regard to women's property, is sufficiently unjust and ridiculous, and needs a complete revision. Statutes are bad enough, it is true, and require a total remodelling with some reference to the fact that women are human beings, and as such, are entitled to an equality of certain civil *rights* with men. But, meanwhile, and till a better day shines for us, women have responsibilities resting upon them, which they will do well to attend to. We cannot go

very far, but it behooves us to go to the end of the chain. The counsel I want to leave with every married woman in easy circumstances, is this: — Know the general condition of your husband's business — know it thoroughly; you will then be able, at least, to judge what amount of annual expenditure in the family is wise, and what is not. Read the probate laws, and understand them; then ask your husband if it is just in him to live without making a will, and thus specifically providing for your own, and your children's interest, in case of sudden death? Those laws only place you a life pensioner on one third income of real estate; an annual pittance too often inadequate for your support. Too often property is divided, and guardians appointed who neutralize the power of mothers, and fetter their desire and capability to do the best thing for their children. Inform yourself on these subjects; do the best you can to forestall the misfortunes which will fall to you in the natural course of law in this enlightened land; prove your interest in these matters, and we shall have a great change before long. The legal shoe is pinching a great multitude of feet of every size, in various ways. Many years will not elapse before some women, born of gifted parents, and inheriting intellectual power, will turn their attention to law. We shall not always applaud Portia only on the stage: there are too many Shylocks off of it! Society needs females with good legal knowledge, as administrators, as guardians for children, and as a protecting feminine element for women. Need is the precursor of have!

We received many friendly calls. Friends and acquaintances gathered around us; but few — very few, knew our hearts, or realized how the joys we had experienced in our home, and the gratitude we felt for the

years of happiness we had tasted there, softened the sorrow that had come to us. We puzzled many; our cheerfulness was often enigmatical: but we understood the problem! The members of St Andrew's Lodge called upon us, and were gladly received. We were invited to visit the lodge-room, which was draped in black for three months. This drew from us the following note to the officers and members of St. Andrew's Lodge: — "The bereaved family of your late brother, Joab Hunt, cannot refrain from expressing their grateful sense of the affectionate attentions they have received from your lodge. If any thing could add to the consolation they have experienced under the peculiar circumstances in which they have been placed, your brotherly kindness could not fail to have that effect; — words are insufficient to express our feelings, but the remembrance of your sympathy will remain with us through life." All the associations connected with that room crowd upon me. *There*, the mortal put on immortality — *there* death was swallowed up in victory. When the great anti-masonic excitement took place in the community, my father's death was made the subject of wicked and slanderous accusations. Some of the anti-masons called upon us, to gather materials for their unrighteous rumors. They were met with the rebuke they deserved, for never had a falsehood less foundation than the one they so sedulously spread. In consequence of these slanders, depositions were made by John James Loring, and Henry Purkitt, giving an exact account of my father's sudden removal, and the means used to restore him, as it was supposed he had fainted. A daughter's love cannot forego the gratification of sustaining her views of his character, by the following extracts from an address by Thomas W. Phillips, at the first meeting

held after his decease — "Thus died Joab Hunt, one of the oldest members of St. Andrews Lodge, a man honored and respected in society, a just and upright mason, and one of the noblest works of God's creation, an honest man; one who was beloved by all the members of the lodge, who will long lament his loss." "He was at all times vigilant, prompt, and judicious in guarding the honor, and promoting the true interests of the lodge; he was a true friend, a good citizen; blest with a cheerful disposition, he diffused happiness wherever he went; he was generous in his feelings, and always ready to bear his full share in alleviating the troubles of the unfortunate; he was most truly an ornament to our fraternity."

We commenced building a new school-house in our garden, that we might let the dwelling more advantageously. What mattered this withdrawal of ourselves into a part of our home? What mattered it to us, strong in each other's love, whether our parlor was large or small? Our hearts were not contracted. I well remember, even now, a young lady visitor who said, "How unpleasant it must be to you to have a family in your house!" Little she knew of that family relation which no walls can bound or circumscribe, — which nerves the hand, and cheers the labor, and carefully studies economy and frugality for the preservation of a homestead, and the means of future good and blessing. When the time came that our house was to be occupied by another family, although the change was very great, and the sound of merriment very depressing, yet somehow the feelings were not touched very deeply. Every struggle we passed through but endeared us to each other. Our mother's remarkable tact and talent seemed to defy any of those neighborly

intimacies which annoy and trouble. While kindness and pleasantness marked our intercourse, every one felt we were a distinct family. A proper regard for the proprieties of life, saves much vexation and sorrow.

Our property, (in parts of schooners going East for wood and lumber,) sold low. This disturbed my mother very much; not me. My great desire was to get the business settled; then I knew all would be well.

CHAPTER VI.

There 's a chain of causes
Linked to effects; invincible necessity
That whate'er *is*, could not but so have been.

DRYDEN.

IN May I was troubled with a severe cough, and went with a dear friend into the country for a few days. This was my first absence from home even for a night! Meanwhile my sister took charge of my school. A sort of morbid dreaminess hung around me. *I* did not drink at the same fountain with my mother. There were times when I had a kind of home-sickness. I pined for my father: he was always ideal as well as real, to me. My courage did not seem affected; but my physical powers sympathized too much with my mental states. There was an inconsistency about me I hardly knew how to define. Sometimes I have thought that the great disappointments I felt in knowing the management, trickery, and deception of the world, affected me. At any rate, nature was the restorative. My health gained every hour in the country. My mind had been bent back, straining at the past, and every plant, flower, and insect had its consoling language for me. A sort of vacancy, induced by a weary mind and body, was freely indulged. Very soon indolence would have become pleasing, had not duty called. On returning home again, I found that my sister needed

the same rest; but she would not take it. Hers was a courage unknown to me; it was more like my mother's. Gladly did I enter my school again; right welcome were the tones of my pupils! Home again, I felt the blessing of a mother, and the spirit-influence of a father, — that cognizance of spiritual presence which has solaced so many hours in my after-life.

Allusion is made in the diary to a sermon on the last night of the year 1828, from Ralph Waldo Emerson, which was very searching. The text was, "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." I often heard Mr. Emerson during his pastorship over a church in Hanover street, and enjoyed it deeply.

Father had wisely sent a small adventure to sea for each of his girls, some years before his death. It had been gradually increasing, and now came home. It was no time to use it as formerly intended; for debts were to be paid. In after years our mother fulfilled its purpose, and our watches tell something besides the time! These adventures are excellent lessons for children. They give patience for a result; they are prospective; they make the contingencies on acquisition felt early in life; they cause the elemental changes to be watched with more care; the shipping-lists are carefully read, for something is at stake! Sympathy for sufferers becomes more active; the philosophy of accumulation is seen, and how much can be accomplished by small means. The lessons are very salutary.

My sister commenced an infant school. It was arranged pleasantly, and tended to make my own more interesting. She was specially calculated to mould

children. My pupils coming up the yard, and leading the younger ones to her room, gave an intense interest to our daily lives. Our business matters supplied much material for thought, and subjected us to various kinds of disappointment. Reduction in prices from a just valuation, was the least of these; but to be defrauded by persons we had considered honorable and truthful, was very hard. Let me drop a hint here, like a seed. Had any one else settled our business for us, we should never have credited many things we passed through. How important that every one should *know* for themselves! By thus knowing, many a friendship, broken at these times, is saved, and charity taught where we have misjudged. I have known some of the most terrible family misunderstandings, lasting a lifetime, to be the result of resigning affairs to the management of others. All people cannot see through our spectacles. I would urge upon every woman to prepare herself in business knowledge so far, that she can understand what others are doing for her. I know we should never have saved our homestead, had we given our affairs in charge to others; and so I speak from experience. A distant relation of our family, from whom we had a right to expect kindness, so much had always been shown him by our father, vented his pique and ill-nature upon us; — I never could discover a reason for his conduct, until lately. Women were settling the business! On looking carefully at his character, I find every element opposed to a recognition of woman in any capacity, except as a ministrant to his wants; and as for business ability in us, he thought we were not to be trusted with the management of a dollar! His ill-will was wonderfully overruled to our advantage, by bringing us into acquaintance with a true and noble

man, whom we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. It was William Parker, the son of the bishop who married our parents. I mention his name boldly, because I consider it right in this work, to mention names whenever they serve to awaken thought, or to emphasize gratitude. There are periods in our lives when, filled with a heavy sense

> "—— of despondence; of the inhuman dearth
> Of noble natures; of the gloomy days;
> Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
> Made for our searching ——"

that courage would fail, and life-long sadness take possession of us, but for the appearance of some being in whom the image of his Maker is not effaced or blurred. At such a period, when, perhaps rashly, we have passed a hard judgment on human kind, — when we have lost our confidence in humanity, to have it restored to us by looking at some honest, open brow, — it is indeed a blessing! Time proved this business acquaintance of whom I speak, worthy of all we then felt.

The pleasantness of having our school-rooms in our garden, the general satisfaction of the parents of our pupils, and our own as their teachers, would have rendered our happiness in these relations complete, but for one alloy. My sister never was robust; she exacted from herself far more, and with more severity, than she ever did from others; her laudable ambition, joined to her love of children, led her captive; she forgot herself in these enjoyments; and now, her health began to fail. She was obliged to pause, and obtain some one to take charge of the youngest children, while I took the elder ones into my school.

I find those sermons on the last nights of the years,

were not only enjoyed, but their enjoyment anticipated. They were, at once, probes and guide-boards. The diary refers to Mr. Emerson's sermon at the going out of the year 1829, preached from the text — "The night is far spent; the day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."

A new year was at hand. My school was flourishing; it drew around me a very interesting group of children; and I loved it. Yet I never felt it my true vocation. It seemed to be preparing me for something higher and more permanent, — it was but transitional. What it was, as yet, I knew not. Had I known through what waves of sorrow I was to pass, I would have shrunk. "The veil that covers from our sight the events of futurity is a veil woven by the hand of mercy."

In 1830, my sister was prostrated by severe illness. I shall have occasion to speak freely of this illness, for it was the great turning-point of my life. Wounded love could not then understand the appointment of Divine Providence; but it was through this affliction that my attention was turned, unconsciously, to the medical life, by leading me, when I had no scientific knowledge of hygeine, to marvel at the dense darkness which surrounds disease, and to wonder at the harsh and severe measures adopted in the treatment of delicate and sensitive organizations.

Dr. Dixwell, our kind allopathic physician, who had been always good and true to us, was called in to attend my sister. Blisters and mercurials were tried; they were of no use. Leeches were resorted to; but without success. I marvelled — all this agony — all these remedies — and no benefit! The prescriptions seemed

wholly experimental, the results entirely unknown. My sister's sufferings were intense: she could not lie down, but was bolstered up in bed. At length Dr. Jackson was called in to a consultation. Her malady was pronounced to be a disease of the heart.

Quiet — rest — absence from the city — were prescribed. Her school must be abandoned — her mind left entirely at ease. She went into the country with my mother. My home was lonely enough; but hope whispered that it was all for the better. On her return, being more comfortable, she resumed her school, but was soon obliged to abandon it again. Then came the doctor. Her case now assumed a more formidable aspect. Terrible spasms commenced, which agonized our very souls to witness. We should have been unable to bear the sight of her sufferings, had not *her* confidence in her Heavenly Father, and her wish to meet her earthly one, permeated her whole being with a faith which imparted courage almost superhuman, and sustained us under this trying dispensation.

Blistering and leeching were now declared to be the only hope, and they were thoroughly tested. Her treatment was certainly "heroic!" She had lost her voice, but cheered us with whispers, and soothed us while waiting on her. Our faithful pastor, Hosea Ballou, called frequently, and proved himself a true and steadfast friend. Another revered man and minister, Rev. Thomas Jones of Gloucester, always visited us when he came to the city, and brought with him an atmosphere of confidence and trust in the Divine. He often left his sermons with us to read, which we enjoyed.

Relapse upon relapse in sister's case, kept our nervous sensibilities strung up to the highest pitch. After blisters, leeching, and mercurial ointment had satisfied our

kind doctor of their ineffiacy — (he really took the deepest interest in the case) — a seton was the next thing! I could hardly conceal my horror! This seemed to me truly barbarous. Her exertions every moment she was capable of effort, was a standing argument with the doctor whenever a relapse took place. I well remember his ordering her to keep her room for the winter; but her own *health-instinct* revolted, and she slept in another room where there was no fire; — "on the sly," as they say. It was droll to hear the doctor in the following spring, attracting her attention to notice the favorable results consequent upon her having kept her chamber according to his directions.

The next prescription was prussic acid — four drops three times a day! My dread of so dangerous a remedy, was openly evinced. All this treatment made me feel very sad. If the disease was organic — why, there was no cure for it: if it was the result of nervous irritability, then the infinitesimal medication might have been of advantage.

After forty-one weeks of sickness, and one hundred and six professional calls, my sister was roused to more thought on the subject. We talked it over together; she obtained some medical works; and finally she came to the conclusion that her case was not understood. But what were we to do? — was the question. How often has a similar question arisen in families, and the severest trials followed the impossibility of an answer!

A heavy affliction befell a family, very near and dear to us, at this time. Our parents had been attached to them for many years, and we were brought up from childhood to respect them. They had received Universalism from John Murray, and, by word and life, were a constant rebuke to those persons who objected to that

heresy, as it was then termed, on the ground of its neutralizing our responsibility to God, and thus leading to all wickedness. Mr. Edmund Wright was the head of this family. He came forward after my father's death, became my mother's bondsman: he knew nothing of our business at the time; he only knew we were honest and desired nothing but justice. He trusted us! These words are full of import. Trust arouses hope to action, stimulates the mind, and induces trust in God. Such men are a constant reproof to the doubter, the cynic, and the whole tribe of the suspecters of human nature. Mr. Wright and his family had lost a married daughter — a woman of rare worth. I remember vividly how much I was impressed by this removal, and by my sick sister's expression of wonder that she had been spared, and a mother taken. I would here breathe a prayer for the only son and daughter of this valued friend, and a hope that they may be ever conscious of the worth of that mother, taken from them in their childhood. Heaven bless the grandchildren! This family has ever been true to me, and the friendship of our parents with them has now a peculiar significance.

Dear, suffering sister! A cough was now added to her other symptoms, so severe that it was supposed to be whooping-cough; but it was spasmodic. Then came a different train of remedies, — all useless and ineffectual. Having a severe cold, accompanied with a cough, myself, I took calomel, by the doctor's advice. Catching another cold, I suffered severely in my limbs: I remember those pains as though they were yesterday! I remember also my wonder that so simple a malady required such severe treatment. I gave up my school for a week, and we were sick together. All this time, thoughts were revolving within us: the ground was

preparing for the seed, and in due time, the germ appeared. My sister had lost all confidence in medicine. She reasoned and argued with the doctor: *his* tactics were to arouse her conscience; and then she would tamely submit to a fresh round of torturing prescriptions. He was convinced her disease was of the heart, and enjoined quiet; but she used her needle, and beguiled many hours bolstered up in bed. She had so much of our father's organization that in the midst of suffering, and when worn out with pain, she would utter some quaint remark which cheered us like a gleam of sunlight. Friends, neighbors, and parents of my pupils were very kind to us, and our grateful emotions were constantly stirred by them.

A desire for farther medical advice, and an unwillingness in Dr. Dixwell to meet any one else, as he had brought Dr. Jackson, induced us to ask advice of Dr. Walker, a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society. His genius — his medical position — his successful practice — his sagacity in extreme cases — drew our attention to him. Dr. Walker came, and investigated the case. He was told, that Dr. Dixwell refused to meet him. Dr. Dixwell assigned as a reason, "he had done every thing that could be done; had brought the best advice for counsel." We *knew* all that — and believed it. But it was only one side of the question: a suffering, dying daughter and sister was the other side! Here was a dilemma — what were we to do? — how were we to decide? How many persons in similar situations have been as sorely perplexed! On entering my medical life, confirmation upon confirmation presented themselves to me. I fervently believe that this experience was given to me for a purpose! Not that I then expected to become a physician, or thought of it

in any way. I did not know the use of that experience then; but I know it now! And here, — for this is the proper place, — I shall freely express my feelings with regard to medical consultations, and medical etiquette in general. I have nothing to fear. I cannot offend any true mind, for I have no object but the good of humanity, which I take to be the primary object of every physician worthy to bear the name. I have not the medical law which governs consultations, for I am not a "regular," as the Massachusetts Medical Society term it, but I can describe the routine, for instances have occurred in many families corroborative of our experience.

What a solemn mockery is any etiquette so entirely at variance with true humanity, as this is! Why, as the public become more enlightened, this consultation business will be termed a farce played by doctors! A physician is supposed, in accepting his elevating profession, to be not only a lover of science — of the laws which govern the progress of diseases — of therapeutics, through which he is expected to remove diseases — but he must be a lover of humanity. In this view, can there be any thing more inhuman than the course commonly pursued with regard to patients? Look at it. Here is a lovely child, or a sister, a wife, husband, or mother, crushed by sickness; months of untiring care have been given by the relatives of the invalid, to the prescriptions of the attending physician; all has been done by him that can be done; anxious friends are sympathizing with the suffering kindred; at length, other advice is asked for: then, the attending physician (with but few exceptions) brings whoever he pleases to consultation — the family and friends usually submit — they are generally hush, for they instinctively see

there is a free-masonry in the movement: — but they are to pay the bill; and really one would suppose in a common sense way, that the debtor had something to do in the choice of the creditor — but no, says medical etiquette — no, says the conservative M. D., *you* desire a consultation; *I* will bring my friend, Dr. ——; *we* will have a private interview in your parlor; then *he* will see the patient; *we* will retalk the matter over; then *I* will give you *his* opinion! Is not this an outrage on common sense and propriety? Would not one suppose that the anxious mother, sister, or friend, who had watched the case day and night, would have some valuable facts — some observations about symptoms — some suggestions to offer at the consultation? Is it just to bring the case to judgment without an examination of the witnesses? Is it fair to suppose that the attending doctor, with an extensive practice — only seeing the patient for a few minutes at each professional call — can give the consulting doctor more than a mere skeleton — a general outline of the case? My own medical experience of many years, empowers me to affirm that these consultations are utterly hollow!

Now I hold it good, as a medical practitioner, that every mark of *respect*, every *courtesy*, and every *confidence*, should be given to the medical profession; but, equally true, that there is a frankness, a candor, and a confidence due to our patients, and their families and friends. The medical profession would not now stand as it does before the public — rent in twain — torn in fragments — split into pathics and isms, by quackery *in* — mark the word! — *in*, as well as out of the faculty, if consultations had been more open, free, and true. The nearest relatives of the invalid (when they desire it) should always be present; and they should hear from

the attending doctor — often anxious, faithful, and devoted — all the solicitude and thought he has passed through in treating the case; their professional life, being understood, would be respected. If, as there probably would be in a consultation, a difference of opinion arose as to further treatment, why, this proof of earnest interest would but deepen confidence in the profession. The gratitude with which hints are received, would be known, and increase this trust. But now the order is this: — The physician attending, says the physician consulting, *agrees with him*, but suggests a little different medicine. Then the consulting doctor is gone; and it is out of order for him to come again without further communication with the attending doctor.

Now, my kind medical brother, I have a word here for you. *You* may not have heard *all* the expressions of annoyance, — of disapprobation, — of very righteous indignation, that have been uttered by many on this subject. But *I* — *I* had a heart experience here, before I had a professional one! The public are getting enlightened, and you must recognize it. Families are reading works on hygeine, and preparing themselves to meet you in sickness. The day of blind obedience, or foolish deference, to you, is entirely gone; you now stand on your merits. You have as high a mission as God has permitted to his beings on earth. To you is committed the care of bodies, and through them of souls, suffering with pain and anguish. All the diverse terrible forms of disease look to you as their healer. The untold wretchedness of tortured days and long nights, sleepless from torment and nervous irritability, calls on your patience and skill. *You* fan the dying embers of hope: *you* cheer the timid spirit: *you* neu-

tralize fears, by showing probabilities of relief: or, if renewed sufferings come, *you* inspire and comfort the pain-stricken sufferer. You search the wide arcana of science, — you bring the whole result of experience to the aid of your humblest patient; and, as the air absorbs the low damps of earth to refresh us with cooling dews and showers, so the profession gathers every thing, and reckons nothing too lowly or worthless that can soothe and relieve.

But there is another view of the subject which should coincide with this: then, all will be well with the sick. You have your mission; they have theirs. Your patients have their duties. They must rely on you with faith; but their judgment must be taken whenever practicable. They have a health-instinct; and it must be consulted. They have reason; and it must be respected. They, in suffering moments, often *catch glimpses* of their real maladies, by chance gleams of intuition, which may help you, and may prove hints guiding you to more accurate knowledge. Stand fearlessly on your own merits; they are eminence enough for you. You have got wisdom; now get understanding. Must you drape yourselves in mystery and secrecy, and demand privacy as a condition whereby you are to work your cures? Or are you a physician deserving the title, standing in the broad light of the nineteenth century? Let there be more oneness between you and your patients! Let there be perfect frankness between you and them. Let that little word WE be the talisman to quicken their perception of their own mental and physical condition, and to awaken a consciousness that there must be coöperation between physician and patient. This course will inspire trust in the public mind, from the loss of which medical men are now suffering deeply, for it is in conse-

quence of the want of confidence in regular physicians that quackery thrives; it was brought into existence and now flourishes through the failures and blunders of those who are privileged with diplomas, and who are utterly unable to stay its course, as newspapers and circulars amply testify; notwithstanding colleges, national, State, and county associations, — pharmacopœias, floods of medical works, and concerted measures to save the character and preserve the prestige of the profession. Poor, outcast, ridiculed, despised quackery! See sarsaparilla consolidating into marble palaces, pills expanding into princely residences! — think of the quantity of sarsaparilla and the infinite number of pills necessary to produce such grand results. Now if Brigadier-general Physic and Brigadier-general Cure-all, commanders-in-chief of all diseases, from the scald-head to the gouty toe, should marshal the forces of the allied army of regulars and the troops of volunteers, contending for the field of public patronage, and we could be present at the secret councils which control the tactics of these two armies, we might publish the best medical treatise for the masses that has ever been printed, and would lessen the number of medical students and medical colleges, such as they now are. A new order of things would arise, and noble, true-hearted physicians, instead of being the exceptions, would be the rule. Herbert says: —

> "All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
> But may be witty, if thou hast the vein."

It pains me to hear our profession spoken of so slightingly and carelessly. You know it *is*! You know I speak the truth! I hope what I have here said will tend to awaken public attention to at least one depart-

ment of your medical etiquette, which needs a total remodelling, about consultations, as regards to sense, humanity, and justice.

I have been told by a young German that in consultations in that country, the family and friends of the patient always have the satisfaction of attending, if they desire it. As THESE are the nurses of the sick, who are with them night and day, and watch every change in the progress of disease, how *necessary* that they should be present; and how much more such consultations would enlighten the mind of the consulting physician as to the true state of the case, as well as inspire confidence in his integrity and ability to relieve, than the present exclusive system!

CHAPTER VII.

"Be thou thine own home, and in *thyself* dwell,
Inn anywhere;
And seeing the snail, which everywhere doth roam,
Carrying his own home still, still is at home,
Follow (for he is easy paced) this snail,
Be thine own *palace*, or the world's thy *jail*."

DONNE.

DR. WALKER knew the peculiar circumstances in which we were placed, and he felt for us. He continued his attendance on my sister for some time. My eyes became weak: I applied for aid, and leeches were ordered! But I revolted, and a simple lotion restored them. My mother's life through all this was wonderful. Her unselfish nature was constantly alert in nursing my sister, and with delicate care, arranging my food, my walks, and so forth, for she knew a teacher's life was trying. My sister became more comfortable. Dr. Walker thought her illness would still continue; though he expressed the idea that she would in time get better. About this time, a dear cousin came to visit us, who cheered our home like a brother. Again our house was alive with kindred, for he was always an attraction.

Finally, Dr. Dixwell consented to meet Dr. Walker. The ensuing discussions, our fears and our discomforts, were not lost on me, nor have they ever left me.

An alarm of cholera spread at this period, which aroused much hygeinic thought, and served to keep my mind in a direction which facts in my school confirmed every day. Dr. Walker behaved nobly to us. He brought about a reconciliation with Dr. Dixwell; and refused to give us a bill, saying he had only suggested something different. Those who knew this man the best, regretted the most his subsequent abandonment of the profession. It seemed indeed a loss to the community. If there is one feeling more than another which elevates the soul in estimating character, it is that awakened by the contemplation of a medical man with genius, disciplined by science and every mental advantage, who lays aside all self-hood, yields himself with childlike reverence to the teachings of nature, watches the veriest trifle for its lesson, and feels that books are but second best, while the observation and experience of practice are first. The martyr whom the world denies the palm, rejoices in his God. The ambitious mind cannot understand what supports and sustains him, — it is within. Charlestown can bear testimony to many noble acts done by Dr. Walker. Many are the widows and the fatherless he has comforted! His surgical skill was eminent, and wherever known, was believed to be unequalled in this country. My imagination always connected him with Abernethy.

I hope I have not conveyed any idea of Dr. Dixwell but what is kind, grateful, and appreciative. He was a physician of the old school; honest, and true to his convictions. When he first practised in our family, before his marriage, he was Dr. Hunt; afterwards he changed his name to Dixwell.

My sister's sufferings continued to be severe, and but for her unfailing cheerfulness, we should have faltered;

but that gave a light to every thing. Like her father, her theme for gratitude was that things were no worse with her! My school was prospering. My enjoyment in its progress would have been greater, had I not been troubled, at times, with severe headaches, which not only unfitted me for the performance of those nameless duties for the sick one which beautify home, but frequently made my school hours wearisome. Had it not been for my mother's careful regulation of my exercise, and her intrusting me with all the out-door business of the family, such as the purchasing of provisions, wearing apparel, and the like, I might have suffered much more.

About this time, one of my sweetest children, Mary Anne Holmes, was removed to the spirit land. My first class went with me to her funeral; and I remember that Ralph Waldo Emerson impressed the audience with his apt and beautiful illustration of the crysalis and the butterfly.

A tribute is due to those pupils of mine who will read this book in memory of me, for I know that in many minds, the physician has not obliterated the teacher. You were obedient, pleasant, kind, and faithful, my pupils! You taught me many lessons, as well as I you. You taught me patience, and the need of a gentle voice and cheerful manner in imparting instruction. The promptitude of your parents in paying your bills, recurs to me, now; it was a great help to me, then. One can hardly judge, without experience, of the advantage a teacher reaps from promptitude in this respect; for means are of double value if they can be relied upon for immediate use. Many stormy days you remember bringing your dinners, and many noons have I delightedly listened in the entry, unknown to you,

hearing you play at keeping school, and imitating me!

An anecdote comes to my mind as I think of the necessity of trusting children. Every correct and judicious mother knows the value of that word — trust. It is a quality which needs a wider acceptation in the world, than it has yet obtained. In its exercise to the tender child, it develops power; it awakens conscience, nourishes responsibility, and teaches self-control. Faith in human kind is indispensable to a teacher, for it is the parent of trust. It is indispensable to every one. We need to place more confidence in those around us. Let the strong rely, and the weak will gather strength. Trust is of varied kinds and varied degrees; but, as the sunbeams melt the frozen icicles, so will trust light up, and melt, the cold crystals of reserve, timidity, distrust, and fear that, too often, have gathered by slow processes of accretion, even around the youthful heart; and, more frequently, around hearts no longer young: the sunshine quickens the violets in the wintry soil; for we know that germs of the good and beautiful lie hidden in the hardest and worst of natures. Frozen doubts, cold feelings, hard thoughts, these are the frigid accumulations that gather on humanity in the darkness of selfism, as the ice forms in a bitter night, on the face of creation. Often, long seasons of Christian influence can alone remove them; but, even then, your first confiding look, tone, word, manner, — your first outpouring of generous trust in human nature, is the sun-flash on the ice, changing it in an instant to a glory of pearls and diamonds, — ameliorating the inhospitality of the aspect, before it alters the cruelty of the condition.

The anecdote I was about to relate is this. A cousin of mine in Charlestown, having passed away, it became

proper that I should attend her funeral. It was a school afternoon; I did not wish to dismiss the scholars, and, as they always disliked a monitor, I hit upon the following plan of leaving them. I placed in my chair the large old-fashioned slate, (it had been my father's); wrote on it the names of the scholars in the order in which they sat; arranged the needle-work and reading, — for I always had some interesting work read aloud by some elder pupil every afternoon, — and then said, "Now, children, when the clock strikes five, leave your seats orderly, go to my chair, and place on the slate, by each of your names, a *unit* for good behavior, and a *cross* for bad. When I return, I shall anxiously look at the slate; and the next morning, when you are all assembled, I will read the list aloud that every thing may be confirmed. But, I *trust* in you!" On my return I visited the school-room, and found but one *cross* on the slate; and that, where I least expected it, appended to the name of a beautiful, open, bright, brave child, who then promised much for the world, — the fact of her having rich parents being her greatest drawback. She was the last child in the school I should have thought capable of any misconduct. Well, the next morning came; the list was read; it proved truthful; but when I came to this name, I said, "My child, you must explain; — why is this? — what did you do?" Looking up to me with those soulful eyes, and speaking with that soulful tone, which ever made her an object of sacred interest, she replied, "I laughed aloud; I laughed more than once; I could n't help it, because *a slate was keeping school!*" This is only a trifle, but trifles are of great importance. We test very mighty principles by small experiments. In this case, had I appointed a monitor, confusion would have prevailed.

My school furnished me with a rich experience. I found few mothers, like my own parent, who sought intimacy with the teacher for purposes of mutual counsel, and who were willing to assist in directing influences not only at home, but at school. . . . We cannot judge of the qualities and colors of plants and flowers in the winter, when they appear to be but withered stalks; but when the soft breath of the spring awakens them to life and growth, we see their tendencies and their natures developed. So we know nothing of the real mental and spiritual capacities of children, stunted and withered by the influences of an ill-conditioned home: but if they enter a school where the teacher breathes upon them the mild breath of love, their natures become unfolded, and in that atmosphere their primal, natural bent for good or ill, as distinguished from the merely casual and forced, is detected. Such a teacher has a key to character unknown to the careless observer. . . . I consider any divorce between the instructor and the parent, as reprehensible in the highest degree. They should be mutual helps to each other. They are both engaged in educating the same children, and there should be a harmony of action between them. Now, for instance, let the primary principle of obedience, which every teacher is bound to establish in regard to the pupil, and the absence of which nothing can supply, — let it be unenforced in the home of the pupil — lightly or lazily regarded by the parents, — and every effort the teacher can make in that child's development, will prove futile. The Scotch legend tells us that the wizard, Michael Scot, once undertook to make ropes of twisted sand, wherewith to bind a lawless lord; but every time he succeeded, an invisible imp by his side baffled him by untwisting the magic cords. The legend

goes on to say that the magician was forced to resort to more cruel means, in order to accomplish his end. The instructor's position is similar. If every thing done at school to effect subordination, is regularly undone at home, the teacher will be compelled to a severity foreign to his or her nature, to secure a temporary obedience. But let the parent remember that the power of education is weakened if *fear* is mingled with instruction. If the intellect of a child is not developed by love, a loss to the whole life is the inevitable result. There must be not only an establishment of nearer and more respectful relations between the parent and teacher, but there must be a similarity of measures, and a coöperation of action between them.

Children are new daily revelations to a teacher. The observant eye, the eager ear, the grasping memory, the plastic mind, are mediums through which their souls operate. Happy are those who are trained healthfully; but how few are the happy! Look around you for confirmation of this truth: you will be startled to see how many are educated unintelligently — merely because it is the fashion — the custom! The beauty — the harmony — the adaptation of knowledge to any aim or end, is rarely presented to them. A constant warfare is going on in wee little children. The words so frequently on their lips, — "when we shall leave school" — words which take the form of a hope — prove how little they regard their privilege. Earthquakes of excitement over lessons; disgust; weariness; at the best, ambition; — these are the interior states of pupils. No wonder their physiognomies are careworn and anxious! My observation, taken from my own experience, makes me speak earnestly on this topic. I cannot help it. The public needs cauterizing! Education, as it is now understood,

or rather, as it is now talked of, is the art of forcing clumsy tools into reluctant hands to satisfy a respectable demand of the community. It is just the systematic crowding of a load of heterogeneous furniture into cranial apartments, and no more; and if the furniture was new and fresh, the crowding process would not be quite so sad; but all the lumber of old attics is introduced, without regard to use, fitness, beauty, or practical purpose, and the cranial apartments aforesaid, are, at a very early period, full of disorder. The individualisms of the children are not recognized, or respected, in their development. They must all go through the same treadmill routine, whether they are fitted for it or not. Parents and teachers are working at cross-purposes, and each frustrating the efforts of the other; and the poor victims, wending their hated way to school, are talking of the blissful time when they shall leave Egyptian bondage and severe taskmasters! Yet, unless love of study and the perception of its use, are constantly active in digesting acquisition, dyspeptic brains in after-life will be the result. Remember Byron's life-long distaste for the classics, because his Horace had been flogged into him when he was a school-boy! I think I can safely say that I never met with a person, possessing any individualism, whose presence — whose sphere — was lifegiving, healthful, and elevating, unless his or her intellect had been moulded by love. Look around the circle of your own experience, and you can sustain this fact. Look at the *sodden* faces you meet in your daily walks, eloquent of hearty dislike for mental acquirements because of the coercion that dragged and drove them in school-days through sloughs of disgust, and over deserts of weariness, to the gates of knowledge! Look at the musty libraries that are walk-

ing our streets, whose wrinkled phizzes and pedantic manners tell of acquisition through only a hard ambition! See this religious sectarian who has learned doctrines till he has forgot a life, — who thinks that intellectual truths are salvation, and that goodness is only for the ignorant! Examine the whole body at your leisure, and tell me what you think of education without love as its motive force, judgment as its distributive agent, and service to humanity as its ultimate use in life! Education, which should be a broad light to the nobler aims of existence, is now nothing but a sickly gleam.

I find fault, as a medical practitioner, with the lack of judgment all around us in regard to the rearing of the young; and I look forward with earnest longing to see the medical profession equally shared between the sexes; this will be one great advantage. Meanwhile, the deficiency of judgment manifested during growth, is really lamentable. Intellect, as I have said, crammed — crowded — through ambition and excitement; growth advancing in this morbid state; nervous energies driven with force to the frontal region; and you have lean, shrunken, dwarfish, deformed bodies as the concomitant of all this, and chaos instead of harmony. You would not treat a choice plant as ignorantly as you do your children; for every botanical work would be scrutinized as to the soil, sunlight, and moisture requisite for its health. You would care for each plant as an *individual* plant; and very soon would you dismiss from your conservatory, a gardener who treated all alike — the delicate Mimosa in the same manner as the hardy Dahlia. You permit your boys to grow up constant burdens on the family, because they are boys. What matters it to them about keeping their clothes clean? Do not *women* wash? — and shall they not be *men*? The numerous

industrial occupations which they might learn, and which are fitting for them, rendering rainy days pleasant, and sick hours amusing, must not be taught them, because they are boys, and will be men! How can those thus trained ever arrive at the dignity of true manhood! Look at public morals in 1855, and mourn! Boys should be taught every pleasant kind of handiwork that girls are. I have known families where this plan has been tested, and I know how it works. "What shall I do?" asks the bright, sanguine boy, weary from over exercise — "I want something to do;" and his fingers would gladly be employed in knitting, plain sewing, or worsted work. "What shall I do?" questions the child of genius — "I am tired of play; I want something to do;" and needle as well as pencil, would occupy him, besides giving facility to his hands, which thumb-fingered boys so often need. "What *shall* I do?" says, with quite another intonation, the weary girl, worn out with making shirts for these very brothers; "I am tired of work; I want to run, and walk, and play with hoop, and ball, and kite out of doors, part of the time." "But no," answers the ladylike mother, who sits up half the night to embroider pantalettes, "you must work — look at me; your brothers are boys; they must play." And thus both boys and girls must suffer! I know a case of a scientific lady whose mother was so shocked at her engaging in her brothers' sports and frolics, that whenever she discovered that she had been guilty of the crime, she put on her a pair of pantaloons and locked her in a dark closet.

Parents, in the development of your children, it is for you to beautify *all* uses, not to sexualize them; giving to a feminine boy, manhood; and to a masculine girl,

womanhood. The families are few, and blessed, where the significance of these words manhood and womanhood is perceived. God has wisely placed in your families both sexes; proving to you daily the need of that beautiful recognition of the sexes in childhood. But instead of attractions, capacities, and adaptations, — that holy trinity shrined by the Creator in the children He has given you, — instead of these guiding you in the education of your offspring, you are controlled by false ideas of sex, and you have to mourn consequent perversions! I have heard mothers say that "the boys are not as desirous of education as the girls," and all the while they were withholding the education their boys refused, from those very girls who were to become mothers in the future, thus ignoring the great fact of hereditary qualities, tendencies, and impressibilities, which, cultivated in these girls, would have prepared them to stamp noble boys! Sex is to be felt, not talked of, — understood, not explained.

The miserable remuneration commonly given to female teachers, sadly cripples their usefulness. It weakens their own estimation of the worth of their services by showing them at what a low market value those services are held. It saps their self-respect by depriving their profession of that importance which a just remuneration gives to every occupation, and which is one test of its value and usefulness in every community. It lowers them in their own estimation by the consciousness of being regarded as inferiors, and this consciousness is one cause of the distance which exists between them and the parents of their pupils. This inflicts upon the teachers incalculable injury, and by a law of compensation it recoils upon the parents. If there is not nearness between the instructor and the parent, both

suffer severely. Coöperation of action, affectional sympathy, and similarity of educational measures, cease between them. Two influences, if not hostile, at least discordant, — one at home, and one at school, — are operating on the children, and they are electrical conductors conveying the result to the parents. Having inflicted all the suffering on the parents which such a state of things must produce, the injury returns upon the children. The teacher is working for nothing but money, and very little money; judge how ardent and enthusiastic her labors will be! If she is a remarkable woman she will bring a religious sense of duty to nerve her thankless toil; but what right have you to hope she will be a saint, when her inadequate compensation has set in train a series of circumstances which make such virtue a miracle? She is not now laboring for love, but for bread, and duty. The last-named quality is but a cold, hard substitute for the warm and radiant sentiment of love. I have already said enough to show that *that* is indispensable in the culture of children. The children are, in the case I have stated, educated without it. Judge whether it is a loss to them!

With but few exceptions, the scanty remuneration of a female teacher places her everywhere, as well as in the family circles of her pupils, below par. She goes about with the stigma, "only a teacher" appended to her name. "Only a teacher," said one delightful exquisite, "I begin to take a fancy to her: she will marry me, of course: I have money; and she has tastes to gratify; and if *I* can *stoop* to marry a teacher, why, *she* will be elevated!" Yes: he has money; the glittering temptation to a life of ease is laid before her; and the poor teacher, it may be, her services underrated, and underpaid, — her importance, a cipher, — her self-

respect gone — her toil thankless — her life disgusting — herself an underling — pinched, degraded, contemned, accused, weary, and miserable, — escapes from her daily heart-break into private civility and public respect, by marrying an imbecile! Who blames her? Who presumes to censure her? Let it, at least, be no one who has consented to the miserable pittance given to many school teachers.

Growth, consolidation, words of deep import in connection with youth and education. Parents, entirely ignorant of physical laws — do you doubt it? Look at the girls who are kept at school during the important periods from thirteen to fifteen — they should stay at home, guided, guarded, counselled, by a mother who should feel it a sacred thing to sustain that relation. Heart and soul education neglected, and family uses are blighted — performed by necessity, not love — an incubus rests upon them. I see that in time, this subject will be presented by some abler mind, and then the need of a class of teachers will be felt for these girls who will throw memorizing away and let reading, conversation, composition, and declamation develop language for the utterance of thought. Two or three hours a day, with a well qualified instructor, will do more at that age to create and foster a love of improvement than double the time spent in ordinary school duties, and would be conducive to physical, as well as mental health. In my travels, I have found children in the country, not only more healthy and hardy, but more observant, more original, and more fond of study, than in cities. This is probably owing to their devoting but one half the year to school discipline. Then, too, some of the finest minds I have met among teachers, were not drilled in school from childhood. They had eaten,

and rested; drank and paused; learned and labored. Our dyspeptic tendencies as a nation, have much to do with this overworking, overstocking, overstuffing, the poor baby brains. The stomach complains loudly; — I reverence its determination to report the grievances at head-quarters!

The perversion of education in regard to head and heart, and the neglect of both, are all around us. This is a plain truth. Our youth are striving to compromise between acquisition, and a "genteel" application of it. Labor is now considered a necessity: how to avoid it, is one of the great questions of the age. Conversation is absent from social life. Crowded brains are mustily mouldering; unable to bring language to the expression of thought. This subject of education, in its broadest sense, needs to be brought before parents by a practical teacher, and the most searching examination made of the whole ground. I have not aimed to give it more than a passing notice here, for this is not the place. But I hope I have said enough to induce others to give it earnest scrutiny, instead of a partial glance; and to obtain a full view, instead of a mere glimpse.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You will excuse me if I do not strictly confine myself to narration, but now and then intersperse such reflections as may offer while I am writing."— JOHN NEWTON.

MY school experience was an excellent preparative to my medical studies; for every hour their application, here and there, came to my mind. Facts of the deepest moment gained in the former life, though often chaotic and disorderly, were still in my memory; and the latter life gave them form and applicability. The truthfulness, the consistency, the general quality of a home, are labelled on the children composing it: the teacher reads these labels, and they become texts for her guidance. Let parents consider what transcripts of themselves they are sending forth from day to day! And when they are finding fault with the teacher of their children for correcting them, let them pause just long enough to discern the beam in their own eye, — to realize the innermost of themselves, which is developed in the outermost of their children.

Temperaments, hereditary tendencies, were forced upon my observation as a teacher; and, unconsciously to myself, problems were then presented, which in after-life were to be solved. How rare is obedience to parents; and how instantaneously the teacher perceives the state of a new pupil in this respect! The very first tone of the voice, tells all. The fountain of home

poisoned, and you can foresee how black and baleful will be the whole river of individual life. Home obedience is, at once, the necessity and the test of love; and it leads upward to obedience to the divine commandments. Every child who is wisely directed at home, carries a healthful influence with him, or her, to school; and from this source the teacher derives new life, energy, and enjoyment in her pursuits.

My school-room had another mission for me. I was destined there to learn my first lesson on seduction. My heart sickens in recalling it, for it was then terrific to me. A beautiful, gifted child, from Maine, sixteen years of age — as ignorant at sixteen, as my girls of six or eight years — was sent to my school. When I accepted the office of teacher, I felt bound to exercise the greatest self-denial in sustaining it. I heard the lessons *out* of school, which the poor child's shame prevented her from reciting *in* it. My sympathy was drawn out to the ignorant one desiring knowledge. I was unconsciously approaching a crisis in which one of the sores of social life, (which I hope yet to see cauterized,) would be laid open to my inspection!

Wealthy profligates who have yet sufficient physiological knowledge to guard their health, lure to the city, poor girls — sweet, pure, and trusting — perhaps orphans — perhaps motherless — perhaps, as in this case, fatherless. These vile seducers express an interest in their education, and a willingness to send them to school; and thus decoy the unwary. All this time, they are marking them for victims. The poor children are boarded out respectably, dressed neatly, and quietly led along step by step, to extravagance. This is an easy road to ruin. Their doom is then sure!

If virtue could be affected, — if it was but a mask

which vice could put on at its pleasure, — I might have been blinded in this case to what was going on. A leaden dulness seized this beautiful child; the ruddy glow vanished from her face; symmetry of form was gone; a pallid languor overspread her features; mind and soul were blighted; and a feeling of repulsion, blended with tenderness for the fallen, filled my mind. Was it not a terrible lesson, and one to awaken sad and earnest thought! It was my first lesson of this quality of vice. I had seen the unfortunate of my own sex, diseased, bloated, loathsome — allured to sin by man, and he accepted in society with fine broadcloth and kid gloves. But here, before my eyes, was innocence in the hour of its betrayal — beauty departed — intelligence dying out — and frankness destroyed by deception and compromise! My heart aches now, with a memory of the feelings that pained it then; and when, in after-life, I pursued this subject still further, I learned as a fact, that these wealthy libertines, when they grow weary of their victims, who have sacrificed all for them, sometimes — can I write it! — yes, I *will*, for it is truth! — they pay — pay a young clerk, or some poor young man, a certain sum, or give him a certain business as a dower, if he will marry the one they wish to displace for a new favorite! I am not exaggerating here. I speak from knowledge. Go into life — search with scrutiny — lift concealing veils — tenderly probe wounds — and you shall find ample corroboration of these facts. A physician knows it all. I do not say you will find all the wealthy thus base — God forbid! There are men, pure and true and high, who count their wealth by millions. But they are, too often, exceptions to my charge. Profligacy is very general, and is shamefully tolerated: houses of assignation abound;

their bolted doors swing open very noiselessly to the clink of a heavy purse, and tongues are very silent there! This, my first experience in the social depravity of which I speak, left an impress on my soul which will never be effaced. I had loved my home; I now reverenced parents who had never laughed, or jested at, or slightingly alluded to, love or marriage. Affection and feeling had been sanctified by them; so that no ideas of lightness on these great subjects have ever been presented to me; and I never remember a speech from either of them, which could in any way lead my mind to consider marriage a necessity. The recreative hours of life were shared with my parents; thus perhaps was I spared hearing those inuendoes which soil the soul. The love of parents was made a subject for conversation; the love for a sister was kept before the mind by language; the love of kindred, and its responsibilities, frequently alluded to; but the conjugal relation was *lived* — not talked of. Therefore, no jests about beaux and belles — no flirtation or coquetry — were ever in place at my home.

As heart-histories have opened to me, in my medical life, the eternal spring — the newness — the sacredness which invests these subjects in my mind, has given me great power over my patients. The physician must not only be the healer, but often the consoler. No mere hackneyed professional knowledge could have so often illuminated the mind, and given me the skill to say the right word at the right time, with childlike trust in its efficacy. Nor could childhood have so informed my life, if childhood had not been so true. Let the affections of the heart be lived out legitimately in early days at home, and sacred fires will light the heart for ever,

whose interior flame will always irradiate life, and enable us to distinguish the counterfeit from the real.

I sorrowed at my experience of this case of seduction; but, now, I am thankful for it; for every positive experience gives power to my will, and courage to meet these evils with whatever remedy I can command.

My school was commenced in April, 1827, and in 1833, a change passed over my life: a new call for *consideration* was heard — a loud one too. My sister's health was the point in our family, — the nucleus around which all our desires clustered. We asked — we looked — we wondered! Is there no permanent hope? — no balm in Gilead? In the fulness of time we were answered.

On the thirtieth of June, 1833, I saw a physician, Mrs. Mott, who, with her husband, had come to Boston to establish themselves in practice: — they were English people. I had called on her the day before, but she could not see me. I remember vividly my conversation with her: her sympathizing manner as I unfolded my sister's case, was comfort to me; and after hearing me patiently, she said she thought my sister could be cured. We were open to all sorts of opposition for even thinking of such a thing as employing "a quack!" But we were weary and tired out with "regulars;" and it did not occur to us that to die under regular practice, and with medical etiquette, was better than any other way. Affection works out her sums by different rules. Even conversing with a new mind awakened hope; and it is often in this way, rather than by a change of treatment, that invalids are benefited. I knew this, experimentally. To be sure I regretted, with others, the bombast of the advertisements the Motts' printed, and the trum-

peting of the certain cures that would result from their practice; but, behind all this, was a something new, which offered at least a change of treatment, if not a chance of cure.

On Monday, July 1st, Mrs. Mott and her husband came to our house in Fleet street. They pronounced the case consumption, and took it — expressing much sympathy for us, and evidently attracted to the invalid. Here was my first thought of woman as a physician; and yet this was but a partial exhibition, for her husband was at her side, — giving to her position some gloss of what the world calls propriety, and you felt his power as well as hers. They commenced their treatment. My sister followed their directions faithfully: our mother was, as ever, the efficient nurse; and I, the messenger back and forth.

This year we commenced paying the mortgage on our house. Some of my readers will understand the deep gratitude that filled our souls as the fetters began to drop away from our homestead. My own love of freedom for myself, revolted against even the bondage that held our home: I wanted that also to be free. We attended personally to all our business matters; and the result proved to us the need of so doing, and furnished me with an experience to arouse others to do likewise.

My sister's health commenced improving. Her hope was healthfully stimulated; new influences were doing a good work for her. She began to gain strength. After an absence of three years and four months, she again went to church! This was new life for us. Our home was once more brightened, gladdened, and cheered. As her case was so intricate, she was generally visited by both Dr. Mott and his wife. An attachment

sprang up between us and them; and in September they made me an offer to come to their residence, and write for them. I was so troubled with frequent headaches, that I was not loth to take a respite from my school duties; and my mother was ready to allow — nay, accept cheerfully — any change in my favor. So I engaged an old friend and neighbor — Miss C——, to take my school for six months, and accepted my new occupation. My whole soul embarked in this movement; it was not without a purpose; all my anxious hours with my sister had deepened the instincts which pointed to the medical profession. The zeal with which I engaged in it, will be best understood by my intimate friends. Yet the ardency of my feelings was transitory — for I thought I should probably return to my school in six months, laden with a new experience, and no more; but still there was the undefined phantom of a possibility floating in my mind, which rendered me passive. I was twenty-eight years old that year — four times seven. My mother was three times seven when she married, and twice seven years elapsed before my birth. I then had a sort of faith in these cycles of mystical sevens, and have it still. So I left my school, and adventured on a new life. When I was not occupied in writing, I passed my time at home. My daily joy at getting there was only excelled by my sister's gaining in strength, and being able to come to Dr. Mott's house and see me; — for she gradually recovered! Her first long walk was to the residence of Dr. Dixwell in Somerset street, where she went to pay her bill. I could bring up from memory the most ridiculous remarks that were made about us — my giving up my school — trusting in foreigners — resorting to quacks — and the like! We were not of the metal to mind such nonsense.

We had starved for food, and where was the wheat? We had thirsted for waters, and where was the well? The doubt, uncertainty, and inefficacy of medical practice had been our portion; and the best physicians had given up an only sister! We were then solving a difficult problem. In February, 1834, Dr. Mott and wife solicited us to take unoccupied rooms in their house —urging as a reason, the great need of a change fo. my sister. Added to this, was my absorbing interest in my new relations; for my letters to patients, joined to the growing consciousness that I was to be a physician, began to fill my soul with a satisfaction unknown before. Our dear mother yielded to all these circumstances, and we leased for a year, the whole of our house in Fleet street, — the family who had occupied it with us, having opportunely moved out at that very time. I shall avoid the reproach of being termed an enthusiast, by omitting to detail the joy that pervaded our souls at sister's recovery, which overbalanced every other consideration — even those of leaving our old home for a year! — relinquishing housekeeping, and meeting the many changes that come with such an event. In March, our house was let. Mother and sister boarded at Dr. Mott's; our rooms were adjoining; we furnished them; and there we commenced a very peculiar life. We were very much together. Mother was very useful to the family, though only a boarder.

A faithful servant was taken ill in the house, and in despite of every care and attention, she died there. It was our privilege to assist in nursing her; and when I saw that dear sister of mine ministering to another, it seemed a dream. The nineteenth of March, 1834, on which we moved from Fleet street, is epochal to me. Time has never weakened my love for the North End.

There is a fascination now, at fifty, in living over in memory those years — that childhood — that home — associated with those ancient streets and wharves; but to every one there comes a "fulness of time," and change is demanded. Happy are those who can perceive these epochs, for they are guide-marks to paths which lead through the tangle of life. Sad is it for those who see them not — or who slight them, and for fear of public sentiment, or private ridicule, or of change, turn their backs upon them. There are moments — who cannot respond to this? — when, with a lightning glance, the mind sees its need — the soul beholds its duty — and the past, present, and future rush up to the vision, with command, counsel, or warning. Hear the sad voices all around us, telling of what might have been, but is not! "I let my opportunity slip," says one. "The time *once* was for me," says another. "Could I have gathered courage at that moment, all would have been well." "Had I resisted only the first temptation!" "Had I not drank the first glass!" "Had I perceived the openings of Divine Providence, how different would have been my life!" And so the lamentations continue, all in the key of the one slighted epoch. The loss of a single opportunity has changed a whole life. We need to consider this subject more earnestly. It points to the great law of our individual responsibility. When we are willing to see with our neighbor's eyes, hear with his ears, or taste with his mouth, then, his opinion in regard to what is of infinite consequence, can be absolutely taken, with consistency. But it becomes us to do our own thinking, and not send it out to our neighbor to have him do it for us. I do not wish to be understood to mean, that we are not to be guided in some degree by the feelings and percep-

tions of others. There is a reckless disregard of the opinions of the world which is as reprehensible as the opposite vice. But this ultra subserviency to other people's notions on the one hand, and this ultra do n't-care-ism on the other, are the Scylla and Charybdis of social life.

At the period on which I have here paused, I was wide awake on these subjects. I found myself daily analyzing very curious compounds. "How delighted you must be at your sister's recovery!" — then in the same breath — "you are not thinking of studying to become a doctor?" — and the tone of the last sentence would contain such a sneer!

I remember that in this very month of March, we put off our mourning for our father, having worn it for six years and a half. To have been shrouded in black all that time! A change came over us, my sister and myself put on colors again. This action had much to do with our cheerfulness. It was an offering of gratitude. The straw bonnet and buff ribbon appears before me at this moment! I cannot now conceive the mental state that induced us to wear our mourning so long. We had lived with our father's spirit; we had cheerfully entered on life's duties. I think my sister's sickness must have been the sombre cloud that kept us so enveloped in darkness on this subject. It is a great thing to realize the life of the soul so fully, that we cannot consistently shroud our bodies in mourning, when it drops its mantle. There are chaste and appropriate habiliments that might be worn in commemoration of the event, or to symbolize any feeling a Christian can rightly entertain with regard to the departed. The Quakers afford us a lesson in this respect; — but we must all live out our own state at such times, otherwise

there will be no freshness in what follows. I think that the gloomy attire we wear after the death of our friends, denotes a lack of real faith in immortality. It also seems like the livery of selfishness. As for fashionable mourning — the grief that seeks an ostentatious expression,

> "—— bearing about the mockery of woe
> To midnight dances and the public show,"

is an insult to life and to death. I have been present when the last prayer was offered, and the body, properly attired, was to be laid in the grave. There were the kindred, vulgarly bedecked by fashion in black: — they were good people, but the world had certain claims on them then. Bonnets elegantly craped, lying on the back of the head, keeping the propensities from view, while the moral and intellectual regions were exposed; the whole appeared telling of late hours, and extra labor at short notice; then, the studied fashionable movement, and rustling of the new garments; — all this made you feel the solemn mockery of the whole display, and an atmosphere enveloped these mourners which was cold and heartless.

We soon became habituated to the change in our life, and were settled again. My daily duties kept me in Mrs. Mott's business room. My letter-writing to patients for her, kept thought active, and the sympathy I had given to my sister, I now gave to every sufferer. Several advised me to study for the profession — saying that it would always be useful to me — it would enable me to meet physicians, or take care of myself, if need be. It wanted not a word — a hint — for within me was now the consciousness that it was to be! My problem was now solved — my foreshadowing realized —

my intuition ultimated — and my individualism aroused to obey the mentors who had for so many years been preparing me to meet this destiny. In waking hours, in reveries, and in dreams, pictures had been painted on the mind's "mysterious far away;" and now the lenses were given through which they could be viewed. A vague and indistinct idea had now taken a form. Hopes and fears were equally balanced, and uses and activities seen in a new light. Diligence renewed her claim, and hope beckoned on. I needed no stimulus but the *successful* practice of Doctor and Mrs. Mott, which was well known, as also that many availed themselves of their skill.

I had occasion to visit the Boys' Asylum, on the corner of Charter and Salem streets, where fifty indigent children were carefully looked after.

At this time, my mother's eldest brother came to visit us. He was eighty-two years of age; hale, hearty, and bright. Revolutionary anecdotes kept us wide awake in his company. His romantic life, and unheard of adventures, made him the lion of the family party. At his advanced age he could distance the younger branches of the family as a walker. The Wentworth element was felt in his presence. I remember our regret that the old Bible containing the family record of his father, had been destroyed. How many valuable records of the past are thus carelessly lost!

I was absent from home when Dr. Dixwell passed away from earth. I well remember a letter my sister wrote me describing her feelings, when looking at his remains. He had been our family physician for years, and had attended all the branches of our kindred: — for my mother was so particular in her selections, that her choice became the choice of our relations. I have

heard my mother speak of his faithfulness to the poor when he was Dispensary physician, and of the many friends he made among them. Many families in this city can bear testimony to his medical skill. My interest in him, as a physician, was never weakened; but I regretted his professional etiquette and conservatism in my sister's case. I do not know how he would have borne the varied changes in medical life through the pathics and isms of this day. His earnest tones still linger in my memory; as, also, his kindly bearing at the time of my father's removal. I would have been glad to have met him as my own professional life opened. Seven years after the removal of our dear father, found us medical students, with opportunities for study, and cases to investigate.

CHAPTER IX.

"They unto whom we shall appear tedious are in nowise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labor which they are not willing to endure." — HOOKER.

IT was at this period of my life that I was first arrested by the horrors of intemperance, and awakened to a view of its dreadful havoc, its million crimes, miseries, and sorrows. I had once, when visiting a beautiful woman — a foreigner — whose children attended my school — seen delirium tremens. It was a fearful shock to my nervous system. Dishevelled hair, glaring eyes, partial nudity, in one of my own sex, was terrific to me. Of course I knew of the evils of stimulants, but, with this exception, I knew nothing from personal observation. I was now to sleep in the house of an unfortunate victim — worn out, anxious, haggard wives — sad, wretched, frightened children — peopled my brain. Life has brought before me serious cases; but it needs the experience of a Gough to portray, even faintly, the sins and the wretchedness that grow out of this every-day vice.

When Mrs. Mott and her daughter sailed for Europe, my sister went with them to New York. It was my longest separation from her. The time was now approaching for us to resume housekeeping, and once more sit around a family table. We returned to a home with feelings of gratitude for the experiences we

had obtained since we left Fleet street. True, we were saddened by the dark and overwhelming character of many of these experiences; yet, spanning every cloud, was the bow of promise.

The reader may be assured that the medical life, deepened in interest as physiological, anatomical, pathological laws were unfolded. Hours spent in study, come back to me, losing none of their freshness by the lapse of years. Constant illustrations of benevolence, nobility, and intellect, sacrificed, in various ways, to appetite, were forced upon me. Home, I still saw, makes life either heaven or hell, — a receptacle for angelic or demoniac natures.

The first week in July, 1835, we recommenced housekeeping, — once more we were a family — home, that magic word, was ours to enjoy, — not in Fleet street — not at the North, but at the West end, — we had been only temporarily located in Chambers street. Our first Sunday was sanctified by the presence of dear and tried friends at our tea-table. Rev. Mr. Jones of Gloucester, whom I have mentioned, was the attraction; others came to meet him. Sweetly does the memory of that faithful mother arise who blest this home, who counselled, guided, and guarded her children with such ceaseless care. I wonder the pleasures of memory, imagination, and association are not more vividly realized in connection with every article of household furniture or personal use. These lines were written on a table my mother had, when married: my grandmother's looking-glass hung near me: I was sitting in an old arm-chair, made sacred by their use of it for more than half a century; and chairs were around me with the same white dimity covers on them that welcomed me into life. There was on our mantel, as the central ornament, a

beautiful porcelain image of Milton — the arm of the figure resting on a pile of books, from which depended a scroll, bearing in golden letters, the inscription —

> "Into the heaven of heavens, I have presumed,
> An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air."

I have sometimes asked myself whether that beautiful image has not definitely affected my life! My baby eyes stared at it — my baby voice talked to it. I have it now. I have the porcelain shepherd and shepherdess that flanked it on either side — the colored figures, with elfin flowers springing around their feet — why, my childish mind was filled by these things with the ideal, the beautiful, and the true. I turn to them with affection and involuntarily compare those times with this displacing age, this hotel age, this boarding-house age, this auction age! Household charms are rather foreign subjects to some people, now.

A deeper consciousness of the purpose of life now took possession of us, — we continued our medical studies with unabated zeal. Our previous experience was of great use. Medical treatment, rather than an investigation of hygeinic laws, had heretofore been our lesson. Medication we had seen rather too much of. Medical science, full of unnecessary details, lacked, to my mind, a soul; it was a huge, unwieldy body — distorted, deformed, inconsistent, and complicated. Pathology, so seldom taking into consideration idiosyncracies, temperamental conditions, age, or the state of the spiritual body, would have disheartened me, had I not early perceived that the judgment — the genius — of each physician must decide his diagnosis. Therapeutics — think of the many hundred volumes on that

subject, which it would blind the eye and confuse the brain of any student to wade through!

General and special anatomy, — shall I ever forgive the Harvard Medical College for depriving me of a thorough knowledge of that science, a knowledge only to be gained by witnessing dissections in connection with close study and able lectures? Physiology, with all its thousand ramifications, had a fascination for me beyond all other branches — use, abuse — cause, effect — beginning, and end — all were significant in the light of a science undarkened by technicalities, doubtful assumptions, tedious dissertations, controversies, and contradictions. My mind was greedy of knowledge, the more I investigated, the more I was delighted, wonder-struck; — and I was often startled by the rays of light that unexpectedly shone during my research. Setting aside medication, we endeavored to trace diseases to violated laws, and learn the science of prevention. That word — preventive — seemed a great word to me; curative, was small beside it.

At this time my mother was bereaved of a widowed sister, very near and dear to her. She had often said, "she asked not for *her* daughters more enjoyment together in after-life, than they had experienced." She left two daughters. Their lives have been, in some respects, as one. Peace to every branch of this family tree! This aunt was one of those cheerful, trusting spirits who accept adversity with a smile, and always keep a genial, loving tone in the family. She adhered to the Episcopal form of worship, as do also her descendants. I seem to listen now to the beautiful burial-service of that church, which solemnized her funeral. This sorrow was accepted by my mother even with joy;

— her sister had been so severe a sufferer. Christ Church will ever be associated with my aunt's memory; and Christmas celebrations have a charm, derived from remembrance of her enjoyment of them, even in age. I owe many pleasant hours in childhood to her; and, were these forgotten, my mother's deep sympathy with her sorrows would still keep her before me. I I have often heard my mother say — "the mysteries of Providence are felt by me in the difference of our lives — my sister having so much to bear in being left a widow, with three young children." Mother gave to her that *soul* of kindred, which so few understand. It is an essence which perfumes life.

In September, Dr. Mott died, and our tomb was opened again for him. We were with him a great deal during his sickness. His physicians gave no hope of his recovery, from the very first hour of his illness. His dying blessing rests upon me now, "If you should be called away in a foreign land, may some kind hand rest on you, and some kind eye look on you!" His death caused that household to be broken up. I have nothing to say of him, save that we realized his nobleness of conduct on many occasions, and felt thankful that he was removed where the innermost is revealed, and the ruling love perceived. The many attentions, the unvarying kindness, and the scrupulous propriety, with which he always approached us, were all that we remembered of him when the outward form was laid aside.

In October, 1835, we removed to the corner of Spring and Leverett streets, where we lived some time, advertised, and began, as it were, our profession. Our mother was then nearly sixty-five years of age — clear and bright, and, as ever, watchful over her children.

Our previous removal being but temporary, this new dwelling-place seemed more like home. There we commenced a life, fraught with absorbing interest; — grasping the past to apply it to the present, and prospectively looking to the future. My medical brother can recur to his first professional year, and remember the varied states of mind it induced in him, and all the shades of his anxiety. But he had "regularly" studied — had passed through an approved college, and been accepted; and with a recognition from the medical faculty, and an M. D. placed at the end of his name, he had a capital to start upon. He had older heads to sustain him — a code of laws to obey — a mistake would not be fatal to him, though it might be to the patient! — and if he reverently looked to the centre, the centre would kindly regard him. I said he had studied before he practised: — *we* studied and practised at the same time; for our knowledge seemed very trifling when we commenced, and had we not been constantly brought in contact with the errors, blunders, and lack of applicability among the doctors, we might have shrunk from the overwhelming responsibility attached to the name of physician. But the standard they have placed before the public, will induce many a commonplace woman to enter the profession. Would this were not so!

An opening was now before us in which many questions were to be viewed philosophically. We had a difficult future to accomplish. But hope and industry are giant helps in emergencies, and now, in mature life, when the present has realized the hopes of the past, the marvellous powers of these motives to action is ever regarded as new, wonderful, and cheering. Faith and courage grow and thrive wherever a full sense of

our dependence on the Divine is felt. The outer world had opened upon us, desiring to live lives of use, divorced from fashion and nonsense; and when, through our childhood, girlhood, and maturity, we had seen humanity seeking our home in varied forms, fettered, embarrassed, diseased, distressed, and melancholy, we felt strongly the need of an inner centre — a balance-wheel — nucleus. We found it in our trust in the Divine. The aspiration for this state gradually brought it to us; and its atmosphere of happiness gave us energy. The eyes of those we loved shone on us peacefully, inducing rest for strength, or activity for uses.

A curious train of thought passed through my brain, as the novelty of my peculiar life, and the consciousness that it was observed by others, was placed before me. The Motts were foreigners; their extravagant advertisements had placed them on the lists of quacks — that chameleon word which is all black *out* of the profession, and all white *in* it. One year, cod liver oil is a quack medicine; after a while it gets into the pharmacopœia, and becomes regular! McMunn's Elixir, etc. etc., follow it, and undergo a similar change. The Motts, being foreigners, were prosperous. On the contrary, here were Harriot K. and Sarah A. Hunt — native Bostonians — well known through their parentage, their character, their life; and, as "a prophet hath no honor in his own country," so it was with us at first. I am glad that I remained in my own city; — lived a professional life where I was born; — and accepted — nay, enjoyed — slights and cool recognitions from old friends and schoolmates, in full faith that all would be well in the end. Lowell would have given more money, but Boston met a want beyond money; and feeling that I was not doing wrong, I would not exile myself from my

birthplace; Boston was my birthright — a term no Quaker ever loved more than I did. My future had expanded, and still further expansions beckoned me on. If true to-day, to-morrow would be fair; and all after morrows besides.

> "To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."
>
> HAMLET.

I saw God's appointed designs wonderfully worked out in my life. Why was I blessed with such parents, but for a purpose? Why was I so *privileged* in the prolongation of my sister's life, but for a purpose? With these supports, what imported the whims and caprices — the surface-friendships of those who obeyed not the demands of truthfulness and obedience — who were anchored in the fleeting Now — and who kept on their lips the adage which has made shipwreck of so many, "I must do as my neighbors do?" It is curious to observe what a great game of follow-my-leader these people play! There must be no originality in life; what everybody does they must do. It is ridiculous to see how sedulously many of us try to shape ourselves in the same mould. We shall next try to make our physiognomical expressions all alike, so imitative have we become in this country. "I want a pair of spectacles," said an elderly Yankee to an optician. "I wish to know the defect of your sight," replied the dealer. "Nonsense! folly!" exclaimed the customer, "eyes are eyes, and spectacles are spectacles, and the nose is the bridge for them!" "But," said the optician, "do n't you know our glasses are numbered — that they are adapted to farsightedness, nearsightedness, dimness,

and defects of vision, of varied kinds?" "O no!" replied our obtuse and gaping friend, "that is all news!" We treat our individualisms in the same way. We fit our mental and moral visions with glasses well enough adapted to some one's eyes, but not at all adapted to our own; and then rail against some sensible person who insists on choosing those through which he can see best!

I remember vividly the earnestness — the enthusiasm — with which we received our first patients. To be sure, they came along very slowly; but every case that *did* come, was a new revelation — a new wonder — a new study *in* itself, and *by* itself. The need of freedom of action — diversity of treatment — was constantly felt by us. Very early in medical life we found ourselves differing from our teachers, and escaping from formal rules. We very soon learned not to trust too much to medication: — not but that we often saw it fully successful; but it did not meet our perception of the dignity of the human body. Anatomy had partially opened its treasures to me; and the wonderful deposits from the blood to develop, perfect, and sustain the system, even the bony structure, filled my soul with reverent awe: — for I never entered the medical life through physics, but through metaphysics. An anecdote on bones comes in place here. A medical journal noticed that we had advertised ourselves as physicians, and, by way of a fling at our presumed ignorance, queried if we knew the difference between the sternum and the spinal column! This was a thin jest, to be sure, the skeleton of a joke; but, as it involved in its delicate humor the question of our knowledge of the very trunk of the anatomical tree, without which, we could not keep the branches in health, as also anterior,

posterior, heart, lungs, and nervous system, — as it included all this, it was quite a palpable hit! It is but just to say that the editor of that journal became our friend, and I have to thank him for the subsequent use of his library, and many kindnesses.

Reverence for the human organization had much to do with my medical life; and I found myself questioning cases of dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaints, and many others — begging them to tell me why they had imposed their drawbacks on health and life; and they did tell me of fearful abuses through ignorance, passion, luxury, and vice. Were not my cases guides and mentors?

We studied with unwearying zeal. When our mother was sweetly asleep, we were reciting our lessons to each other — investigating every case that had been presented to us through the day — often thankful that we had declined cases (and numerous were those we did decline) till we were prepared to meet them. My sister, being gifted in the use of her pencil, copied plates. Our leisure hours slipped away like moments, with use stamped on every one of them. There was an abiding faith about us, an enthusiasm which surprised many of our tame friends. They could not understand that barren technicalities, freshened by the atmosphere of love, blossomed with beauty for us; or that the diseases of others, with a fervent wish for their removal, gave us mental life. So little do we comprehend each other, and so little perceive the causes of action which lie concealed from the casual looker on! Would that we could be charitable! — so should we be true and sympathizing. Would that we could trust more to our friends! — so would a halo shine around us. In looking back to this period of my life, I am

forcibly struck with the fewness of those who understood us — with the scarcity of those who even caught a glimpse of our states. Had it not been for our mother, how sad would this have been! Her experience of life enabled her to foresee the trials which necessarily attended such an experiment; this was a salutary corrective to my enthusiasm.

We administered medicated champoo baths, and found them valuable aids in our practice; and had they not been attended with so much trouble, chiefly because we could not obtain proper assistants to undertake their management, we should have continued them. I almost regret I ever relinquished them; for baths given under the eye of a physician, and combined with suitable medication, will produce wonderful effects on patients.

Bathing is not responsible for the harm it has done when used by persons of no judgment. It is a healthful remedy approved by our instincts, and the fears timid minds entertain in regard to it, are founded in ignorance. Many persons injure themselves alike by intemperance and abstinence in this respect. The bodily laws of action and reaction are enigmas to many; by refusing to examine them, or falsely solving them, health is often impaired. The mere lack of proper friction after bathing, will not only neutralize the good received, but paralyze the system; and I have no doubt that many congestions are thus caused. Then the improper hours bathers use; their disregard of their own constitutional tendencies — why it is rather a marvel, with all these drawbacks, that the practice of ablution is gaining ground! What else but harm can result to the numbers of reckless sea-bathers who are prodigal of salt-water baths three months in the year, when the

other nine are given to idleness, languor, and effeminacy, and hygeinic laws utterly neglected? Bathing, wisely and prudently used, is certainly an elemental medicine, of which even all pathics and isms are availing themselves to the exclusion of their washes of New England rum, and other liquids. The hydropathists are entitled to full thanks for the vigorous measures they have used to awaken public attention to this important subject. Some of their caustic writers have finely shown up the human cologne bottles walking our streets; and pointed out the abominable insult and injury people inflict upon their bodies by allowing filth to accumulate and remain on their skins, thus preparing their system for the attacks of fever, dysentery, and other maladies. Water is more than a medicine for the body. "Clean body, clean soul," is a saying with much truth in it. We are all, in some degree, the creatures of outward influences. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," was John Wesley's favorite maxim. I am not sure that it is not essential thereto. At any rate, it tends to induce godliness. I have observed with peculiar interest, that our leading reformers are hygeinists. Reverencing the temple in which the spirit dwells, they furnish *every* facility for discharging impurities and keeping it in the best condition for use. They look beyond the material. The more truthfully we live to the laws of nature, the more we are prepared to entertain the idea of freedom in its spiritual, moral, and civil application. This truth has held good with my patients.

I remember having a little, feeble, sensitive child brought to me; — one of those poor children who have no appetite, because they are always munching; who cannot sleep, because they are excited by reading or

story-telling before they are put to bed; — children who are always told by the well-meaning mother, how delicate they are; and consoled for being delicate, by the remark that she herself was always just the same! Well, on examining this case, I found the mother had only washed the child partially, because the little girl feared water — would cry and become excited, on its application. There was an absolute need of daily bathing in this case; and also the need of removing her fears. So I looked about for a way to meet this poor spoiled child, who really touched my feelings. "Now," said I, "my little dear, you shall not be bathed all over every day. I do not care to have your arms, hands, neck, or face washed, for they have an air bath." The little thing did not dream of the ruse, but cheerfully consented. She was placed sitting in a bath-tub; her mother washed her freely except the interdicted parts; but pride and cleanliness stepped in, and she took the complete bathing to which she became by this means accustomed. Every physician has found cases of water-phobia. It is wonderful what dirty appliances have taken the place of pure water, "whose manufacturer is the Deity." Babyhood is not cheated of its demands here; and, as it is my symbol of purity within, I would advise all persons to keep their skins as clean and soft as in babyhood.

CHAPTER X.

"Every act done in the great work of human progress, will ever live — every act which tends to the annihilation of error is a little rock started from the mountain top, which gathers force on its way downward, and starts others at every bound. Let me then start a little pebble if nothing more. Every act which tends to the establishment of the reign of truth, is a germ set in the soil, which in time will become a mighty tree. Let me then plant a little acorn, that it may shoot up, and by the richness of its foliage, and the stateliness of its form, may add to the beauty and grandeur of the millennial plains." — ANON.

THE soul grows strong through struggles, and acquires bravery by conquering obstacles. With a valiant spirit, life is alive. My school was not forgotten; its experiences were a capital to draw upon: — but I could not return to it again. I had lived that dispensation through. Only keep family relations sacred — keep home the centre — then, fear not to launch out into the deep, for you steer by the polar star. I was now living away from the North End; but my frequent walks to visit my kindred were still enjoyed, and my childhood lived over again there. Copp's Hill was none the less interesting because I no longer lived in its very neighborhood; and Christ Church bells the less captivating because they were heard at a remoter distance.

My mother's eyes became more and more troublesome; but, in despite of her dimness of vision, it was wonderful how much she still accomplished. Her mental perception gave her remarkable power, and, joined to

her reflective faculties, enabled her to fulfil her purposes. We had kept our fears to ourselves in regard to her; but the time came when she was willing to receive medical advice. The veil which obscured her vision grew thicker, and the rays of light more uncertain. Dr. Walker came to see her. As ever, he was efficient, kind, and genial. After a few days, he performed the operation of couching; — it affected her nervous system severely. Her age was against hope, but still she was anxious for the operation. How much is learned from these family disciplines, if we only receive them in a filial spirit!

Very early in my professional life my mind was attracted to the subject of remuneration for women's labor; and their weeks, months, and years of steady application, with results so saddening, forced me to earnest thought. I had an ample opportunity to investigate the position of women in this relation. "I have saved one hundred dollars," said a seamstress who had labored diligently for many years, "and that is only owing to my good health." "I have not one cent laid up," said another; "my board and clothing take all I can earn, for sick-headaches often keep me at home." "I was obliged, after my husband's death, to part with two of my children, so small is the pay I receive," said a third. Such appeals have been around me for years. They are all the more harrowing when ill-health deepens the tones of sorrow in which they are uttered, and when they create doubts in Divine Providence. Man gives a few hours of his time for a certain number of years, and, with industry and frugality, he gets a home and a competence as his reward. What does the laboring woman get for *her* years of toil, industry, and frugality? Oh! my brother! women have been pondering these

subjects for a long, long time; and their hour of utterance has come! Men alone are not to blame. The other sex has a large share in these wrongs. "Call after the work," said a fashionable woman to a delicate young seamstress; "I think you can carry the bundle. My coachman is always busy, and if I send my other man-servant out, the chamber girl has to answer the door-bell." "Call again, and I will pay you; I can't to-day," said another moneyed woman to her seamstress. "As much as that for this work!" exclaimed an astonished lady, who was preparing to make a tour through Europe; "why, I thought it would be much cheaper:" and this was the way she could talk to a widow who mourned over the declining health of a daughter! I could fill pages with such cases; for many dress-makers and seamstresses are and were my patients, and tender tones and earnest interest caused them often to breathe out their histories — oh! how sad they were! But there were always gleams of light, and they cheered me.

Our business gradually increased. One cure opened the way for other cases; and an enforcement of dietetic rules, bathing, and so forth, soon placed on a permanently healthy platform those who consulted us. Our diagnosis was not copied from that of any eminent M. D. Indeed it required a strong and determined effort never to speak disparagingly of the profession, or of physicians, but to be quiet and candid. Very carefully did we venture out into the broad ocean — preferring, at the outset, to keep along shore, till experience could trim the sails, and confidence pilot a larger craft. Soon, opportunities were offered us to visit country towns; I accepted them cheerfully; my sister remained at home. From these journeys I gathered rich knowl-

edge; so many "given up cases" were presented to my notice! — also chronic diseases of an aggravated character. These last were opportunities for friendly relations and examinations; but not cases to be accepted professionally. My field of observation broadened wonderfully; — if hospitals closed their doors to woman, except as patient and nurse, the public were beginning to perceive the inconsistency — nay, injustice — of the act! We had, before long, patients from the highly cultivated, the delicate, and the sensible portions of the community.

My mother always objected to our practising midwifery; her reasons were satisfactory. In this early stage of woman in the profession, there was no physician to speak one encouraging word to us, or to whom we could apply. So alone, unaided by any, we established our own code of laws, and wisely concluded not to visit patients at their homes; for we knew if we did, doctors would say, as we were women, that we were insinuating ourselves into families, and weakening confidence in the faculty. To remain in our house, and receive calls, was the best opening for the life in this city. The arrangement was productive of much good to physician as well as to patient. Many home-bound, chamber-ridden, used for years to medical calls, would make a desperate effort, saying "live or die." We will go and hear what those strange women have to say to us; that very resolution was the dawn of light, the beginning of new life to them, and a fit preparation for obedience to those physical laws which we insisted upon as absolutely necessary to a cure. Many chronic cases presented themselves; also diseases of children, in curing which, my sister always excelled me. Occasionly we visited a patient who was confined to her

bed; but we found too often that there was so much opposition to the attendance of a woman as physician among the friends of the invalids, that the good of our visits was neutralized. We knew by experience all about these states of mind, and we respected the sufferers' position.

We paid our mortgage on our house in Fleet street at this period. Who could, or would, forget that thrill of joy as, with means in hand, we entered the residence of William Parker! We had lived carefully, economically, but not meanly; and thus we were enabled to gratify this strong desire.

Mrs. Mott returned from Europe, and came to our home. She remained with us in practice for some time; but a great change had passed over my mind in her absence, both as regards diseases and remedies. This did not entirely alter my relation to her; yet it was well for us all when she removed to New York.

There are periods in our lives when connections which are injurious to us must be surrendered, they cannot be dissolved without violence. Misunderstandings take place— sharp rebukes and unkind tones wound us — they are needful lest our tenderness should strengthen and nourish ill-placed confidence. Such seasons of trial have swept over me twice. After they had passed I thought of them, thankfully, as one thinks of a startling thunderstorm that was needed to clear the air. Let these experiences be accepted as tests of our inward life and filial obedience to truth and duty. When we must break an intimacy, let it be done firmly, but not without charity. We cannot read the whole story of another's life — influences, impressions, and prejudices may cloud our vision, unconsciously to ourselves. Reverently remembering our responsibilities, and reso-

lutely divorcing ourselves from evil surroundings in obedience to the voice of conscience, let us also bear in mind the admonition, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The storm passed — the bow appeared, and overarched a home; we were a family again.

At this time, my father's only sister who had always resided in the old homestead, was subject to attacks which preluded her removal to the spiritual world Like my father, she had no fear of death; she conversed with the same ease, and made all her arrangements, as if she was going a journey. Our repeated walks to and from Charter street, at this time, were pregnant with thought. Her grateful recognition of these attentions, her shrewd remarks and keen wit were more than a recompense for braving wind or storm. In September, 1837, she passed away as quietly as my father. I settled up her little business matters.

John Murray's remains were removed about this time to Mount Auburn, after having been interred in the Chapel Burial Ground for twenty-two years. The services in the church were very interesting.

November came again, and found me thirty-two years of age, childlike, resting on a mother. This childish feeling is very strong in me. It has sometimes fearfully conflicted with my dignity — or rather, my *attempts* at dignity. I am willing to take upon myself responsibilities for hours; when they are over, I want to be a child again.

The last month of this year we were sorely tried by the decline and departure of our old friend, Edmund Wright. "The chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life." Hours of intimacy, friendship, and kindliness were

lived over again in the prospect of his removal. We owed much to this single-hearted man. He it was who was bondsman for mother after my father's removal — who trusted us. True himself, he dared be true to others. Looking within religiously, he looked without wisely and kindly. There are many to bless his memory. He rebuked foolishness and sin not so much by words, as by an upright, natural, and useful life. His children and grandchildren are blessed in his true, unselfish example. The latter, who perpetuate his name, have never known him personally; but they have an inheritance, through him, of probity and worth which will be their best protection. Edmund Wright was a firm believer in Universalism; one of that number — indeed, that particular friend spoken of in John Murray's life, who was so much to him, and cheered his declining days.

Without the influence of my mother's tempered and religious nature, my profession would have had dangers for me, it was so startling, so intensely interesting, and successful. In ten years after my father's decease, our homestead was unfettered and free, and our professional lives respectable to many. Our struggles never seemed hard to us, our labor was so intimately blended with enjoyment; and the struggles made life even more absorbing. By our own efforts we had cancelled the mortgage on our homestead. Our next step was to continue frugal and painstaking that we might again live in our own house; for our mother so enjoyed her own home that the word tenant grated on her ear, as it did on ours. Then, at times, a fear of blindness took possession of her — momentary, to be sure, but it deepened the desire for a permanent home, and this was a

healthy stimulus for us. In 1838, after three years practice, a home in the western part of the city was presented for our consideration.

I do not dare to picture the events, which, in the course of our professional life, we became acquainted with: — the heart-histories of women which were revealed to us as women. Cold and tame minds might think there was a design to exaggerate rather than daguerreotype; but no romance I have ever read has portrayed such harrowing scenes, — such inward vital experiences as we were daily made familiar with. The need of the medical profession being shared with women became every week, month, and year, more a fixture in the mind; and the gross impropriety of its present exclusiveness, became more evident as facts thickened around me. I was particularly attracted to mental diseases. I often found physical maladies growing out of concealed sorrows.

We were frequently surprised by the successful termination of many of our cases through prescriptions for mental states, and the causes of diseases, the quality of remedies for them became a deeper study. Love for our calling gave life to the calling. Every fact we gathered had its use; and while the perceptive faculties were stimulated, the reflective were educated for guidance.

I have stated that I visited many country towns. Lynn was one of these. There was no railroad to that place then; — once a month I went thither, professionally, in the stage-coach. In 1838, the friend with whom I had always stopped, moved to New Hampshire; and it was in making arrangements for a new location, that I became acquainted with Mary S. Gove, now Mrs. Nichols. She was then keeping school, and, for a short

time, I took rooms at her house for a day or two every month. Her deep interest in anatomy and physiology drew me to her. Since then, she has appeared before the public both as a lecturer and physician; and many persons have enjoyed her in the former, and tested her skill in the latter, capacity. In August she gave an introductory lecture at the Marlboro' Chapel in Boston, which was well attended. She spoke on food, dress, etc.; and her Quaker garb — for she was then a Friend — rendered her lectures the more acceptable, as the public tolerated a Quaker woman as a public speaker. Afterwards she gave courses of lectures which were very successful. I always quarreled with her Grahamism. She told me she had overtasked — overstimulated — her system; and she urged upon the rational liver the same dietetic abstinence to which she had been compelled. This is frequently the case with the downright ultras; they ruin their own health, and then prescribe rules for everybody — forgetting that they cannot be judges of cases from their experience, unless they are similar to their own.

With regard to Mrs. Nichols, I must regret that the discipline of her life has resulted in her present convictions. As a lecturer on physiology she was excellent. She was fluent and correct in expression, and spoke with enthusiasm and power. Doing full justice to her talents, and recognizing the good she has done, I cannot look with leniency on the peculiar doctrines she has embraced in later life. I not only cannot sympathize with them, but I shudder at their character, and would remove myself from *every influence* tending to favor them. My sympathies are with their deluded followers, many of whom know misery as the result of their conversion.

My mother's eldest brother — that old man of eighty-five years — that man of the past — so keen — so bright — so full of revolutionary anecdotes — came to visit us again. At our house he met his eldest grandson, whom, by a singular train of circumstances, he had never before seen. I seem to see now, the proud grandfather leaning on his grandson's arm for a walk!

A convention of Universalists met in Boston this year. Fifty years before, John Murray stood alone; now there were one hundred and twenty-three ministers preaching his doctrines. What a change! Every growth of this kind confirmed my recognition of the fact of progress. The doubts, anxieties, and fears I felt in the commencement of my career drew hope from such evidences of the success that follows persistence. Sometimes in taking a walk I would meet an old schoolmate, or friend, who would manifest in her countenance a kind of wonderment at the cool and comfortable way in which we sisters followed our unusual occupation. One family — very conventional — slighted us. They gave us cool bows of recognition at first, which soon grew cold, and finally frozen. Time passed, and a loved member of their family was prostrated by illness. They sent for me, professionally; and I went professionally. I knew they were embarrassed by a sense of their past conduct; and to relieve them, I at once thanked them sincerely for every averted look and frigid bow; and assured them that they had taught me a lesson of self-reliance that would last me my lifetime. I could suggest nothing for the case they had brought me to, for every thing had already been done by the best physicians; but I left them as a friend, and renewed with part of the family a friendship which had been interrupted for years, — and why? — because we had been

true to our inner lives and obedient to our aspirations: One word to chronic conservatives. As the element of progress is inherent in your natures — you seek its gratification in new dresses, new bonnets, new trimmings, and why? because you are not searching for great principles, for new thoughts, — still your state is encouraging, it shows there is life, — and in due time some startling thought may arouse you, and you may make the blessed discovery that you have minds to adorn as well as bodies. You have no influence over earnest minds. The lessons of our lives are our laws, and they prove the care of an Almighty lawgiver. Temptations beset us, permitted by the same careful, tender Being, only to prove the strength of our purposes, and the vigor of our resistance.

I have already said that we perused medical works with much dissatisfaction. This probably arose in great measure from our being entirely shut out from the medical world, having no minds with which to interchange views, compare thoughts, and examine experiences, and whose sympathy would have cheered and encouraged us. We felt the need of a clear, exploring light: at last we found it. George Combe came to this country, and, in October, 1838, commenced a course of lectures in Boston. What can I say of them! Those persons who heard them remember their power; those who did not cannot conceive it. To me they were revelations — bread for a hungry spirit, and water for a thirsty soul. Their philosophy charmed, and their practicality instructed every hearer. George Combe's strength was in his love of truth; it was light to his mind, life to his heart, and fulness to his thoughts. He opened to us the labyrinth of life; he lighted up its mysterious chambers, and bade us enter and explore;

he gave us the golden clue of connection between cause and effect and end. His philosophy was not a fragment — it was a complete and consistent system. At whatever point of the great circle of thought we stood with him, there was ever some radius pointing to the central truth that governed all. My experience confirmed all his teachings: I can never forget them. They stirred the vital palpitating depths within me. I needed a more earnest consciousness of laws, — I needed to realize that they govern every department of life; and these lectures supplied my need. They gave the bones, joints, sinews, arteries, nerves, and veins of the human body a deeper language. They snapped the fetters that had manacled thought; they taught me to perceive the relation between disorganizing elements and order; — to see the inexpediency of the ideas cherished by time-servers, pleasure-lovers, and indolent ease-takers; — to scan the accumulated rubbish of the past with discrimination, yet without contempt. They brought to light hidden affinities, they revealed indirect influences; and thus robbed metaphysical subtleties of their mysticism, effecting a reconciliation in the mind between sin and its consequences. After-life proved to me more and more the value of these lectures. His clear exposition of the temperaments and of idiosyncracies, the conviction he forced upon me of the necessity of understanding the quality, as well as the quantity of thought, gave me a key which has been constantly and successfully used in my practice, and has been of infinite service to me in the treatment of many obscure cases. This knowledge of temperamental conditions, and that of the diseases which grow out of inharmonious action, have enabled me to give a hint to many invalids, by which they have performed self-cures with

wonderful facility. Boston should gratefully recognize the services of Spurzheim and Combe. While the former cast off, in this city, his material vesture, which was reverently interred at Mount Auburn, the latter returned to his own country to bless the world by the diffusion of knowledge and scientific research. Years afterward a lover of Spurzheim, who had been with him in the dissecting room, and knew him intimately — a true, noble man, who added the name of philanthropist to that of physician — Dr. J. F. Flagg, of this city — passed away, and Mount Auburn received his remains. His widow gave me a cabinet picture of the pioneer of phrenology — the much loved Spurzheim. How much I prize it, may be judged from these remarks. I advise every one to study Combe's Constitution of Man, and similar works. He was a philisophical physician, as well as a phrenologist. His dietetics of the mind produced a change in the habits and tendencies of many persons, which were leading to diseases.

I heard, at this time, Dr. Channing's introductory lecture before the Franklin Institute, on Self-Culture. Strange to say, I never heard or saw him before. George Combe sat before me. His satisfied posture and occasional look, full of meaning, told his enjoyment. I remember vividly my interest in William Ellery Channing. The quiet earnestness of his manner, and the noble words he uttered, touched every heart. He was indeed a reformer — bold, earnest, progressive, strong for the right. Would that the Unitarians had dared to follow the heroic spirit they revered in him — but, alas! they did not. I know his son, and I have never conversed with him on great subjects of moral and spiritual philosophy, without feeling that I knew the father. When our alarm-bells strike out the

location of a conflagration, then a Channing is felt; when the subtle elements are discussed, a Channing enlightens; when freedom is infringed upon, Channings are heard. This transmitted life speaks of truthfulness to paternity.

In 1839, that dear aunt, my mother's eldest sister, who chafed and warmed me into life, found age resting upon her heavily. She had been feeble for many years, and bore her infirmities with wonderful heroism. The great delight I took in ministering to her comfort, may be judged from her *peculiar* relation to me. She had lost two husbands and nine children, and was living with her only surviving daughter. I should be untrue to myself did I not feelingly record these varied breakages in the family circle; they are the mile-stones set up by Providence — affection marks them, and to those who are aunts, they speak a significant language.

My next lesson in seduction was to come nearer than my schoolroom, and was to be even more terrible than the first. Returning from one of my jaunts on the seaboard, I brought home with me a little girl. Some of her family had strayed from the path of virtue. Her doubtful position and vagrant life made her an object of interest to a benevolent man; and he attracted my attention to her. As our family were all females, he thought her temptations would be lessened if she was under our care, and we took her. We found her capable and affectionate. She had lived on the wharves, and was remarkably farsighted; — I shall never forget my wonder as her eyes filled with tears when she was bade to look on a printed page. It is absolutely true that this child was so wholly accustomed to view objects only at a distance, that her eyes needed training before she could learn to read or sew! Had it not been

for the valuable lectures on hereditary tendencies we had just heard from George Combe, I fear we should have been unable to manage this girl — she appeared so variable and inconsistent. We found home instruction would be all she could have: — no school would answer for her; we had tried a Sunday school, and that taught us this lesson. Mothers! I need not visit streets where poverty lives in rags and squalor, to find hereditary vices and vicious tendencies; nor do I feel these belong only to the poor. Impressibility is not a law of caste. It has nothing to do with streets, wealth, or social position; but it has to do with maternity and paternity. In our intercourse with this unfortunate child, we always felt a consciousness of her origin. All the trouble we had with her, prepared us to aid, counsel, and guide others of similar, though of diverse degrees of organization.

We saw this child grow up under our care, from her low condition. Industry worked wonders for her. Constant, and yet varied, occupations saved her. It was a bitter draught for her at first, but in time she found sweetness in it. Having a face beaming with health, and an impressive class of features, we felt it necessary to be very careful of her as she advanced to womanhood, yet we avoided too much restraint, fearing it would make her deceptive. We thought as her capabilities began to be usefully directed, that her perceptions of propriety would increase: — we thought her safe; but the tempter was near, and the poor child fell! Hateful representatives of manhood! — well garbed assassins of female honor — wretched — wretched victims of sensuality! — go, if you must be vile, go to places where a price is set upon your sins in dollars and cents — where licentiousness lives openly, perhaps for

bread — go to the horrible haunts where purity is not; — but spare the innocent — beguile not the unfortunate children whose hereditary tendencies make them an easy prey — spare the child orphaned by poverty, and under the care of those who think virtue the only priceless pearl, and character the only riches! O, I cannot speak on this subject as I would! Language fails me. As often as I hear the vaunt about the protection which man gives to woman, my heart cries out that woman must protect herself, and to do this she must know more of the arts of this world. Vice is cowardly: in this instance it was markedly so. The wretch who betrayed this poor girl was a clerk in a store (he had previously failed in business); he thought her beneath him! He never entered a room in our house but once, that was after I knew his baseness; I planned the interview. He formed his intimacy with his victim in the early morning when she was sweeping her sidewalk, steps, and passage-way. It was in this place that her ruin was sealed. When I found out the fact, I went to his boarding-house. I remember the frightened expression on his pallid visage as I gave him my name. He had fearlessly entered the apartment, for a servant had told him a lady wished to see him; — I said, as an introduction, Harriot K. Hunt of Green street! I spoke it quietly — the tone was calm, the words few; but his trembling voice and suppliant aspect showed his fear. His averted eye told me he was turning over probabilities and possibilities — arming himself with power to front me — gathering up all the duplicity at his command for the interview. Watch the expression on such a face, as flickering thoughts flash over it — keep your gaze steadily fixed on such a person — and you will learn a lesson for life. The first word he uttered was

a falsehood. Then he spoke of the respectability of his connections, and I, of his unworthiness of them. I required him to come to my house, telling him if he were not there at the appointed time an officer would be applied to. There I brought him and his dupe face to face. It was the first time he had ever entered our dwelling. I need not describe the scene that ensued; he had no money to assist in repairing the havoc he had wrought. I spoke of his conduct freely, and in fitting terms. Then I called on the lady with whom he boarded, and he was ejected from her house. I visited a mother for whose daughter he was professing an affection, and his prospects were ruined there. I never heard of him more.

I sent for the poor girl's father, met her expenses, and she went away with him. She gave birth to a son who did not live long. She is now respectably married, has a family of children, and, I hear, is an efficient woman. I wish the reader to observe facts similar to these, for more than the facts themselves. They aroused me to a determination to understand more fully the position of women, and the character of those men who talk so much of the need of our being "*protected*" — removing from us, meanwhile, what are often the very weapons of our defence, occupations, and proper and encouraging remuneration.

CHAPTER XI.

"They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone, and there is no knowledge, but in a skilful hand, serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge."—HERBERT'S REMAINS.

AT this period my mother was in her seventieth year, —her front teeth perfect, and her hair coal-black; and we had the privilege of possessing her portrait, and also one of our father, copied from a picture painted by our cousin, T. H. Wentworth. They were both excellent likenesses, and highly satisfactory. Mr. Henry C. Pratt was the artist. Those two beaming faces hanging upon our parlor wall, gave new life to the dwelling. Every one who came to see us, increased our satisfaction by praising their accuracy.

Do not be afraid that your pictures will lumber attics when you are no longer on earth! They will have performed their offices, and that is all you can ask. These pictured forms bring up facts, and throng vacant hours with beautiful visions. I remember on coming back once from a journey finding a salutary address my sister had written for me, in which the portraits of my father and mother were the speakers welcoming home their child to duty and to life. Tears came to my eyes for very joy. Artistic life is one of the angel ministrations in this world, and opens to us the highest privileges. When death removes our loved ones, we feel it then: why not be rational, and feel it in health and joy?

Have your family reproduced on canvas while you are in cheerfulness, not in sadness. How many wonderful people I have heard lamenting the lack of portraits after bereavements!

Years came laden with duties and uses, and they went away. What burden did they take with them? This is often the searching question the soul asks. In healthy mental conditions we realize the value of duties performed and uses accomplished. The reader who has followed me thus far, must perceive that these calendar cycles of time had a great mission for us sisters. They gave us deep, earnest, interior experiences. They brought to our view all activities of mind and body individually and collectively; and each demanded our utmost clearness of perception, and all different standpoints of observation. Diseases of the mind — nervous affections in their diverse forms and endless variety — overaction on one hand, and inaction on the other — both preparing their several victims for insane asylums — presented themselves for medical treatment. I regret that I did not faithfully note each case on paper. Various were the conditions of those who called upon us. The refined and elegant owner of thousands, the inheritor of wealth, the quiet vest-maker, who, for years, had day after day wrought stitch by stitch in her work, came with her experience; the poor orphan girl, boarding out respectably, and living a life of painful self-denial that she might do so — for she was a sempstress with no superfluity of wages — came also. A kind word to such has filled their eyes with tears, and a kind pressure of the hand strengthened their souls as well as ours — for their trust in us taught us to trust in our Heavenly Father. Yes: — many children, and girls, and women found their way to us that they might ob-

tain from woman an interest in the diseases which often grew out of their hardships. It was startling to read these chapters of real life, so often written in the language of sorrow and pain. How frequently I have heard that woman's sphere is at home, and, remembering the many women among my patients whose poverty denied them a home, felt the cruelty of this mockery of the poor! On the other hand, I met with many women who had homes filled with every luxury, and cared not for the treasure; for while labor is considered mean and servile, your woman of the world will think a home troublesome, annoying, and perplexing. Young girls came to me for relief; the secret of their maladies was in their overtaxed brains, for their education was to be finished at eighteen years — and these poor deluded children — as well as their mothers, really thought going to school was education, and leaving it for the market was life! When I traced diseases to causes like these, I never feared to use the utmost boldness of speech; for I certainly felt that volcanic eruptions of condemnation were safe remedial agents, when love had melted the lava. The awful and utter perversions of life which I constantly witnessed, would have chilled my ardent nature, had I not known that ignorance of physical laws was the cause of them all. I wondered and wondered again why physicians had not enlightened the families they attended, and awakened their attention to this great subject. I often found myself soliloquizing in this way: — Why Dr. —— has been the attending physician in that family for nearly a quarter of a century, and its members do not know the first hygeinic rule! I took this for a hint, and many people I attended can bear testimony to their being their own physicians after my visits, except in cases of emergency. The slight

and contempt with which some doctors spoke of us to their patients when they found them opening their eyes, deepened my conviction of their unfaithfulness. Wherever I had aroused a family to thought on these matters, I heard that the attending physician, with few exceptions, had said something to this effect — "It is not fitting for women to know about themselves; it makes them nervous!" My sisters, what a comment on woman! About a score of righteous physicians in this city saved the profession. Judge for yourselves if this be true. I remember a conversation I had with a lady patient who was telling me of the quarrel she had had with her family physician, who utterly opposed any recognition of women in the profession. Said she to me, "He was *so* obstinate! He said 'it would make women nervous to know about themselves.'" "Are they not nervous enough through ignorance?" — I asked him; "but it won't *do* for them to be physicians." I interrupted her by asking his name. She told me. "Now," said I, "I have a message for this doctor — will you give it to him?" "Yes," she answered. "Very well," I continued; "now for the message: — I know that his last year's bill, to a certain family in this city, was three quarters less than it has been for years. I know also that some of that family consulted me; and I know that *I* have not received the large amount of this difference. Now tell him Harriot K. Hunt had but a small bill in comparison with his, to present to that family; but that she was permitted to arouse its members to their daily violation of physical laws, by which their repeated sicknesses were first created and then developed. Say still further to your medical friend, that I am very happy to share his displeasure with George Combe and others; and tell him

that it was the knowledge I gave his patients, and which they acted upon, and not the money they paid me for attendance, that has lessened his bill!" Experiences of this nature — some sad — some amusing — met me constantly. In the journeys I was in the habit of taking, — so many of my own speculations received confirmation, and were lifted to the dignity of facts, that I marvelled. Country, as well as city, practice gave me a broader view of this need of woman in the medical life — the positive want of her, and the havoc of health without her. Not that I was a physician and bent every thing down to my idea; but that my idea was bent down by every thing. Before me was the broad field of the diseases of women; and certainly men had had no one there to interfere or compete with them in giving relief; why, then, was every thing in this state, if their practice had been right? There had been no professional interference on the part of woman! I want the reader's attention here. How did matters stand when woman first came into the profession?

In a few years the medical profession will be equally shared between men and women; public opinion is fast tending to bring this about. Now we would forestall a question which will *then* unavoidably arise. Is the health of woman improved by this innovation — normality *is* not, but feeble suffering women *are*. But look at the mothers of the present, and the children who are to become mothers, and ask — What have we a right to expect, when the majority of male physicians are letting their female patients remain in ignorance of the physiological laws, whose observance can alone keep them in health and enable them to transmit it to their children? — on those physicians, therefore, rests all the responsibility of the diseases of the future. The

faithful female physician of that day, must not be expected to cure maladies transmitted from the present, which the male physicians of the present will have rendered incurable, by having neglected to prevent. The patient calls in her doctor for advice; he gives her treatment. She asks for bread, and gets a stone. She wants a homœpathic globule of permanent prevention; he waits till tendencies ripen to disease, and then gives her an allopathic dose of temporary cure.

I do not wish to have it understood that I include all physicians in these strictures. There are exceptions in this city who are all that can be desired. Country physicians I only know through their patients — very true mirrors of them! Some I found to be noble and faithful men who had awakened thought; counselled the well; healed the sick; instructed the convalescent in the laws of their maladies to enable them to avoid relapses; and inspired their patients with religious trust. Such physicians are blessed by Him who was the Great Physician. They are an honor to the profession, and, in their respective towns, are recognized as such; — though *I* was not by them, for if I had had cholera, hydrophobia, smallpox, or any malignant disease, I could not have been more avoided than I was; and I can say that the clergymen generally, did me the honor of placing me in the same professional quarantine as scrupulously as the doctors!

I have said that the quality of homes are labelled on children for the teacher to read. In like manner the quality of physicians is labelled on patients. The continual proof I had of this fact, impressed me with a lasting sense of the deep responsibility attached to the medical life. Weak, discouraging, depressing physicians, were seen in weak, discouraged, depressed patients.

I shall, hereafter, throw out some random hours I had with patients, for it is my purpose to awaken public thought to the positive need of women entering the profession. It is not my intention to treat of diseases; for my diagnosis and prognosis would be rather novel, and the character of this book is expressed in its title of Glances and Glimpses. The present state of the medical world is discouraging to the philanthropist; and if this work induces my readers to recall their own observations, or catechize their own experiences on this subject, it will have a salutary effect.

The myriad mysteries of sin are laid bare to the medical practitioner—they are the fruitful causes of suffering. Ah! what need has that practitioner to be a woman, when the patient is a woman wearied, saddened, and broken-hearted with sicknesses, mental and physical! What need is there of the feminine element, when the sins and sorrows of a woman are to be disclosed for the first time — when frenzied memories require soothing — the causes of suffering to be kindly opened and explained, and the remedy to be carefully pointed out! Diseases of women have been treated by us which few male practitioners could have treated, not only because they were beyond the reach of mere medication, and had no nomenclature in the list of maladies, but because the male practitioner could not have drawn their diagnosis, without that confession from the patient which could not be given in most cases with delicacy except to a woman. Here were women whose spiritual sufferings have at length poisoned their physical organizations; — perhaps women who had loved with all the strength and fervor of their natures, and whose love had changed to agony at the revelation of the infidelity of the object of their affections: These causes often pro-

duce physical disease, must not the "balm for distempered minds" be among the medicaments for such diseases? Will the women who suffer from them, confide their corroding sorrows to any but those of their own sex, if even to them? I have known love betrayed by a worldling, and the sufferer, sinking in a decline, has come to a woman, who dared say to her, that property had attracted to her side a selfish, heartless man, who had deserted her because her father, then reputed wealthy, had become poor; and thus rescue her from a hopeless malady by arousing her womanhood and awakening her self-respect. Such, are often the diseases the physician is called upon to treat, and such must be the ministrations to a mind diseased. Dosing is of no avail. The medicine, and the diagnosis, are both above the region of physics, in the domain of metaphysics. I do not deny that there are some,—male physicians in whom the feminine element is beautifully developed,—who through faith in something higher than medication, are fully competent to treat such maladies. Nor do I deny that there are a few male physicians who are the confidants of their female patients. But they are few. No male practitioner can demand it as his right, that a woman shall make him her father-confessor; nor is it his office to probe wounds in a nature with which his is not sexually identified. Women of refinement and purity will generally reserve their confidence for those of their own sex. There must be always oneness between the doctor and the patient. The prevailing idea as before remarked is, that the *doctor* is to cure the disease. It is not so. The doctor and the patient *together*, are to cure or mitigate the disease. They must be coworkers. In order to be so, there must be the fullest—the most cordial sympathy

and frankness between them. It is rarely that this can be so between a male physician and a female patient. Therefore, the female physician, is *the* physician for the female patient.

This is but a hint, but it may be of service not only to those who are gathering facts and arguments to prove the necessity of medical women, but to all women who are entering the profession. Let them remember that medication is second and not first. Let them study to be physicians of the soul. Let them remember that the souls of patients grow strong through struggles with mental tendencies and conditions. Bodies are worn with pain that spirits may be purified. Holy unions within — reconciliations of jarring elements in the mind — have often broken up external maladies. Diseases are often the result of departures from duty, or law. It is for the physician to win the patient back to normality — to duty — as the first and most powerful means of cure. Medication alone is not to be relied on. In one half the cases medicine is not needed, or is worse than useless. Obedience to spiritual and physical laws — hygeine of the body, and hygeine of the spirit — is the surest warrant for health and happiness. It is only the quacks of the profession, emulous of the quacks ostracized by the faculty, who put their trust in dosing. The true physician knows better. Let the woman who has newly entered the medical life remember, that she must inspire her patients with hope and courage from her own experience, and thus allay their fears and strengthen their hopes. She must live so true to physical laws herself, that her example may enforce confidence in them. She must always show the warmest — the most affectionate — sympathy with them. There are those to whom she must only

manifest it silently, a pressure of the hand, a look of tenderness speaks more than language. Perhaps they may be those whose maladies are issuant from the soul — whose diseases are the result of some spiritual anguish. They must be approached with the sympathetic love that melts the ice of their reserve to tears. Such tears are the flowings off of the frost-bound freshet of sorrow. They presage the subversion of morbid feelings, and promise a mental state in which the patient can accept the trials as a wholesome discipline. These are the opportunities for which the female physician must watch. The hour of tenderness with the patient, is the hour for reason with the physician. She has then an opportunity to teach her patient the value of her existence; these seasons are the golden opportunities in a medical life. Physicians are more or less successful in proportion as they intuitively discern and judiciously use these opportunities.

Heart experiences, whose evidences are broken down constitutions, are all around us. They take the forms of fevers, spinal affections, neuralgia, and such like; — according to hereditary organization, or temperamental condition. Their causes are distinct from them. Nostrums are in vain unless these are recognized, and without their recognition there cannot be a clear diagnosis. Yet, from male physicians the causes of the diseases of women, as well as the extent of those diseases, are often concealed! Hospitals! if you could speak how you would startle us! When public sentiment grows true on this subject, woman will be allowed to come into those institutions as physicians, and, with the nurse, open books that are sealed. Let the thoughtful and intelligent reader just think of our sex in hospitals without a female practitioner!

I have said before that I was much troubled with my medical reading. It did not seem to meet my cases. Sometimes I found myself querying. Why are my cases so different from those recorded in the books? Why cannot the books determine symptomatic conditions by the eye, the tongue, the pulse? True they did determine symptoms by the state of tongues and pulses; but I soon ceased to place reliance on these indications, finding that transient circumstances, fleeting emotions — a thought, a fear, an angry feeling — could alter them. I was often puzzled, and wished more women were in the profession that we might compare notes and talk the matter over. My desire on the subject became intense, for the more thoughtfully, quietly, and carefully I examined my cases, the more was the conclusion forced upon me, that the false position of our sex had much to do with their diseases; and that as both sexes were suffering, both sexes must come to the rescue: — masculine women and feminine men, if you like that order; — I do not; but I like to see men and women helping men and women.

CHAPTER XII.

"For never in the long and tedious tract
Of slavish grammar was I made to plod;
No tyranny of rules my patience rackt;
I served no prenticeship to any rod;
But in the freedom of the practic way
Learnt to go right, even when I went astray."

DR. BEAUMONT.

THE time came when we found a permanent location, and as mother never felt at home in a hired house, we rejoiced in this addition to her comfort. In September, 1839, we purchased the residence, No. 32 Green street, where I now live. The site was favorable. The terms we could meet — there being a large mortgage on the house to run some time. We felt more satisfaction in this arrangement, than in any since we had left Fleet street. Mother's obtuse vision naturally kept her alive to the possibility of blindness; therefore desirous to be secure from change, in a home; and though it might be some time before that home would be unfettered, still we had been enabled to pay one mortgage — why not another? There is a necessity from the very nature of woman, for a *home* — a centre; and I know no possible reason, when sexual education is abolished, and the law of sexual remuneration is annulled, why woman should not only have a home, but a competency to sustain it. The marriages made in the present day to secure this privilege, or rather this necessity to

woman, are the abominations of modern times: — if any one is too dim-sighted to see it, let him furnish his eyes with spectacles, and look about him with a philosophic eye! With many women, marriage is an escape from poverty,— repulsions are smothered down by expediency, and dislikes are concealed, until a home is entered. Love — tenderness — oneness — harmony — where are ye; — a reason for unhappiness at home must be alleged, servants are blamed — accused of ignorance — deception; and finally hotels and boarding-houses receive these wretched couples.

The thoughtless need home for discipline: the thoughtful can breathe in no other atmosphere. Home! the word vibrates to my choicest experiences. Often, in investigating desperate cases, the character of the sufferer's home has given me more courage, than all the pharmacopœia could offer; and the pulse and tongue have lost their importance, when I knew all was well there. "What is there in a name?" Ah! what is there not in that name! What quadruple light beams in the four letters of that word — Home! It shines above the gates of a sanctuary where a great and silent power — a power made up of myriad influences, subtle and intangible — "trifles, light as air" — moulds characters, which keep their august serenity and unsullied beauty in spite of all external things. Had we true homes, we might have health and peace and Eden. It is to this point that philanthropists must be attracted, no other panacea can cure the terrible maladies of our social system. I cannot weary a lover with the praise of his mistress, for her grace and loveliness are ever his fondest themes; nor can I weary the lovers of home with eulogium of what their hearts hold dearest. It matters little whether the home be rich or poor, large or

small, sumptuous or humble, if it is filled with love, peace, and joy; for surroundings are not centres, nor wealth, life. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

George Combe gave another course of lectures in Boston, which I enjoyed very much. I was not present every evening, but my sister was, and took copious notes, so that I lost nothing, for she drank in his great principles (and those who have heard her converse on the subject, know her enthusiasm). It was a great privilege to practise together. We enjoyed even our differences of opinion. Our connection in practice aided us both, and I owe much to it. Many who read this work will bear testimony to the interest with which we consulted together. Very many pleasant favoritisms on the part of our patients, grew out of our lives. As a general thing I did not prescribe for children; her diagnosis was so much more satisfactory.

In travelling to New Hampshire, the cars leaving us at Bradford, we crossed to Haverhill in an omnibus. In that vehicle was a lady and her young son; the lady was impressed by, and attracted to, me. I did not know it; I did not notice her at the time; in fact I only remember the ride and no more. We parted at Haverhill; she went one route — I, another. Months intervened; she saw me again at a lecture; learned my name, and called on me the next day. I found she had been an invalid, for a long time. I became deeply interested in her case, and her health improved under my care. We have often talked over our first meeting since. What will the doubters of impressions do with this little fact? Almost every one has experienced something similar.

In September, 1840, some of the women of Boston

held a great fair at Faneuil Hall to obtain funds for the completion of Bunker Hill Monument. The executive committee were Catherine G. Prescott, Sarah J. Hale, Lucinda Chapman, Susan P. Warren, Sarah Darracott, and Abby L. Wales. The fair was eminently successful. Subscriptions and contributions from every section of the State hurried to its aid, and the monument which was begun by men, was finished by women. I remember feeling a glow of pride when I thought how woman's effort was perfecting in height and symmetry an enduring memorial of liberty and patriotism of which man had laid the foundation and reared part of the superstructure. It seemed a prophetic symbol. Will not the time come when the temple of freedom of which the Bunker Hill shaft is significant, rough-hewn, well-founded, solid-set, but left incomplete by man, shall be elevated and finished by woman? Half a people made only half a monument: the other half, the feminine, made it a whole. Half the intellectual resources of the race on this continent, made half a freedom: it will take the feminine remainder — the other half of the intellectual resources — the heart-half! — to make our freedom entire and beautiful. Civil liberty now is a monopoly. It belongs to one sex, though it was secured by the blood and prayer and toil of generations of both sexes. Now its blessings are sexual! It is for John and Peter, not Mary and Deborah. But it will not be always so.

At this period the great excitement of Harrison's election to the presidency was at its loudest. It seemed as though the Whig party managers, for once thought of Napoleon's favorite maxim in the accomplishment of difficult measures — "Secure the women!" They *did* secure them, and carried their favorite into office,

triumphantly. In the enthusiasm which followed his election, the women took a prominent part. If the record of that epoch was all we had to leave to the future, posterity might be cheated into the belief that we were a Woman's Rights nation. A great man was to be elected to a great office, and we were needed to help him in. Nobody told us then to "stay at home!" I think no one will doubt that the success of the Whigs in that election was partially owing to the aid they had from woman. It seems certain that whenever there is the least approach to a recognition of the principles of Democracy, there is an increase of light. When I was last in Ohio, (in 1855,) I conversed on this topic with some gentlemen, who had been wide awake and active on that occasion. In the grand processions, each county carried its chosen badge: I was told Lorraine county carried *a broom!* "Very well," said I to my informant, "this was very encouraging to woman, besides being symbolical and prophetic — you made this public demonstration with her accepted implement as its emblem." In fact he said *our* broom swept Lorraine county clean, and if they had wanted to emblematize the help they got from women in that campaign, they might have carried our broom in every procession all over the Union!

In October, 1840, my sister was married to Mr. Edmund Wright, the son of the revered man of that name of whom I have before spoken. She did not leave her home: her mother and sister were still as dear to her as ever: we were not displaced in her heart; it had widened to receive another guest. We had gained a son and a brother. Her love nature enlarged and beautified all her relations. Her companion was one fitted to appreciate these relations. His own unselfish devo-

tion to his mother and family rendered my sister's position clear to him. Her marriage did not entirely undo the tie that united us professionally, but it was loosened, and loosening: she was still near at hand; I could still consult with her; her interest was kept alive in looking after, and prescribing for, the poor and afflicted. But he — a son to my mother — a brother to me — his relation has been so beautifully sustained that my loss has been gain. I deeply felt her marriage in a professional way. Her ready perception — her firm faith in the integrity of the constitution, and its power to sustain severe illness — her cheerful and inspiring voice which acted upon the sick like a charm — her discipline from her own protracted sickness — her faith, which gave faith to the invalid, — all this gave her great power as a physician. Many persons in this community will attest this view of her medical life.

Placing this period of my life in its most favorable aspect, there was still a great loss, — a great change for me. It would have affected me more had it not opened new channels of life and freedom for the family. It threw me back on my own individualism. My medical life received a new illumination: my patients gave me a new inspiration: new elements of thought came to me, which after experience was to shape and confirm. I had thought myself individual before, but it had only been at times. I had been in love with my profession: this change deepened the feeling very much. Fears and anxieties as well as pleasures attend all new relations; when they are entered on reverently and with courage. My mother seemed invested with renewed sacredness, and childhood became stronger in my heart. I had not lost a sister, but gained a brother; but yet there was a discipline to pass through. Who that has had an only

sister married but can understand my feelings! My life had now assumed more distinctness — more identity. I knew I must now, in a great measure, act alone. There was a widowed feeling about me, which passed away somewhat in time; but it has never wholly left me. The word "we," spoken professionally, sometimes escapes me now!

My sister took the head of the family. A colleague was to be chosen for the Rev. Mr. Ballou, and we had much company, as many of the candidates stopped at our house in Green street. Our domestic life was very cheerful, and mother enjoyed much. I remember her pleasure in company with the mother of this new son, all three spending mornings driving about in the carryall.

Our old uncle, Josiah Winslow Wentworth, the one I have spoken of as the hale, hearty old man of the Revolution, died this year, aged eighty-eight years. He died at New York, at the residence of his son of the same name, who also has a son to hand it down. Many happy hours have I enjoyed with that branch of the family in New York, and my visits there have been made homelike through their kindnesses. My mother's eldest sister soon followed her brother; thus that branch of the Wentworth tree was nearly gone — my mother being the only survivor. This aged aunt was buried from our home in Green street. She had been a member of Dr. Sharp's church for years. Her husband had been the first occupant of our tomb; this last restingplace was a freewill offering of love to our relatives, — to this fact is owing the sacredness of that spot and the tender feelings of so many in depositing their loved ones there. Reverently did we commit her to *her* last home.

At this time my mind was seriously exercised respect-

ing Temperance, in connection with temperament and hereditary tendencies. Worth, genius, eloquence, sacrificed to stimulants — one can hardly, in quiet hours, believe such things are! I care not whether it is opium, used for weaknesses, or sleepless nights, or choice wines employed to induce brilliancy of thought and expression, or to excite a melancholy nature to buoyancy, — no matter what the stimulant may be — no matter when, how, or where the tempter comes, — if he drives from the soul allegiance to moral principle and hygeinic law; you are spellbound to your destruction! Stimulants cheat life of its natural stimuli. Stimulants for action lay a foundation for inaction. I wish every one would read the weekly reports of the Police courts, the statistics of pauper establishments, and the like, and then ask the questions, "can it be right for me to take stimulants for pleasure? — what share have I, by my example, or otherwise, in leading these poor children to the fruitful source of so much misery and suffering?" Consider it. Perhaps you have had a servant who, in past time, had been addicted to intemperance, but with a giant effort had conquered the appetite, renerved a dying will, and regained her position: but there was wine on your table; you tempted her; the wine-odor was inhaled — the wine-taste was revived by the leavings in the glasses; she tasted; the old appetite broke its chain, and vanquished the will; she drank — then you dismissed her, and her last state was worse than her first. But for the wine on your table she might never have fallen again. How far are you responsible for her ruin? I want doubters to consider this subject well — to arouse themselves to earnest thought upon it. Let naturalness, cheerfulness, and vivacity take the place of the wines of Sicily, Madeira, Oporto, or of the

"foaming grape of Eastern France." It is because social life is so flat — so vapid — so hollow — that cigars, tobacco, wines, etc., are in demand, and just in proportion as mind is elevated above matter, will the use of these false stimuli be abandoned for the higher enjoyments of intellect and spirit. It is because social life is so inharmonious — so perverted by animality — that our delicious atmosphere is surcharged with the fumes of tobacco. I wish some eminent philosopher would tell us if this fumigation is necessary for the protection of our sex. Permit me here to make a suggestion. On the 4th of July and on some other occasions the Mayor (who very opportunely is a physician) issues an ordinance prohibiting vehicles of all sorts from passing through certain streets. Without infringing on the liberty we so much boast, might we not ask our professional Mayor to call upon the smokers, have them register their names in each ward, and then appoint certain thoroughfares in the city for their use, that those who feel no need of this envelopment of curling vapor, to insure protection may be relieved from a nuisance as disgusting to the olfactories as it is prejudicial to the lungs.

In October, 1841, we went to the readings by Anna Cora Mowatt, at the Masonic Temple. It was her first appearance here. I remember my delight and wonder. She magnetized her audience. I was immediately drawn to her. I felt a newness in my own life, and a response to hers — and I only asked that every woman who went forth might be as well prepared as she was. A pleasant intimacy with this noble, gifted woman, in after years, proved to me how much can be accomplished in any profession when the ideal is high. I shall have occasion to speak of her again in connection

with the stage, and sustain my position, that every woman, as well as man, should be considered as the most proper judge of their own sphere; — capacity, fitness, and attraction being the tests, instead of public opinion.

If my sister had left our home at her marriage, my medical life would have been very sad; but she was still under the same roof with me, and was near in all emergencies. I relinquished travelling, as a general thing, and quietly sat myself down to my home practice.

Mr. Henry C. Pratt, at this period, painted my sister and myself on one canvas, arm in arm, as we were wont to be in days of youth. Our familypictured walls have often gladdened me on returning from a journey.

The seventy-second year of mother's life found her in the kitchen, superintending, and taking part in Thanksgiving preparations. She performed this labor with peculiar zest, because she not only provided for the social enjoyment of her own family and friends, but gladdened many other homes.

After my sister's marriage, mother was thrown more into society, but her parlor hours were always of her own choice, as she had a private sitting-room, a comfort so necessary to the aged, to which she often loved to retire.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Hold thy hand! health's dear maintainer;
Life perchance may burn the stronger:
Having substance to maintain her,
She untouched may last the longer.
When the artist goes about
To redress her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes she snuffs it out."

QUARLES.

In 1843, a Ladies' Physiological Society was formed in Charlestown. The formation of this society was one of the events in my life; and gave me the first hint as to the possibility of lecturing to my own sex on physical laws. During my professional life, I had my attention turned very much to the sufferings of woman, and was satisfied that they were principally caused by her ignorance. All the varied phases of the marriage relation had been presented to my observation. Multitudes of facts deepened to me the significance of those words — maternity and paternity. I knew the health and happiness of the human race demanded more attention to these vital subjects. The reports of insane asylums, and the wan, haggard countenances, foreboding insanity, which I saw daily, brought me to this conclusion: — That if women could be induced to meet together for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of physical laws, it would enable them to dispense in great measure with physicians, put them on their own respon-

sibilities, and be a blessing to themselves and their children. The idea inspired me. (Married women — mothers — meeting together to obtain more light regarding their own physical natures); — it seemed a holy thought, and good spirits strengthened it! It ultimated in the formation of a little society composed of some of the members of families in which I had prescribed, and called forth my warmest prayers for its success.

My medical life had trained me to an individuality which I have never regretted. I am the disciple of no medical sect. I am not the proselyte of any special school. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that in my practice I have availed myself of all. There is a wide difference between that credulity which yields a ready assent to every new medical humbug, or physiological wonder, and a calm, liberal, investigating spirit which watches every thing for use. Not being trammelled by any medical school, and owing also to the novelty of my position, I had an opportunity of knowing something of the workings of the various pathies and isms through my patients. Every day, week, and month deepened my conviction of the total ignorance that prevailed in regard to the nature and power of medicinal agents: I said to myself — Trust that all will yet be right; enlighten every mind you meet; and a change may be gradually wrought in these matters! Irritants — sedatives — anti-spasmodics — were very indefinite terms when subjected to scrutiny. Dogmatism may appear to settle controversies, and silence cavilling, but I have sat in the confessional, and heard what patients continued to think, after the settling and silencing process! There is doubtless some truth to be found in every new system of medicine, however shrouded by

absurdities; even the sweats and sudden revulsions of the "Thompsonian course," may change old habits of body, and arouse the heart and lungs to new power; teaching me the need even of what may be called volcanic treatment in certain cases: — a treatment which I am commonly content to apply to the moral element when I want to stimulate torpid systems!

Among my greatest trials were the hopeless cases which no human skill could relieve; and the anxiety of the sufferers to know what I thought of their condition, has often banished sleep from my eyes. The progress of disease *in* these cases, was the answer *to* their queries. God, in his mercy, has, as a general thing, taken away the fear of death; and those who have watched death-beds, have often been surprised at the unseen preparation which had been going on in the minds of the dying. Consumptive cases elicited much thought. The vigorous practice resorted to in their treatment, by the old school, terrified me; and the experiments which were tried on sufferers, kept constantly before me the importance of their understanding the laws of their being, and not submitting blindly to every proposed remedy. The poor are peculiarly objects of commiseration, for they are considered fair game for experimenters. Young physicians, says an able medical writer, are much more apt to try experiments on patients, than those who have gained experience by practice; and hospitals are the places where they exercise their ingenuity in killing, or curing, with impunity. I know of some terrific cases of useless torture inflicted on the poor. Prevention was still the largest word in the dictionary to me. A cold, taken perhaps in a May morning walk, induces cough; then fever; then weight and constriction in the chest; then accelerated respiration, with a sense

of suffocation after exercise; and so the way is prepared for the grave. In cases where consumption is hereditary, the physician can only palliate. But in such cases pectoral syrups, cough candies, lozenges, etc., are generally resorted to, while water, the great remedial health-restoring agent is scarcely dreamed of. My sympathies are often with the good family doctor. He knows palliatives are all that can be used; and instead of frankly saying so, he encourages false hopes, which events do not justify; confidence in his judgment is weakened, and frequently a kind and able physician is displaced, and quack medicines resorted to.

But to return. To watch disease in its different aspects, to trust chiefly to nature, became easier for me every year. (Such were my therapeutics. Medical books lost their power over me, for they talked only of cures. Medical journals offered a little more variety, but they were only one shade better. Medical schools were only attracting their students to the *cure* of diseases; — doing little to attract them to the *causes* of diseases.) The continual change of treatment in similar cases proves how conjectural the art of healing is. "I declare," says Dr. James Johnson, "my conscientious opinion, founded on long observation and reflection, that if there was not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist, or drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness, and less mortality than now obtain. When we reflect that physic is a 'conjectural art,' that the best physicians make mistakes, medicine is administered by hosts of quacks, that it is swallowed by multitudes of people without any professional advice at all, and that the world would be infinitely more careful of themselves if they were conscious that they had no remedy from

drugs — these and many other acts will show that the proposition I have made is more startling than untrue. But as it is, drugs will be swallowed by all classes, rich and poor, with the hope of regaining health and prolonging life, and also with the expectation of being able to counteract the culpable indulgence of the appetites and passions!" It has been wisely said by a thoughtful writer, "The benefit derivable to mankind at large, from artificial remedies, is so limited, that if a spontaneous principle of restoration had not existed, the human species would long ago have ceased to exist." By respecting and trusting in this principle of restoration, all the recuperative powers of the system have been enlisted on the side of cure, understandingly recognized by the patient; and the results of this have been surprising, especially among neuralgic sufferers. There have been very few cases in my practice, (which certainly has been extensive,) in which this faith in nature has not aided me: it arouses the tone of the patient; and the physiognomical barometer indicates every change in the disease.

Although I knew little of Homœopathy, yet I well remember the respect I felt for the details of its practitioners; and even the different kinds of fright portrayed seemed worthy of consideration. The varied degrees of grief and sorrow were early observed by me in my patients, and I felt the positive need of moral remedies. Sleeplessness caused by home-sickness and by fright, never suggested to my mind the same remedial means, the need was perceived of more attention to subtle agencies and emotional states. The exaggerated value attached to medicines in some families, is really ridiculous. They gravely discuss the need their systems have of calomel, blue pill, opium, and such drugs.

The reproach that now rests on the medical profession can never be removed until the public are enlightened, and a knowledge of the laws of health diffused among the people, who will then know when to apply for medical aid. It is a great thing to understand a diagnosis; it implies that the patient is somewhat comprehended — physically, spiritually, morally, and religiously. I have often wondered that there was not a chair of mental philosophy in every medical school.

"Little," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is known of the mind — the soul yet goes muffled. It looks out and sees, but is itself unseen, undiscovered. It opens and shuts, darkens and flashes, like clouds that clothe the summer sky — but it is manifest that man the knower is himself unknown; man may dig into the bowels of the mountains and apply the microscope to minute particles of matter, the courses of the stars are measured, the currents of light and electricity are explored, the whole globe is described, but man, the crowning glory of the universe, man himself remains a profound mystery." Many a doctor is taunted with the remark, "you would not take yourself, what you are ordering for me;" and thus the golden rule is brought home to him. Here is an anecdote quite to this point. It was told me by a young sempstress who worked in certain families where Dr. —— practised, and who had been much annoyed by the way in which he treated the sick children under his care in these families. She saw nothing but dosing and dosing, and made up *her* mind never to employ this physician. Circumstances took her, at length, to this house; and there she found uproarious children, fretful and irritable, because unwell. She asked, firstly, what was the matter with them; secondly, what medicine they were taking. "None," was the

answer to the latter question. She remonstrated with the mother on the danger of letting them alone; told her her husband had said to Mrs. A. and to Mrs. B. that their children, suffering with similar complaints, must be prescribed for. "O, *our* family is one thing, and *their* families are another," very coldly replied the good dame; "my husband never prescribes for his own family; *we* never take medicine — *we* know better!" Here was a fact which went the rounds of a whole neighborhood, and worked sadly against the doctor. An eminent old practitioner says, "I have met with instances of families who had lost every child while they trusted to physic, and employed the faculty, but who at length becoming wise through despair, and considering that their offspring could only die, left off the use of medicines, and from that time never lost a single child." "A late writer on the management of children," says the same author, "thinks it cause of regret, that they can seldom be brought to take physic but by force; when I consider the almost infinite number of martyrs to medicine, instead of lamenting the circumstance, I rejoice at it from the fullest conviction, that if children had no reluctance to swallow drugs, we should lose a great many more of them. I do not hesitate to give a decided opinion that they injure twenty times for once that they do good."

Another anecdote may serve to illustrate another phase of this subject: — A physician in a neighboring town had a weak, silly wife, who aped fashion and courted position. She was always ailing and delicate, because she found the genteel women in the village were so. She made her husband prescribe for *her*, as he did for *them*, and accused *him* of indifference if he refused. So she went on dosing and dosing, till now

she is a chronic invalid! Similar illustrations will occur to every mind, they may be found in every neighborhood.

All my experiences deepened the conviction that physical laws must be pleasantly and genially presented to those who called upon me; if by this course my income was lessened, still health was preserved to many who might have become my patients, and their gratitude was my all-sufficient reward. The lives of many medical men destroy the confidence in their profession. As the worst sceptics are often found among those who have scrutinized the character of professing Christians, so scepticism of another kind has a strong hold in the public mind from the characters of many medical men, who live as sensually as though hygeine and medicine were in different quarters of the globe. In the treatment of their patients, diet, temperamental conditions, and idiosyncracies, too often pass unnoticed.

But to come at once to the Charlestown Ladies' Physiological Society: — I had watched some time for a circle of women, well acquainted with each other, that might be induced to meet, commence a course of physiological reading, bring their experiences to enlighten each other, and develop thoughts and reflections which were embryotic. The opportunity had come at last, and my soul was gladdened.

The Circle first met, April 25th, 1843, at the house of Mrs. Curtis in Charlestown. After a pleasant confabulation, arrangements were made for another meeting, and, if my memory serves me, rightly, Combe was read.

At the anniversary of the formation of the society in the following year, I find, by referring to the record book of the society, that our numbers had increased from less than a dozen, to fifty.

We had lectures twice a month: — I call them lectures, though they rather had the character of conversations. Meanwhile, the ladies were occupied in knitting stockings for the poor children of the "Charlestown Infant School Society."

During the second year of the Society the lectures were continued once a fortnight, the infant school children were not forgotten, and in 1846, a regular constitution, and a code of by-laws, were adopted by the society. The lectures continuing semimonthly as before. We were cheered and instructed by lectures from Horace Mann, Dr. Smith, and others.

I have given this outline of its general course of proceeding, in the hope that it may awaken my country friends to form similar associations. If no one is prepared to lecture, read Combe's "Constitution of Man," Combe on Infancy, etc. Such works will furnish conversation, and stimulate thought.

The following notice appeared in one of the daily papers.

"The first meeting of the Ladies' Physiological Circle, in this town, for the present season, was held yesterday afternoon, at Mrs. Charles Forster's, in Somerville. The ladies listened to an address, suitable to the occasion and the season, from Miss Hunt, of Boston, and spent the rest of the afternoon and evening, in plying the busy needle, in conversation and various recreations — all designed to promote the physical and mental objects of the Circle. The fine location of Mr. Forster's residence and the rich and varied scenery which surrounds it, together with one of the most extended prospects in the vicinity of the metropolis, rendered it a most delightful place for the meeting and afforded an endless variety to engage and interest the mind. In

the evening, several gentlemen joined the party, and united in the 'festivities of the occasion,' which they voted should be, not annual, but perennial. We have long entertained the opinion that sociability, cheerfulness, and innocent recreations, were important and the most attractive adjuncts to physiology, and we shall never doubt the correctness of that opinion hereafter."

The interest manifested by the members of this society gave me great satisfaction and encouragement. Social life thus connected with the acquisition of knowledge, assumed a new and more important aspect. I would here express my thanks to every lady composing that Circle, and gratefully recognize their charity for my short-comings, and their tenderness to me when I was in affliction. They are constantly kept in memory more by these things than by the tangible souvenirs they generously gave me — the desk they presented me, in which I found a case of sewing utensils, was doubly valued as a testimony of their womanly interest in me.

My services were rendered light by the officers of the Circle, and I should have rejoiced to hear that similar societies were formed in every neighboring town. I want the friends of humanity everywhere to take the hint its history gives them. If every little village throughout the country would commence a similar society, with even five persons as a nucleus, they would be richly repaid by the acquisition of useful knowledge.

The freedom with which we conversed about diseases peculiar to women, proved the utility of such associations. I can truthfully say that some members of this society told me that their doctor's bills were one half reduced in consequence of their obedience to physical laws.

I leave this part of my life with regret, for I would like to say more. Those afternoon meetings will never be forgotten by me. The earnest looks — the friendly greetings and farewells — the religious element that kindled there — gave them life. I then learned the need of woman as priest, as well as physician, and was prepared to welcome Antoinette L. Brown to that sacred office. There I learned more deeply the need of light for the people on medical subjects; there was *born* the thought of public speaking which I afterward realized; and *there* deepened the consciousness of the need of some change in social life. Peace be unto every one who composed that Circle! Peace be unto their families! Their children are developing, and have developed to maturity. May their lives prove useful and beautiful and noble! I loved my Charlestown meetings, and regretted when my duties forbade regular attendance. If my memory serves, we had three or four social meetings after the summer vacation that we might become acquainted with the husbands of the members.

Should any one wish further information respecting this Circle, they may address Mary D. Balfour, of Charlestown, secretary of the society.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Her advent was a mission, given
To draw thy heart to God;
To plant the blessed flowers of heaven,
Along life's thorny road;
To raise in thankfulness and love
Thy voice in grateful prayer,
To Him who grants thee from above
An angel's guardian care."

In 1843, we passed through an ordeal not to be forgotten. A child was to be born to our house. Holy hours of thought, of wonder and gratitude, had preceded its birth. My sister's maternal nature had grown through religious trust. The fulness of time came, and with it the most severe anguish; for we feared both for mother and child. I realized, then, in some degree what my mother had passed through for me. How anxious were those weary hours! We were cheered by our kind and faithful physician, Dr. Stephen Ball. Convulsions shook not only the prospective mother, but convulsions of spirit shook the household. I seem to hear my mother's quiet, steady tread even now, as I heard it then. At length the babe was born, weighing only four pounds eleven ounces. A reverent silence overshadowed us as we looked on this angelic little girl — she opened her eyes, and our vision of love was

satisfied — I have never seen such baby beauty. This child was spiritualized to me from her birth. The names of my sister and myself were united, and bestowed on her — a symbol of our united love for her: — she was named Harriot Augusta. Is there any rapture so great as that experienced at the birth of the first-born! Newness and astonishment are daily states of mind. Infantile beauty is so magical, that in it we feel the presence of angels. This child was so delicate and fragile, that she required the greatest care. At six months of age, she weighed only ten pounds! Had not her parents been consistent, practical physiologists, and her mother a physician, she would not have remained with us; but by steady, quiet care and judicious management, her constitution was strengthened, and we watched her growth with ever new delight. Her joyous laugh and perception of humor fascinated me. She was my first baby-love; a well-spring of pleasure to me: a link between the spiritual and material. She became almost my idol. The habit of obedience, grafted on her in babyhood, gave a *peculiar expression of trustfulness* to her eye. I well remember when I said the Lord's Prayer to her for the first time: she startled me by her responsive look. Dear baby — sweet trust — a loan to be rendered back to God with interest, and so soon! Through her the cases of children assumed new importance to me. My love for her opened new avenues of love for others. This was her mission for me, and it has ever been recognized.

Every woman should prepare herself by observation, thought, and reading for the duties of maternity. By so doing, she can regulate the life of her charge. Servants may assist by carrying out the nursery regulations of a wise mother, but should never be intrusted with

the sole management of children. Poor suffering babyhood! how much you endure from the ignorance of mothers! They overtax their nervous energies, deprive themselves of necessary air and exercise, to embroider dresses to make the darlings look pretty — thus vitiating their milk and depriving their children of healthful and invigorating nutriment — could they act thus if they understood the "laws of life?" I rejoice to bear testimony to a few gifted women, deeply religious — high toned — they were married — united, (not yoked together,) and when the fulness of time came for a child to bless their homes, their reverend bearing was the best pledge of the welcome that awaited the babe. One case let me record for its beauty. After a congratulatory call on the mother of one of these *love babies*, I was deeply impressed with the moral magnetism of her sphere. I said to myself, I must ask this mother more of her interior life. I have been awakened by contact with her to a higher sense of the divine.

After many weeks I had a conversation with her, and when I read the sweet poetic lines (she handed me) to her unborn babe, and completed to her new-born infant, an electrical conductor was established between us, and faithfully has it transmitted the reciprocal feelings of friendship. In moments of doubt and distrust of humanity, I have turned to the holiness of her sphere, and like a talisman it has preserved me from all misanthropy. I see that the gross darkness which covers the people is, as it were, the callous sheath which protects the bud, before the darkness of night and the frost of winter have passed away. The bud is there, though we see it not, and when the genial and fructifying rays of the sun of knowledge shall arise on the hearts of the nation, the callous calyx of human nature will yet

open, and fall *under* the beautiful blossom of love and truth, which is yet to bloom in our world.

Philosophers tell us that when telegraphic wires thread the air, and railroads encircle the globe, a healthful and equalizing effect will be produced upon the extremes of heat and cold in the atmosphere, and the days of Eden will return.

Even so, when the telegraphic wires of spiritual communication shall be extensively established between lofty minds and pure hearts, they will equalize and purify the moral atmosphere around us, and a state of society, far higher than an Eden of mere innocence, will be created, which will be as fatal to vice as that of the fabled Upas is to animal life.

They indulge their appetites, and then administer vile anodynes to relieve the pain they have themselves caused. They look upon their babes with pride when they are elegantly attired, arms and necks uncovered in violation of health and comfort, and when the helpless little things are sick they complain of sleepless nights, when they themselves have been in fault. Would that some lover of humanity would write a work on the wrongs of children! My soul has been made sad, in seeing hirelings receiving the smiles of infants sent to cheer mothers. Young girls rush into marriage — accept a babe as a toy — a living plaything — and wonder that it ever should be troublesome! Had I doubted the need of woman as a physician, the intensity of my feelings respecting these relations would have settled my doubts forever. I knew that ignorance of hygeinic laws prevailed to a lamentable extent, but I never felt it so keenly as when I saw its fatal effects in the rearing of children. I asked myself, why so much ignorance of physical laws, and where are our physicians? Is their sole

business to cure diseases? If they would study prevention and prescribe hygeinic laws, surely the sick would pay such bills with more pleasure, than they now pay for advice to swallow nauseous drugs. Let the public who have neglected to enlighten themselves, bear half the odium that rests on the medical profession.

There have been times in the world's history, when the offices of priest and physician were united. The world cannot do better than to join them again. They should never have been divorced. The functions of the pastor and of the doctor are so blended — they are so intimately connected — that they should be made one; they are one in all true physicians, not that a physician need have a parish, or a pastor need have patients — those who went out from Galilee eighteen centuries ago with "healing for the nations" — were they not physicians of the body too? "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "Great signs and wonders were done by the apostles." "The father of Publius lay sick of a fever, to whom Paul entered in, and laid his hands on him and healed him, and many that were taken with palsies and were lame were healed."

Three generations in one household — a blessed trinity of love — *yesterdays* — have traced the life lived out in the soul — an undying religious faith stamping the physiognomy with hallowed beauty, and encircling the sphere with softened splendor — every tear, every sorrow, every anxiety, garnered up in clouds, is reflected in the arch of rainbow smiles and genial looks — yesterdays following each other with rapid steps, making weeks, months, and years. Threescore and ten reached the mother, and a family party gladdened the home, and earnest wishes were breathed for her con-

tinued health and length of days; she answered, "The days of our years are threescore and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow:" and "the grasshopper is a burden." Yesterdays wisely improved throw a radiance over to-days — yesterday's a bud dislodged from the bough to be grafted on the tree of the past, the pruning-knife used by the divine hand was keen, but the wounds were accepted filially — age gathered up these yesterdays, folded itself in a mantle, woven of smiles and tears, of hopes and fears, of sorrows and joys, and said, "I have often more joy than I can bear," why do we not speak of this state, as well as say, "I have more trouble than I can bear."

To-day came — adult age had its lessons, the monitions of yesterday rested upon them — the germ of to-morrow springs from the seed corn of to-day — the garden of Eden is offered us to plant it in and fruit is promised to recompense industry — shall we accept these gifts — shall the to-days prepare a blessing for the to-morrows? Shall the *now* be filled with *uses* — the Lord be recognized in all? Spirits from the thickly peopled air bring unseen ministrations — voices within and around speak emphatically to the adult mind — the interior ear is unclosed, the interior eye is opened — the utterance comes, "work while it is yet day, the night cometh when no man can work" — each minute hath its mission connected with the last, linked to the next — virtue consecrates these minutes and gathers from them wisdom to guide in the meridian of life.

The to-morrow, the grandchild comes, realizing the hopes of yesterday and to-day — the bee-child flies forth and in baby laughter gathers honey from a mother's pressure, a mother's *presence* — then she returns home

into her own little self and is folded in the arms of sleep — the eye of love rests on her, for there is a holy ministration to the mother in that lifeless form — infancy is a star shedding its soft sweet light on domestic life — acceptance of the blessing proves the quality of the love that fills the heart to the giver. Three generations in one household — yesterday — to-day — to-morrow.

When this child was near, — this Sunbeam, as I termed her, — I felt a tenderness not to be expressed. She pleaded with me for all babyhood; her looks gave me the conviction that too much care cannot be taken of such germs. The grandmother and grandchild, so constantly together, were regarded then as a sweet picture, and remembered even by strangers. My mother's untiring solicitude gave me a faint idea of what tender care had been lavished on my own babyhood. Soon a little boy was added to the group; a grandson — a nephew; — new words for us: and, as the name of Wentworth was his middle name, and he was to bear the name of his father, who was an only son, both grandmothers were gratified. It was delightful for them to have this additional bond of union. They had both, in early life, been Episcopalians — had both been converted by John Murray — were both devoted to their respective families; their friendship had been of many years, and of high character. Although unlike in many things, they had a rich experience in common. Their keen remarks on the extravagance and superficiality of the times, contrasted with the simple, natural, loving homes of the past, would have aroused some modern persons to thought on the *cheats* they are practising on themselves, and the terrible wrong consequent to their poor children.

The parents of these children of ours, thought it best they should be in the country during the summers, particularly little Sunbeam: Mr. Wright purchased a house out of town, and there my sister formed for herself a country home, which, after the removal of our mother to the spirit land, became permanent. I must confess I only tolerated this change. Two houses — two homes — were saddening to me, because they were dividing. Yet I was unwise and selfish; — I see it now. The reason for the step was clear; the want was felt, and it was judiciously met. Time has stamped the movement with approbation. I feared changes — I was cowardly then; and yet I knew a sister was ever a sister. This change was a preparation for a greater one in store for me. As we still formed one family in the winter, mother was happy, and enjoyed her summer visits in the country. Another child was born in the country home, and the family began to seem large. These children so very near of an age, appeared like three tender babes. The third child was named Theodore. He was born with a veil. I attribute to this fact my very peculiar feelings toward him. Sweet little one — he filled his aunt with wonder when she saw the transparent gauze lifted from his beautiful face; his sparkling eyes seemed to understand his welcome. These children were welcomed with joy, their advent brought with it the mingled feelings of wonder and gratitude, their birthright was the tenderness which awakens in the baby's heart the first emotions of love, and teaches it to look into its mother's eyes, to expect in its father's smile a sweet response. Birth acquired new power and meaning, and woman's mission as a mother was blended with her mission as a teacher. Those children — I mean the boys — promised well, but we al-

ways had a foreshadowing fear for little Sunbeam. She looked so much like my father; so sweetly reflected his peculiar smile; her perceptions were so clear and quick, and her precocity was so remarkable, that my misgivings deepened. How much I enjoyed with that dear child, is for thought, not expression; but, for it all, I thank the glorious Giver, "who doeth all things well." Her witching manner, and the touching pathos in her attempts at utterance, startled me. My love was running into idolatry.

"Years fled, that little one was dear as life to me,
And woke in my unconscious heart, a wild idolatry.
I worshipped at an earthly shrine,
Lured by some magic spell.
Forgetful of the praise of Him,
Who doeth all things well."

Every hygeinic rule with respect to diet, air, exercise, regularity, was regarded; she passed safely through dentition and other infantile maladies, and seemed to thrive; yet, to me, it was but seeming. I ever felt her spiritual power, and her baby presence sanctified thought. She had no physical resistance, and, when sickness laid its hand upon her, she yielded, the aspiring spirit would be free. She had lived many years in less than three: she had fulfilled her earthly mission by teaching hearts a deeper love, and leading them upward to the love divine. The physician in consultation said to us, "Nothing but your care has kept her here so long; look at the development of that head!"

That sacred week when this dear child was dropping her earthly tabernacle — memory has stereotyped its hours. We watch the earth made golden by the brilliant leaves that cover it; and as we gaze accept the teachings of nature — we catch inspiration as the

autumnal leaves rest on the evergreen hedges, and admire the flying flowers that beautify them. In the fading period of life, when faculty after faculty has ceased its pleasant action, when nature's monitions have kindly whispered the time approacheth when "the silver cord will be loosed" — then a change seems natural. If drought scorches the earth, and trees in quiet majesty are petitioning for baths, and midsummer leaves are strewing the earth, we look with regret — so when youthful loveliness is laid low we deeply mourn; — but when the blossom so fragrant, so prospective, is blighted, leaving no embryo fruit behind — sadness and disappointment are mingled — so with infancy — bursting beauty, mystic charms, witching spells are all around it — seraph guests are babes — they give a fascination to home, and when removed "to grace the bower where angels dwell," amid the sadness that we feel, we breathe "Thy will be done," "who doeth all things well."

While the form is in the house, we can gaze upon it, — soulless, unspeaking features have still a language — the rigid marble-like form has still a semblance of life — the mourners are led to the source of all consolation. This child — its birth — its life — its removal — what they have done for me I may never fully know — "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

At first thought it seemed out of season, that one so young — so promising — should be called away; but the spiritual body lives forever. At my father's removal, I was stunned; now, I was subdued. We knew the mortal had put on immortality — we saw the rainbow radiant on the cloud — as we left the beautiful form at Mount Auburn.

I think, if we retrace the exercises of mind which

have preceded signal afflictions, we shall always find they were preparations for them. "The veil which covers from our sight the events of futurity, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy." But the tenderness of Divine Providence is not only manifested in concealing coming sorrows, but in preparing us for them. Previous to the removal of little Sunbeam, my mind had been in a peculiar state. I had watched the daily failing of her paternal grandmother, a true sensible old lady of the old school; and, at length, we followed her remains to Mount-Auburn. Nearly ninety years of age — like a shock of corn fully ripe, she was gathered in. Then, a family in Charlestown, very near to me, laid the form of a mother in the same place of burial. These things had stirred my mind, and given an earnestness to my thoughts: it was all preparative. I had moralized on the losses of others — considered the voids created in families near and dear to me — but I knew not the full meaning of these tender monitions until a cloud overshadowed me.

How sad, to think that children should ever be accepted as NECESSITIES when their mission for us is so holy and so high. What *they* have to give we all need. Childlikeness is ever beautiful, whether in the being of five years or of five times ten. We cannot be too reverent and tender to little children. We cannot do too much to brighten and bless their homes! How many are saddened this very day by their removal! My relation to parents — I mean mothers — was placed on a higher plane by the departure of this child. Thankfulness that our understanding of physical laws had enabled us to keep her thus long, aroused me to more earnestness in insisting upon their importance. I talked all the more fervently to parents who are wont to slight and

disregard the laws of the body until sickness ensues, and then tax the skill and ingenuity of the physician to renew the lease of life for them, or their children; — parents, who when emergencies are passed, and self-reproach forgotten, relapse into carelessness and thus bring upon themselves severer lessons, which indeed they need. Misuse, abuse, use, are significant words to the thoughtful, in relation to health and disease. Every mother should pay the strictest attention to the diet, air, exercise, sleep, and bathing of herself and her children. Mothers! never leave your children to the care of servants, foreign or native! Give them a home: — they pine at hotels and boarding-houses; they are out of place there; they were given you to beautify home — to be a light and life to home. Have you thought of the little hearts that are palpitating to meet you? of the baby eyes that are watching the door for you to enter, and asking of you not only nutriment for the body, but that maternal tenderness which is food for the soul? Shall I write it? — it is true, little children are left to sit at second tables with servants and nurses, and partake of food without discretion as to quality or quantity! Instead of the condiment of love, they have the contents of the castors, to season their food: — what wonder they are weakly and cross! I have not the least sympathy with — I have only a severe rebuke — for any mother who attires herself in fashionable clothing for dinner, and permits her children to be abandoned to the care of hirelings. Every mother is bound by her maternity to look after the diet of her child; — she is bound not only to look after it, but to *gladden* the meal by her *presence*. Hotel life is an outrage on childhood. The RIGHTS of children are yet to be understood, pleasurable and healthy surroundings to aid in developing

and perfecting their physique are their inalienable prerogative. What are termed trivial matters, which yet in relation to their health and comfort, are of vast importance, are too little attended to. The narcotics given to children are reporting themselves in varied diseases. Every child, as well as adult, has a health-instinct: this instinct points to what is appropriate, — guides to what is necessary; and the true mother recognizes it: — she feels what is, and what is not, for *her* child's good. She does not treat one child as she does another, for their temperaments may be different. She respects this health-instinct even in an infant. She takes it as her guide through all the subtleties of different organizations and various idiosyncracies: it counsels her in her children's early maladies, regulating even the temperature of a bath. If children could be aware of the wrongs done them in infancy, how the press would teem with works on abused, neglected childhood. Infantile diseases are manufactured by ignorance in regard to food and clothing, by conflicts between the nursery and the parlor, or management and manœuvring to preserve a position for the little ones similar to that of some rich neighbor! Nature is scarcely dreamed of in connection with babyhood; carminatives and narcotics are bought freely, and the poor babies' cries when the drugs are poured into their tortured stomachs, are soon forgotten. Their physical systems, stimulated and paralyzed, soon lose their recuperative power, and a pitying Providence removes them by thousands. It needs a Sinai voice to arouse mothers to thought on this subject. A kind looking young mother said to me, when I was urging her to take care of her child herself, "I have not time to attend to every thing." "What work have you in your hand?" I asked. "It is a cloak I am embroider-

ing for the baby." "Put it away for five minutes, and let us have a chat." She did so, and I talked to her of that wonderful clothing of the spirit, the body. I found her perfectly ignorant of every thing relating to physiology; and there she was carefully working flowers on cashmere, to deck a body so fearfully and wonderfully made, but to the study of which she had never devoted one hour. Another lady said to me, "I always rock my child to sleep, for the girl is taking her supper then." She was evidently apologizing for doing this. A knowledge of the "Law of Life" would have taught her that rocking children to sleep was injurious, that her child should have been laid in a crib, not a cradle, and suffered to go to sleep naturally. I heard another mother, sleepless and nervous, exclaim pettishly, "How terribly troublesome my child is! What can be the matter! I came home late from the party, weary and exhausted, and she kept me awake all night. I shall get sick, and be obliged to go into the country at this rate." Similar remarks are heard continually. The child properly regarded and cared for, is the exception now. Mothers are trying, by dress and various inventions, to make little men and women of babies, and, I can tell them, the latter will fight for their birthright. Babyhood is their birthright, and they will not yield it without a struggle! Everywhere we see poor, dwindled, overtasked childhood, incapable of endurance, because infancy has been overlooked as a season of preparation for uses. A child is uncomfortable — it utters a cry — and straightway an M. D. is sent for: — our colleges are manufacturing them by scores; — this one, among others, has been taught the theory and practice of medicine — nothing but medicine; — here is a new family, and he must make his mark. So, dosing com-

mences, and emetics, cathartics, stimulants, and what not, are unceremoniously introduced into the poor baby's delicate stomach, and, it may be, a temporary diversion of pain, or stupefaction, ensues, and satisfies the doctor that his prescription was wise. I wish every parent would ascertain the number of deaths under three years of age in any year; then continue research by inquiring of any druggist how many narcotics he has sold during the sickly season: — the result of such an investigation would be appalling! The voice, rather than the pen, is needed on this subject; and if faithfulness in any one department of my profession more than another calls for special gratitude, it is this — the enlightening of mothers — yes, and fathers too; for they are often as culpable. The most awful responsibilities are wrapped up in the birth of a child. It is neither the child of father or mother, but it is the child of father *and* mother, and both are responsible for its life, comfort, and happiness. The parents recognize their Heavenly Parent in proportion as they accept or reject their babes. This is a solemn fact. We come to a knowledge of the Divine Lord in the degree in which we love and welcome our children. Give to each child, then, a smile of gladness; irradiate its birth with love; bid it enter the innermost of your heart, then set yourself to work to know something of its wondrous organization, that you may guard its health and life. Thus shall your children educate you, and each in its turn, furnish you with knowledge to educate those that come after.

CHAPTER XV.

"The truth *of* good, or truth *from* good is masculine, and the *good* of truth, or good *from* truth is feminine." — SWEDENBORG.

October, 1845. — Our little girl had passed into the spiritual sphere, the bereavement was severe: it ploughed up the ground — and we afterwards realized that they who sow in tears shall reap in joy. Mr. Ballou, who had been our faithful pastor for years, and whose intimacy we so much enjoyed, (peace to his memory,) became infirm, and a colleague was demanded. The various ministers I heard and saw, (for many were guests at our table,) whilst preaching on trial, kept my mind wide awake.

The sphere of this child was sacred to me; I dreaded to lose it, and the yearning of my soul seemed to be met in New Church truths. A sort of dreaminess, mistiness, and dampness of spirit rested upon me; I feared indifference and apathy, for my religion was then more exterior, a response to my mother's. A sort of satisfied, religious conventionality clothed me. I had believed *without* asking myself *why* — I had accepted *without examination.*

Patients dissatisfied with life were around me. Many of them church-members, and yet destitute of an active belief in Divine Providence — age repining at decay — youth luxurious, ignoring responsibility; and had not

my mother's religious nature ever breathed an aroma around me, I might have become a *materialistic* physician.

I had formed an acquaintance with some persons who attended the New Church, and was led to examine their doctrines. At that time, so epochal to me, did Professor George Bush of New York, come to Boston to deliver a course of lectures in the New Church vestry (winter of 1845 and '46). I attended them all — they touched a tender heart, desiring truth in the inward parts. Saddened, afflicted, disappointed at my bereavement — then was the needed preparation going on in my mind. Tables laden with spiritual food were spread before those audiences — the hungry and thirsty heard words from one whose broad and philosophic mind had accepted life, immortality — heaven on a *spiritual* basis. The watchtowers of the New Jerusalem gave a position to the speaker. He traced the influx descending from the spiritual world to the natural. George Bush was the first New Church preacher I ever heard *interiorly*, and in the interviews I have had with him since I experienced the privilege of being awakened by him, only made me value his lectures the more. His broad, comprehensive mind recognizes the stand-point of *others*, and one feels in conversing with him, a childlike confidence and trust.

Many years before, I had attended the New Church in Phillips Place, and a few times in Bowdoin street. There always rested over me at those seasons a calm, a quiet, a rest — but *never in full* — a sort of pause. My profession assumed a magical power over me, just in proportion as I recognized the material body as a *type* only of the spiritual. This great and beautiful truth I found fully elaborated in Swedenborg's Animal King-

dom, and whilst reading it recognized perceptions which had always influenced my medical practice, although they never had been defined or embodied in my mind before. Light emanated from that work, which invested anatomy and physiology with golden robes. Clouds of mist vanished, and a flood of light dazzled me at first, but my mental vision became stronger by use, and soft, mellow tints attracted me along. Analysis rather than synthesis had been my peculiar habit; thus interior things opened from the exterior. Heaps of facts, gathered during my medical life, assumed form; stores laid by in the memory came forth from their hiding-places, and order was evolved from chaos. Many truths were found to be centered in one. I shall be termed an enthusiast by many, but it matters not — I had found the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life.

About this time I read Swedenborg's "Animal Kingdom;" and took a seat in Bowdoin Street Church. I enjoyed Mr. W.'s sermons, his doctrinal discourses ministered to my state of mind *at that time.*

The *soulless* character of medical works was constantly forced upon me — my dissatisfaction had deepened — they were outer — shelly — uncertain — vague and contradictory. My veneration led me to revere the truth, and when my mind clearly discerned that all truth was from the Lord alone, my being permitted to be a medium of it brought over me a delightful consciousness of *power through Him*, and I gloried in an utter *lack* of *self*-confidence.

I then read Divine Love and Wisdom, and Divine Providence, and as the beauty and simplicity of these doctrines opened on my mind, my rationality found a home, and self-love stood before me in hideous deform-

ity. The quality of heavenly love was measured by love to our neighbor. Various minds are preparing for the reception of truths on a higher plane, and when they are fully realized by their receivers, the cold dogmatism of many will pass away. The kind, gentle, persuasive, and gradual manner in which the way was opened for me, will, I trust, encourage others to accept, and conscientiously to apply one truth after another, for I am only on the doorstep, the threshold of the temple of truth, — and yet I find myself differing from many other minds, and had not my individuality been very strong, it would have been cause of sorrow. But the true Church *is*, wherever charity and truth are married and uses are performed.

"As from the soul, the mind's principle in the brain, the nerves and bloodvessels permeate the bony framework and cuticular enveloping of the body, producing the human form with its wonderful exterior uses — so the will and understanding take upon themselves *form* and permeate through all the windings of thought and affection and give the *quality* of life." This fascinated me — it seized my inmost — gave form to chaos, and circulation became twofold to me. The animal kingdom was illuminated, and far away in holy hours of childhood's prayer, and girlhood's duties, a ray of light descended, and shadowings of the past were seen. Lonely twilight hours in after-life bore testimony to wrestlings like Jacob for the blessing — alighting at sunset, and rest accepted. The dream, the reverie came, and with it the ladder, and angels ascending and descending upon it.

"As the embryo of the chick is in the egg, so there *is* an influence of life through the parent into the womb *before* birth, and then *at* birth in individual life" — and

thus the great doctrine of life, with the importance of which I had ever been impressed, which had overshadowed, blest, and guided me in my professional duties, took form, and my soul was feasted.

Love, whether in man or woman, is feminine — it is spikenard perfuming the house. The earth furnishes olive oil and aromatics. Crumbling stones, autumn leaves, decayed roots, bring their tributes — and sunshine, rain, and air give life to little filaments which slowly descend into rootlets, whilst others ascend into pumula, and gradually unfold into stem and leaves, buds, flowers, and fruit. Woman — hear thy teacher, the earth. She images to thee all productiveness — she teaches thee hidden lessons — quietly and effectually. She shows thee how every healthy surrounding develops thy life — yea, and the *unhealthy* too, for as the beautiful pond lily floats on stagnant waters, concealing the filthy scum which covers them, so does many a woman in gentle love and humble cheerfulness, cover up the cancerous sores and corruption of *private* life. Be assured, my sisters — *every* care — *every* necessity, brings with it an odor to sanctify, and frankincense to perfume it. Don't grudge too much the *price* that is paid for your *growth* — spiritual growth is worth much suffering. The germ of these truths was my maternal birthright.

Social life was poisoned at its vitals — this fact passed before me daily, and Simon-like I was longing to hear of a salvation which recognized harmony. Harmony between the constitutional elements of our being, and the physiological laws that govern it. Harmony between the lower propensities, the intellectual faculties, and the moral and religious sentiments that make up the *whole man*. Harmony between his domestic duties and public responsibilities. Harmony between his

character as a professional man and his *principles* as a Christian. Harmony between the exalted position appointed by God to woman as a representative of the mother element in the church — yea — the *symbol of that church*, the *parent of its head* — and that low position which man has permitted her to occupy *in* the church, *if* such harmony can be established.

The state of the church as it *now is*, has been ultimated in the present position of woman. For even in our republic (so called) she is denied a finished education, and refused a just remuneration for her labor, and thus has been driven into legal and illegal prostitutions. And *not* until woman is elevated through education, remuneration, and freedom, and set at liberty to follow out her higher life, being alone responsible for her uses, (they being alone decided by her capacity and aspiration through faith and love,) will the church whom she represents ever be prepared to embrace the truths shadowed forth in her as a symbol. "The bride" — "the Lamb's wife" — "the mother."

I had so often heard the church spoken of as the Bride — the wife, the mother receiving into her womb the germs of truth and love, giving birth to these germs through use, nursing them with milk elaborated from her own system, tending, watching over, and caring for them with maternal love, that I could not but feel the power of the correspondence. Then I looked around in the churches to see this holy principle practicalized — to find the women who were last at the cross, and first at the resurrection, proclaiming the sad and the joyful in the Christian ministry. I found that most of the children borne by these churches were inharmonious, disorderly, worldly, exterior, and sexual, for the *men* of almost every one of these denominations had taken

upon themselves to become *mothers*, and provide for the spiritual household. Men had preached, regulated, counselled, and decided upon every church measure — whilst the true representative of the church — the bride, or female element, was an automaton responding yes, amen.

I saw in this picture a sad perversion — an unholy refusal of ordination to woman, an unrighteous withholding of "the laying on of hands" upon her head. The church our mother, asks not whether male or female desires a home in her household; milk from her bosom, food from her stores, drink from her well or solace from her love, but she says "knock, seek, ask," and the blessing is freely given in the order and degree of its need.

The church, our mother, recognizes "neither male nor female" — she prepares not one kind of food for my brother and another for my sister, "for they are all *one* in Christ Jesus." Like the sun and the rain she dispenses her blessings without partiality and without sexuality, "for *every one* who *seeketh*, findeth," etc. Then I was troubled still further at the developments around me, and sought for wisdom. I saw that power — honor, preferment, and wealth were all given by *man to man*. Love and will to woman by man; and yet when we asked for freedom, (that central point of all activities and responsibilities, to guide, regulate, and develop that will and love,) we were hedged in by narrow minds, who attempted to draw boundary lines — and talk of masculine and feminine as though a state of order pervaded the world, and the life of man was so true that *he* could see clearly, not only how to define his own sphere, but was competent to decide woman's also.

This was to be expected in the world, for *physical power* had governed in *that*, *it* acknowledged no other ruler; but in the church, who professed allegiance to a *spiritual* head — the church, the mother of those who were hoping and living for regeneration — to find *there* the deteriorating distinctions of *sex*, although she had utterly repudiated *sex*, declaring that "*male and female are all one* in Christ Jesus," was unaccountable indeed — passing strange!

Women constitute about two thirds of all the church-members, and man, before he can be received as a member, must become as a little child, thus taking on the female element of love and gentleness; and yet, with all these truths, both external and internal, only think of the *disorder* of *man's* performing *every* spiritual service, even to the dispensing of the sacraments; and filling (*himself alone*) every spiritual office in the church.

This I do *not* find in Swedenborg, for it would conflict with that great central truth, *freedom*. I look earnestly in this day for more Miriams, Deborahs, Annas, Phœbes, and spirits like unto those who died at the stake, and perished in the flames of persecution, and when the spirit of *woman* is emancipated under the fast coming age, we shall find heavenly truths in vessels, filled with a rich experience, qualifying for the discharge of the holy duties of motherhood in the church.

I see a reason why we have no more inspired preachers of this dispensation. *A cloud rests upon those truths*, we cannot bear its removal — we are not yet ready for the full effulgence of the unclouded sun of righteousness: the morning twilight serves our vision best.

The word speaks of *one* father, under various names, according to *our states* — of one mother, the church, who offers a home to all her children, demanding of *all* uses correspondent to their capacities and duties in life; and whether son or daughter commanding them to honor both father and mother, that their "days may be long in the land." Is it possible that a collective church on earth can perform its mission, while sexuality marks it? Whilst *every* woman is excluded from its pulpit, and the *yearning* of her spirit to nourish souls with the milk of the word — to feed them with the bread of life and the strong meat of doctrine — is restrained, and her right to cheer the drooping with fresh draughts from the wells of salvation; to revive the timid and desponding with the new wine of the kingdom, and despairing ones with wine settled upon the lees of reflection, and well refined under deep and better experiences, is denied? Look at the church as she is — HAS she fulfilled her high and holy mission? No! the inspiration, the purpose, the growth, the power, depend on life from the Lord — on a *union* of the two elements, male and female, in spiritual ministrations — or monstrosities and abortions must be the result — *have been.* Sex is unalterably stamped upon our nature, interwoven in our being. External acts *cannot* alter it — man will be man — woman will be woman — who would have it otherwise? But, I would ask, does not the peculiarity of the female element, in adapting woman to receive, nourish, and bring forth in an external form, beautifully symbolize her reception of divine truths, and the need there is of her *bringing forth* those truths in the Christian ministry, when the fulness of time shall come?

As our physiognomic expressions vary, each face bearing upon it as a signboard, the idiosyncrasies which

characterize the soul within, so may we learn the impossibility of every mind seeing truth with the *same eye*, or accepting it on the *same plane.* We *must* differ in our opinions, just as certainly as travellers differ in their descriptions, who view a landscape from various eminences of the same hill, or from different standpoints on the top, or under varying conditions of the atmosphere — clouds or sunshine, fog or rain, storms or snow. When this great principle is realized interiorly — as applicable to the mental vision as well as to the bodily eye, then will the golden rule be *lived* — not talked.

Gratefully do I acknowledge the influence of Swedenborg's writings upon my mind, and I would say to all who are afflicted with doubt, disquiet, distrust, or despair, read the Bible, — Divine love and wisdom will guide and cheer you. His writings appeal to the scientific as well as to the religious, for it is a remarkable fact, that it was not until *after* his mind was richly stored with a knowledge of the sciences, that he received that spiritual illumination, which shed light and glory over all creation. It is this which renders his works so peculiarly valuable, introducing them into libraries. He was worthy of the nobility conferred upon him by Queen Ulrica Eleonora. In changing his name from Swedberg to *Swedenborg*, he immortalized the fact that *Sweden* had given birth to this great philosopher.

It is a little remarkable that it was a *woman* who sold her jewels in order to aid Columbus in discovering a *new world;* and a *woman* who conferred the honor of nobility upon one who was the founder of the *New Church.* And a *woman* who emancipated 800,000

slaves in the West Indies — and a *woman* — history will fill the gap.

The great facts of history are hands on the dial-plate of time, indicating the progress of the race from the darkness of barbarism to the sunrise of republicanism — from the midnight of despotism to the mid-day of freedom. Smothered, struggling souls, be quiet — time flows on — the chariot wheels of Divine Providence roll on — be not impatient of delay — the male and female elements (so long betrothed) will yet be recognized as *one by* the church and *in* the church, and we shall be at the marriage. My only fear is, that in our hurry to get there, we shall forget oil for our lamps, and marriage garments for the feast. Long and weary years of silent suffering and hidden life, have been none too many to prepare woman for the responsibilities that *are before her.* May she accept them in humble gratitude, and fulfil them in the fear of God and the love of man, with dignity, meekness, and power. My sisters — find no fault with the past. Waste no vain regrets upon the gone — but *live* for the *present* — *this will* prepare you for the *future.* "He that is faithful in the least, shall be made ruler over more."

I should deeply regret my views of the Christian ministry being misunderstood. In insisting so strongly upon the duty and necessity of recognizing woman as a minister of the gospel, we do *not* do so to the *exclusion* of man. We consider *both* the male and female element as essential to the wholeness — the completeness of the ministry and of every other office which is based on the ultimating of that heavenly doctrine of marriage between good and truth — between Christ and his church.

CHAPTER XVI.

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts not breath,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count life by heart-throbs — he most lives
Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the best."

FESTUS.

THERE are autumnal mornings when the air is burdened with an intensity of odors so peculiar — so novel — so unlike the perfumes of summer — that we pause in our delight to think of their cause. We remember that during the night the frost had touched the earth with its magic wand, that it had chemically changed, condensed, and imprisoned the aromas of wood and field; and now, melted by the sun, the odors, more strangely sweet, more densely fragrant, exhale in a cloud of incense. And by the rich perfume we know that the frost has fallen, and the winter is at hand.

It was thus with my mother. The chills of age had touched her hale and mellow autumn of years; and it was by the increased sweetness of her nature in the soft sunset of her life, that we knew her winter was drawing near. Her presence in our parlor assumed a deeper

interest, — for more and more, her private room was preferred, — but when with us her affectionate participation in every thing concerning social and domestic happiness, her desire for use, and her unselfishness in those uses, gave an additional power to all she said. Who that remembers her deep sympathy in the joys and sorrows of every child of humanity, but will attest the truth of all I have said. Her third grandson was born in our home in Green street; we rejoiced together and welcomed little Augustus Hunt to our family circle: — had we dared we should have wished for a daughter; but it was enough — a child was born — the third of a trine of boys — all unlike and individual. My mother's old age was beautiful. In general the lives of women are so exterior that when externals fail them — sick, peevish, discontented, querulous — they fail to attract the very people they could help by their experience, and who would impart sunshine to their lives by their freshness and buoyancy. How foolish to wish to charm our friends with the same spells we used in our youth, when their power is no more! We can love the tree for its beautiful and fragrant blossoms in spring, and, in summer, for its green and graceful weight of foliage; when the autumn comes, the blossoms have disappeared, and the summer leaves are sere, and dropping from the tree, we find our happiness in the full and mellow wealth of fruit that loads its branches. In like manner youth and beauty charm us for themselves; there is a summer loveliness in woman that inspires admiration, but when age has come, we look to her for the fruit of all the experience she has gained — for dignity, wisdom, and varied knowledge. What pleasure should we find in the contemplation of a tree stripped in autumn of all its vernal beauty — destitute of fruit — but tricked out with

artificial leaves and blossoms not possessing similitude enough to their originals to deceive us for a moment, but only enough to make the cheat apparent and ridiculous? Observe the types of old age we have all around us — observe the women of vanity and fashion at watering-places; — what are they more than such a tree? their wrinkled foreheads belied by false hair fashionably arranged — their thin, gaunt fingers loaded with rings — ear-rings in their ears — caps and trimmings studiously disposed to hide the furrows of age — artificial padding filling out their shrunken forms — rouge and lily-white on their faces — no soft, tender, heavenly radiance of expression there. It is cause of grief, that nature and common sense and self-respect and womanhood are thus outraged in this holy and honorable season of life. Is young America peculiar in these things? The tendency here is, to make little men and women of children, and have no old people!

The spring of 1847 came. My sister and her family removed to Mount Bowdoin, and again mother and I were the family at Green street. I experienced a terrible heart-sickness as my sister departed, for, at the time, my mother was not well. Her illness was apparently very slight — it appeared to be a bilious attack; but I felt an unusual heaviness, and a presentiment I could not define. In a day or two, I felt dissatisfied and wanted Dr. Ball called in, but she said, no; so I yielded. It would have been too late, even then. In rubbing her one day, I discovered a hernia, and my worst fears were my first. I did not ask her then, but sent for physicians. My sister came to us, with her baby-boy. Our anxiety became resolved into certain hopelessness, as mother would not even tolerate the idea of an operation, and, indeed, her age precluded the faintest hope of its

success. "Do not deceive me," she said, and her tone was one of delight, and her voice full of trust and confidence, "do not deceive me: am I going home?" My heart was wellnigh bursting: I could not sympathize in her gladness. My orphanage dawned upon me, a feeling of desolation seized me. Night after night I lay beside her, and she would frequently say, "All alone: how quiet!" She was enjoying the peace and silence of the night, which had their reflex in her heart. One more revelation was needed to impress our minds with her character. She called her eldest child to her, took leave of her, and addressed her as from the spiritual world: then her youngest — she was the mother, and her soul embraced her children with her: then the husband — her son; she thanked him for his faithfulness; and then resigned herself without fear or disquietude to the process of her great change. There was a stagnation within me; all I knew was that I was desiring to detain the form of my mother — that I did not wish to lose her presence; I was selfish. She recognized my state, and, when I entered her room, she waved me from her. I thought she did not know me, and told my sister. On entering her room, she was waved away in the same manner. As we found she knew other persons, our first conjecture was dismissed. A friend who realized the power of spiritual influence, and who was arrested by my grief-stricken countenance, said, I can explain the cause of this. Your unwillingness to give up your mother detains her spirit and disturbs her. It is nobly unselfish to help the spirit to disengage itself from its earthly abode. The truth of these observations was at once recognized — we felt that our selfish desires were impeding her upward flight — and that she had waved us from her that she might depart in peace.

Then we went to her and told her we would try and be glad she was going home. At once she took us to her bosom, and never waved us away again.

Orphanage means one thing to a married, another to an unmarried child. The former feels it, in a sense unknown to the latter, for she is a mother, the latter in a sense unknown to the former, for she has never been any thing but a child; the former has other claims on her attention, her mind is unavoidably occupied by her duties and her relations to others. The latter sinks into the past, and lives, for a little time, in dreams and reveries before the actual becomes clear.

Gratefully do I acknowledge the leadings of Divine Providence, who brought me to the truths of the New Church that I might more consciously recognize the life of the spiritual body. How much a babe comforts one in sorrow! Its presence is like an angel ministration. My sister's child, little Augustus, was peculiarly endeared to me by his being in the house at the time of my mother's last illness, and he brought me great consolation. The time came, and Copp's Hill was trodden again, and Christ Church bells played again, and the revered form of a mother was laid beside that of a father, that their dust might mingle. After the funeral I came to my home; my sister went to hers. I was not alone — the years between the removal of my parents, no longer seemed to have intervened. Time was annihilated — both parents in the spiritual world. What an epoch!

As trees are bruised that balsams may be extracted, so the deepest afflictions call forth soul tears — the struggle, the discipline save the heart from the paralysis of grief, save it from the morbid feelings which would otherwise unfit us for the duties of life. The soul is

naked — it perceives its nakedness and darkness, and this very perception is a prophecy that aid will come. Turn not away, ye sufferers, from the anguish, however bitter, the depths of your being must be ploughed up — the hour of preparation for the Divine to enter in has come; if slighted, who can tell the loss to a whole life. Let the rays of the spiritual sun penetrate the recesses of the heart; hug not darkness, dampness, mistiness. Accept the light — then cometh that "peace which passeth all understanding," for the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, "a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." "There are seasons when the nearest, the dearest, the most trusted of bosom friends is comparatively a stranger; there are depths of feeling and mazes of thought not to be explored by human eye — throbs of secret anguish beyond the alleviation of human sympathy. Alone we enter the world — alone we launch forth upon eternity, and between these two periods, there is many a moment when we are compelled to feel that we are utterly alone." "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none to help him."

Mother! the meaning deepens just in proportion as the affectional nature is developed. Has not the Catholic faith great power through the adoration of the Virgin? Think of the poor outcasts from Ireland landed on our shores — homeless, parentless, friendless. Despise not the "ave Maria's" which they breathe to a heavenly mother. May they not derive strength therefrom to labor for our comfort and accommodation? Yes, and their feminine saints to whom they offer prayer. May not this recognition of the feminine element help to soften their hearts? "I oft remember," said a bereaved daughter, "that sweet effusion

by Felicia Hemans, 'The Better Land,' which my mother used to repeat when I was going to bed, the last verse: —

> "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle dove,
> Ear hath not heard its deep tones of love,
> Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
> Sorrow and death do not enter there;
> Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
> 'Tis beyond the clouds, 'tis beyond the tomb.
> It is there, it is there, my child,"

has oft revived my drooping faith and strengthened me in the hour of temptation.

I received many kind notes — I thanked my friends for their delicate sympathy in writing to me; these notes were read and reread — in many of them there was an unction that needed no oral sound — "voiceless lips were preachers" — soul met soul. How deeply I felt at this time that the intended kindness of friends in visiting the afflicted, just at that critical moment, when the Spirit of God is striving for entrance into the broken heart, has often thrust it aside and drawn the mind away from the inner temple it had entered perhaps for the first time. Is there a family that has not been bereaved? Then can there be a family that does not recognize the *wants* of the soul at *such* a time? Is there a family in which there has not been a natural birth? Can that not be accepted as typical of the anguish of the soul, when it is travailing in labor to bring forth a spiritual child?

The time arrived when it became necessary for me to decide about my future arrangements. I remember that one choice friend who had given up her home, and regretted the step, said to me, "Do nothing rashly; wait one year before you decide on the least thing: had

I done that, *my* home would have been preserved." It was good advice. We cannot be too careful about removing these landmarks. My sister had kindly suggested many times, that we could constitute one family; but my practice told me of the need of a separate home. My profession seemed hallowed to me; my patients were my family; and a new purpose to labor more effectively for woman, seized my soul. Individual responsibility became more defined: the significance of the word physician, became more apparent. The great need of light being more broadly diffused on physiological subjects came to me with tenfold force in my isolated state. What shall be done? became a question of the deepest importance to me. Meanwhile, what to conclude about my future home pressed heavily upon me. My love for my sister had become stronger. She was now my all. But she was a wife and mother, and I must be wedded to Humanity. The thought of living with her was only transient. If there should be but one family in a house, it is tolerably clear there should be but one head. Then it cripples one not to have a home of one's own. At last, after careful consideration, I concluded to continue in Green street, and throw all my energies into my profession, trusting for spiritual help through my father and mother.

In reviewing one's life, there rests upon it such a wonderful connection, the links are so interlocked that the merest glance or glimpse but introduces to a wider and wider prospect. Now rises before me Laura Bridgman, a wonderful instance of the varied avenues to the mind that philanthropy has opened, an imperishable monument to the benefits conferred on humanity by Dr. Samuel G. Howe. What reverent wonder seized my mind as physiognomical signs spoke a language in-

dependent of speech, or hearing — there is a thrill unknown before, as she grasps your hand and you realize as it were for the first time, the intensity of touch and its power — the skin assumes new importance, and the sphere surrounding every one becomes a fact. She was told I was a physician, and she immediately held out a finger that annoyed her.

In October, 1847, I was permitted the privilege of visiting Mrs. Mott, in her death illness — I had always desired this, but never expected to realize the hope, although there was an undefined feeling, that the course of events would bring about the accomplishment of my wishes. She had married after her removal to New York, but afterwards returned to Boston. We had known nothing of each other for many years, but having heard she was sick, an impression rested on my mind to call upon her. I found her sick unto death; sister and myself spent many hours with her; her sufferings were intense; she passed away — we followed her remains to their resting-place — breathing out peace, rest on the quiet of the grave.

About this time queries were often put to me respecting my attending medical lectures, which many of my patients knew I was very anxious to do. "Why," I was asked, "do you not apply to Harvard College for permission to attend the lectures there; you have been in practice so many years in Boston, that such a request could not be refused?" "Physicians speak well of you as a woman — Dr. —— knows the class of patients that sustain you." "I have no doubt Harvard would open its doors to you; your age, your birthright as a Bostonian, must have weight with them." These and many similar interrogatories strengthened my purpose, although I differed from them. I well knew that the

conservatism of Harvard would blind the trustees, professors, etc., to the importance of recognizing woman as a physician. I knew they would have a childish fear of looking truth in the face, and establishing a precedent which might bring into comparison, if not into conflict, masculine and feminine minds. I knew it required more magnanimity, more freedom, more generosity, and a deeper sense of justice, than I supposed existed at Harvard, to acknowledge by such a step, that mind was not sexual. Still while I did not participate in the sanguine hopes of my friends, that application would insure admission, the feeling that it was a duty to *try* became stronger and stronger and stronger, and resulted in the following letter. When I sat down to write, it really seemed to me farcical, to ask whether a woman, who had been practicing medicine many years — a mind thirsting for knowledge, lavishly bestowed on all sensible and unsensible male applicants, *might be allowed* to share the privilege of drinking at the fountains of science, a privilege which would not impoverish them, but make me rich indeed. I well knew through my practice the quality of young men, who with M. D. attached, put up their sign in some country village, and as well did I know the determination to avoid them by substituting the use of quack nostrums. It cannot but be supposed that in my professional walks, instances of malpractice often presented themselves. Some of these were of so aggravated a character, that it required a strong effort, all my self-control, to keep still — my countenance may have expressed much, my silence more, for I was sometimes thunderstruck at the egregious blunders made by doctors, yet I can safely say I have never interfered with family physicians; my reverence for the profession re-

strained utterance, and such names as Ware, Bowditch, Walker, etc., forbade sweeping denunciations against the guardians of public health.

BOSTON, Dec. 12, 1847.

DR. O. W. HOLMES: —

The object I have in view in thus addressing you, is to ask leave to attend medical lectures, at the Massachusetts Medical College, knowing, as dean of that faculty, that you will place this request where it belongs, to be sanctioned. To strengthen this desire on my part, and to place *you* where my motives may be understood, I will state the following facts: — In July, 1835, I commenced the practice of medicine in a very quiet, unpretending manner, having been preparing myself for some previous time for a path in life to which my inclinations strongly led me. Gradually and steadily, with many anxieties and obstacles, did my practice assume a respectability, which has ever been maintained on my part, by discountenancing every immorality, and thus, as year after year has passed away, proving to my mind the use which I was performing in my path, by its success. And now, at the age of forty-two, with an extensive practice among children and my own sex, ranking among my friends as patients the intelligent and thoughtful, being called upon as you well know on the most momentous occasions, and fully impressed with the responsibilities thus induced, I seek for that *scientific light*, which shall not only place my mind in more harmony with my professional duties, but enable me to become more worthy of the trusts committed to me. By a recent letter from a friend in New York, one lady is at present attending medical lectures at Geneva Medical College. *

With such motives as these before me, strengthened by twelve

*The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal thus speaks of this case: — "Miss Blackwell, made her appearance in the lecture room about two weeks ago. She is a pretty little specimen of the feminine gender — registering her age at twenty-six, and her tutor as Professor Dickson, of South Carolina, now Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine, in the New York University: She comes into the class with great composure, takes off her bonnet and puts it under the seat (exposing a fine phrenology), takes notes constantly, and maintains throughout an unchanged countenance. The effect on the class has been good, and great decorum is preserved while she is present. She wrote a capital letter when she applied for admission, and brings recommendations from eminent physicians of Philadelphia."

years practice and observation, and at that mature age when the duties of life are more clearly seen than at any other period, I leave this subject to be met by minds who will see in its examination that no love of novelty, nor bravery in an untried position, nor want of patronage prompt this request, but a simple and single desire for such medical *knowledge*, as may be transmitted through those professors, who, from year to year, stand as beacon lights to those who would be aided in a more full knowledge of the healing art.

Yours, Respectfully,

HARRIOT K. HUNT.

BOSTON, January 5, 1848.

I received the following communication from the President of the University a few days since, and must apologize for a little delay in transmitting it : —

" At a stated meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard College, in Boston, Dec. 27, 1847, the President submitted to the board a letter from Dr. Holmes, transmitting an application from Miss Harriot Kezia Hunt, to be permitted to attend the lectures at the Medical College. Whereupon it was voted, that it is *inexpedient* to reconsider the vote of the corporation, of the 14th of August, relative to a similar request."

A true copy of record. — Attest,

JAMES WALKER, *Sec.*

It is said to be dangerous to tell tales out of school. "*Inexpedient*" it certainly is when you wish to keep all hush — but as one is not hung for thoughts, I will tell mine. Having a conversation with one of the professors I told him my intention. I think he informed the clique, and that law was passed to meet my application — but no matter. The facts are on record — when civilization is further advanced, and the great doctrine of human rights is acknowledged, this act will be recalled, and wondering eyes will stare, and wondering ears be opened, at the semi-barbarism of the middle of the nineteenth century. It was really amus-

ing to hear the indignation expressed by my patients and others, when they heard of the reply to my letter — the subject of woman as physician was before the public — the conversation on this and kindred topics increased tenfold, and tea-tables and evening parties were made merry with criticisms and raillery, about the grave and weighty reason assigned for the refusal. "Why, it was so contemptible to use such a doubtful expression." To this and similar remarks I replied, "It was safe and non-committal." Expedient for us to enter hospitals as patients, but inexpedient for woman, however well qualified, to be there as a physician. It takes more than the "charity which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things" — to abstain from severe criticism, when common sense is outraged by such flimsy subterfuges. That word inexpedient I had always abhorred — it is so shuffling, so shifting, so mean, so evasive, meaning from the one who uses it every thing — to the one who hears it nothing — an apology for falsehood, a compromise of principle to eke out self-satisfaction. It had always been a *little* word in my lexicon, and it became still *littler*, when used by a medical conclave. Any kind of a reason might have been accepted, but this "*inexpedient*" aroused my risibles, my sarcasm, my indignation.

In the summer of 1848, I went to Lunenburg for a short visit, and, as one goes to see a curiosity, I went to see the Shaker Society at Shirley. I remember now, vividly, my first impression of the extreme neatness of the place, as also the staid gravity and stiffness and stand-off feeling of the inhabitants, which was contrasted with a sort of kindly tone which took my ear. To my questions a yea or nay slowly came. I could not be satisfied with this — I must know more; so I ventured

to ask, if there were many aged women among them? — and one of our company said, "It is not curiosity that prompts this question; she is a physician." The word was magical! Muscles relaxed, expression softened, and in ten minutes I felt myself at home. They asked me to see two or three who were sick, and, as the time had elapsed for our visit, they requested me to stop, saying they would take me to Lunenburg. Of course I accepted, and felt right glad I had an opportunity of knowing any thing of so peculiar a people. The world has said many things to their discredit, but I happened to know something of the world and its gossiping. I never minded what people said unless I knew them. As the innermost of these women opened to me, I was attracted to them; there was a sort of charm in their very quaintness, and I soon felt entirely at ease with them. The ride over to Lunenburg was really romantic; they sang me Shaker songs, gave me some keepsakes, and were very kind. When we parted, they invited me to come again. I little dreamed then that I should often sleep in a Shaker village, know familiarly many noble women among them, and be so intimately acquainted with them as to appreciate their worth.

After my visit to the Shakers, I started on my first journey to Oswego, the residence of the Wentworths. I had a pleasant meeting with my kindred, and gleaned instruction on my travels. On my way home I went to Saratoga, where I spent a few days. I must pass over this great field for observation, and the varied thoughts which were induced by mingling with those of every clime — but I cannot omit to mention the kindness and professional courtesy of Dr. North — he was like a brother, and must ever be gratefully remembered.

Very sad was I on my return to my solitary residence,—the word *alone* again startled me,—again I had to discipline myself and accept with gratitude my profession,—my patients cordially welcomed my return, and I found so much gained by obedience to physical laws in the families where I had practised that my heart was cheered, indeed I rejoiced exceedingly, and my desire to be a minister in the grand work of diffusing a knowledge of hygeinic laws became more and more intense.

The extremes of life met in my business room. My mind was kept busy revolving the subjects of education, remuneration, etc., and whenever I needed an illustration, it seemed as if the next patient came on purpose to supply me with it. So, time passed. Very often I was at my sister's. The children there were quite a fascination, especially as another son had been added to the family group.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended."

BRETON.

AFTER the departure of my mother, my mind was thrown into a state of great conflict; a feeling such as I experienced after the translation of my father, took possession of me. I had but partially attained to resignation — my friend, my companion, my mother, was gone. Hours of loneliness were often spent in my solitary home, and I might have sunk under the blow, had not the angel of mercy visited me, and inspired me with the thought of endeavoring to enlighten my sisters on the subject of the "laws of life." My desire to do this became so strong that I decided to deliver a course of free lectures; and having a friend of rare worth, who was a teacher at Pitt street Chapel, I consulted with her and concluded that would be the right place for me to begin. This decision was the opening of a new life; and when I began to prepare the lectures and arrange the diagrams, a new heaven and a new earth surrounded me, the joy of being enabled to help

others dispelled the clouds of sorrow, the selfishness of grief was exchanged for the cheerfulness of hope, the garments of heaviness for the vestments of praise.

The afternoon, February 20, 1849, appointed for my first lecture arrived — friends of the New Church accompanied me; gratefully do I remember their coöperation and sympathy, especially her who sat beside me on the platform, and deeply have I regretted that as duties opened before me, and the needs and wrongs of woman were developed, they did not perceive my obligations to the cause of woman in such a manner as to continue coworkers with me. Nor can I forego the gratification of expressing my thanks to those who sustained me — to a teacher who cheered me, to a pastor whose cheerful recognition of truth was infused into his flock, thus preparing them for the lectures — reading a psalm brought a sacred sphere around us, and the interest and quietness of the audience imparted strength and self-reliance, though I sensibly felt the difference between speaking in a private parlor and a lecture room. Can any public speaker ever forget what she passed through the first time she addressed an audience?

This course of lectures placed me in more intimate relations with the laboring classes, deepened my sense of the importance of urging upon them the value of daily duties, strengthened my confidence in them as the bone and sinew of social life, and increased my conviction of the healthful influence of their religious nature. — "Our Father, who art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread," has a new meaning for those who are compelled to consider the price of that bread, and the weight of every loaf. It attracts their hearts to that Divine Providence which ministers to their necessities. Heart histories were laid open — the deep fountains of

sympathy were unlocked — selfish sorrow for my mother changed into a recognition of her spiritual presence. I felt an impulse through her given to my higher nature; impelling me to usefulness. The condition of woman made a strong appeal, her privations, her restricted education, the injustice of the low remuneration for female labor, compelling broken-hearted widows to break up their homes, launching girls on the ocean of life without protection, obliging daughters to leave their homes when filial affection was needed to comfort aged or afflicted parents, helpless brothers and sisters. The conflicts I had passed through since my orphanage, prepared my heart to receive these facts with tenderness; my bereaved spirit felt more than sympathy and veneration for those noble women who had struggled at fearful odds against injustice, poverty, and oppression; new life, fresh vigor were infused to strengthen my purpose to meliorate the condition of my sex, and elevate woman to the platform of humanity, to the enjoyment of human rights.

The interest excited by the Physiological lectures delivered in Pitt street Chapel, induced me to see the pastor of Suffolk street church and make arrangements for repeating them there. I felt an abiding conviction that the indifference to, as well as ignorance of physical laws and consequent disobedience to them, was the main cause of the prevailing ill health. The vast consumption of confectionary and quack nostrums — the alarming increase of advertisements for such medicines, proving the quantity sold to meet the expenses of publication startled me; every generous emotion within me was stirred, all my sympathies were awakened — my desires to call attention to the great truths of physiology intensified. Perhaps too the refusal of Harvard College to allow me to attend the medical lectures

strengthened me to continue my efforts, and I commenced a course of lectures in Rev. Mr. Cruft's church in May, 1849. All the preceding winter I had felt unwell, an incubus rested upon me. I attribute these feelings in part to the mental distress occasioned by a false friend — I was struggling against just suspicions, endeavoring as it now appears to me to close my eyes to actual facts; disquieted and tried, I compromised my interior consciousness — refused to believe, and had to pay the penalty of voluntary blindness — I had been at Fishkill the preceding summer, enjoyed the Hudson with its magnificent scenery, rode out in the evenings when the moon in full-orbed radiance shed her light over the enchanting scene — but never dreamed that I was drinking in the malaria of intermittent; but my mental state prepared the system for its inception; it slumbered until spring. I was sleepy, morbid, weak, but determined not to yield to these premonitory symptoms. I began the lectures. It was all in vain — the third lecture I broke down — a bilious fever prostrated me, and really, when I found resistance was no longer a virtue, I wept for joy that I had a right to lie down and rest. Some of my readers will remember the conflict during the interregnum between health and illness, between the time when we *should* take to our bed and when we *do*. The couch and the night dress are real luxuries.

During this illness how much had I to melt my heart with gratitude. The kindest notes from patients — sweet flowers filled with messages of love in their very aura, the choicest fruit from the green-house — messages of earnest inquiry, and the attention of my physician, Dr. Ball, was another cause of thankfulness. My sister! her faithfulness and tenderness, so

like our mother, was my sweetest solace, and the power of her will over me, was at that time a necessity of my being; I was sinking into the same state I experienced after my mother's removal, a longing for he hand upon me, a yearning for her voice of kindness That first sickness without my mother — it passed away; I seemed to realize a second babyhood, so passive, so quiet, — this is favorable to recovery, I owed much to this childlike feeling. Health is a musical key-note, it is the point of rest, or action — it is the C, the whole melody of life rests upon it. So healthy, so vigorous so robust had I been, that I could hardly realize that I was stretched on a bed of sickness.

Early in June I was removed to my sister's. Never can I forget my emotions as I found myself in her chamber surrounded by family loves — how tender, how sweet were the ministrations of affection! Very slowly did I recover, but the time was not lost — relapse — convalescence — were words of deep import, suggestive of much thought. I studied myself carefully, that I might know others — there is a proper attention due to oneself in convalescence — it is the daybreak of a new life indicated by the tottering step, the feeble tone, — quietly accept the daily strength imparted. If you rudely jar this state — violate its sanctity — try to rush into a health element, a relapse surely comes to stay your course — the temple of the Holy Spirit, like the ark of God, must not be touched with unholy hands. Convalescence is a word full of hope, and asks the utmost deference and caution to fulfil its mission. During my illness and convalescence, I felt more than ever the importance of the rough ventilation in the sick-room, and the free use of water internally and externally — when fever was at

its height and thirst intense, the very sound of the trickling of water allayed it. Childhood's happy days — youth's jocund season were lived again — every verse I had learned from the Psalms seemed brought to remembrance fraught with angel messages. One word here to parents — neither fear nor falter in teaching your children to commit to memory passages from the sacred writings — be not discouraged because their beauty and meaning are not understood — memory will garner them up, and in an hour that ye think not of, they will come up to refresh and fortify the soul. I had seen this realized in my mother's case — how many hours she spent pleasantly when the outer light was nearly quenched, in reading from the book of memory portions of the word of God, choice hymns, etc. I often regret that I did not write out some of the beautiful pieces I have heard her repeat. But to return to the sick-room.

It has been matter of amazement to me, how the sick could often so unnecessarily tax the health of friends by having watchers. "If I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me — the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." Recognizing in faith these beautiful words, what a mockery is artificial light — how unnecessary a watcher. This illness was a needful pause in my life, a time to take account of stock, to look at my profession while out of it, ponder more and more deeply the great need of physical education, to examine the why and the wherefore of diseases, to feel the duty of aiding the physician by a recognition of your bodily and mental state, to have a kind word for every attendant, a pleasant tone to cheer the sick-room. Sickness may be made an angel of mercy, (it draws around us such tender, sweet, and holy spirits,) if meekly borne. I accepted my illness as a

renewed evidence of my father's love, — as a lesson I needed; it said emphatically, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Early in July, I went to Hopkinton Springs, remained there some time, found the baths quite a tonic, — then went to Northborough, remembering my invitation from the Shakers, and feeling a strong desire to make a free-will offering of my services on returning to my professional life, I wrote to Ann Godfrey, received a kind answer, and went to Shirley; the fulfilment of my desire took place when I went to Harvard. My visit was very pleasant, it opened new chapters of life to me. I heard touching heart histories there, and found brave, noble women, hid away from the world. It was highly satisfactory to find by letters afterwards received, that my visit was accepted not only as an offering of love, but that my professional advice had relieved many, who were suffering from chronic complaints. A number of them also were just recovering from the measles, and it was delightful to put on a Shaker apron and set about preparing medicines; they had every herb I needed. The sister who officiated as nurse and doctor was with me, and I was so happy to find myself useful. I formed a friendship at this time with one of the loveliest, noblest women, Roxalana L. Grosvenor, (a minister); her deep interest in the sick, her subdued, chastened bearing, — her deep devotional earnestness, — her humility, inducing her to perform the humblest duties, attracted me irresistibly. Referring to her first letter I find the following: "Now as I have *no deception* about me you will not suspect me of flattery, but will believe that I think it right to estimate every one justly. I hope I shall not forget my obligation to a kind Providence who seemed truly to smile on your visit here. The result has been

so favorable that I am inclined to think the good spirits directed you in prescribing for us, while at the same time I give you credit for a large amount of skill combined with that ready perception of the remote causes affecting health, which must be a great auxiliary to the judicious administration of medicine."

This visit has established the most friendly relations with the Shakers. I ever find among them a pleasant resting-place, and rejoice to welcome them to my home whenever they call to see me, as some of them not unfrequently do.

The first Sunday I was in a Shaker village, found me in their religious meeting. Of course I was wonder-struck with others. It was a great advantage to me to know many of their leading minds, before seeing this religious service. It was clear to me from the first that they must be full believers in the faith they professed, or they could not be there, — so that honesty and religious zeal were clearly manifested to my mind. Their unceasing industry tired me, for *I* have lazy moments. To question the purity of my Shaker sisters, would be to doubt my own.

I was particularly struck with their care of the aged. As one of these traced a resemblance between my hand and that of Ann Lee, I had a pleasant opportunity of witnessing their devotion to their "spiritual mother." The novelty of every thing around me stimulated me to thought, and as I was no novice in heart histories, I found enough to interest me. As we have now no convents in New England, I could understand why *this* peculiar life was sought for, as an asylum by *many women.* The equality of woman with man is recognized in every department of Shaker life. The duties and responsibilities of ministers, elders, and caretakers

were *equally* shared by *both* sexes — and in each of their societies a woman is set apart as a physician, because they believe she has a peculiar gift in that direction.

To be sure, I quarrelled with them in the outset on many things; but then, it was in respectful good humor. My professional position placed me at once, where I came immediately into their innermost; so that it is not too much for me to say that I understand them better than any one who has not lived in a Shaker village. It is believed they will allow this. Of course *my* perception of freedom was wholly different from *theirs*, but this did not hinder me from perceiving *their* stand-point, and respecting it too. Their quaint costume and language — close caps and monotonous manners have a tendency to *chill* one, and if you are of a cold nature you will be kept in a chill all the time and feel terribly restrained. But if you carry the magic wand of love in your hand, this icy formality gives place to genial warmth and social ease.

In the Sunday exercises, I was particularly struck with two women, whose motions indicated that they were more recently from the world. Their chastened expression of countenance touched my very soul. I inquired who they were, and a few hints as to the reasons which led them into a Shaker village, will reveal the causes which induce many others to go into these settlements. They were mother and daughter. Both deeply religious — they had been Millerites — had passed through severe religious exercises. Yes! the younger one was a wife — a mother — and yet *she* was in a Shaker village. Her heart was opened to God alone in this movement. She sought him in continual prayer, and in the consciousness of *duty* took this step.

Broken in health, crushed in spirit, unable to care for her children physically, she retired from the world. Although I believe she acted conscientiously, yet I am opposed to divorce, except on Scripture grounds, but not to *temporary* separation in cases of intemperance and personal abuse. I had the opportunity of hearing the other side of this history. The rebuke, the sneers — the sarcasms — the amazement that *she* should have left the world and become a *Shaker*, roused my attention to another phase of woman's life.

She was one so genial, so loving, so truly womanly, that she might have been led with a cambric thread; but there are wrongs on womanhood which bring with them a depth of agony — a strength of purpose — a faith in God which sustains them under every trial. She had not seen her children for years. After a while, arrangements were made to bring them together. A law was passed by the State Legislature, making a divorce legal in all cases where separation had existed for a certain number of years, and either of the parties had become a Shaker. She was happy in this new law, wishing the father of her children to be perfectly free. The divorce took place, and the following extract of a letter from him will show under what regulations a mother was to be *permitted* to see her children ONCE A YEAR. "I hereby promise her that she shall have the *privilege* of visiting *the* children *once a year* from this day, at such convenient time and place as *I* shall appoint, she having previously notified me of her desire so to do, provided *I* am satisfied that said visits have no pernicious or injurious effect upon the children." She solicited an interview and received the following reply — "I am also peculiarly busy, and such a visit cannot be without *my personal* attention, which it is

impossible for me to give just now. It may be that I can soon, if so I will advise you seasonably."

Under how many circumstances of this kind are women suffering, not only in Shaker villages but in the world! We hope yet to see the time, when such cases shall be referred to committees of men and *women*. How are wives and mothers represented *now?* Here is the case of one, unexceptionable in character — one on whom the breath of *slander* has never dared to rest. Faithfulness to her principles is her only crime. Look at her forced separation from her children — her constrained, unnatural, and yearly interviews with them as a *lady, not as their mother*. These children will yet understand her, they will yet reverence the motives which induced her to fly from her home, and feel themselves more blessed in their origin from her, than if she had been willing to sacrifice principle and succumb to fashion and the hollow-hearted usages of a corrupt state of society. She wrote to the pastor under whose ministry they had sat, and has in every way conducted discreetly. Those who have read this correspondence could not withhold from her their sympathy and compassion. Truly "every heart knoweth its own bitterness," and in this compromising age, such cases are suggestive — for her maternal nature was strong.

During my visits among the Shakers, I prescribed for many of them. (It was a thank-offering after a severe fit of illness.) I formed many valuable friendships among them — visits have been exchanged between us, and their deep interest in the woman question of the present day, has led me to see how much they have reflected upon this subject. I have at different times visited the Societies at Canterbury, Lebanon, Watervleit, and North Union, in Ohio. In them all are brave,

earnest, thoughtful women, who could furnish incidents equally mournful with the one I have mentioned.

There are eighteen societies of Shakers — six thousand members. They have solved the problem of association successfully, so far as material competency is concerned. And whilst their principles forbid the natural relation of father and mother, they fully recognize the necessity and blessedness of it in the developing of human affections by the adoption of children in their society.

In this age when the institution of marriage is being subjected to a scrutiny, such as it never was before, reassuring the true soul of its high and holy character, as a beautiful symbol of the union (spiritual and interior) between Christ and his church, truth and the soul that receives it in love, we think we can clearly perceive that *their rejection* of it has originated in that general *abuse* which has marked it in the world, presenting it in a most gross and sensual form.

As the Society of Friends for many years scouted learning of every kind, and with a holy horror abjured music and dancing, painting and sculpture, with every innocent amusement, because, in the days of Fox, Barclay, and Penn, education worshipped at the shrine of ambition and earthly pride, — and music, dancing, painting, sculpture, etc., were almost exclusively the handmaids of fashion and folly, worldliness and vice, — so, it appears to me, have the Shakers cast out marriage as an unholy thing. Who can wonder at it? Who can blame them? But just in proportion as Friends have learned to discriminate between the legitmate and healthful *use* of these things and their unwarrantable *abuse* — they have begun to welcome them among their members as elevating and desirable auxil-

iaries in the varied drama of life, so the Shaker society may yet welcome marriage amongst them. But *not* until physiological laws shall be understood and recognized as the regulators of the marriage relation. *Not* until the rights of woman shall be acknowledged and secured. For *not until then* can this institution be placed upon a high and safe foundation, free from those gross abuses, which have dragged it down, and trailed it in the mire of pollution and sin.

Meanwhile we rejoice that our Shaker brethren and sisters have opened their villages as *cities of refuge*, that bleeding hearts and broken constitutions may find "a balm in Gilead, a physician there."

I hope it will not be supposed, from any thing I have said, that I regard their life as like that of a convent. For there is a wide difference between them. In a convent the sexes are *entirely separated*, whilst among the Shakers the most friendly social intercourse exists between them. As all offices are filled by women as well as men, they are constantly brought into business and church relations together, and the most kind and tender attentions are continually interchanged. I have been in their workshops and have seen men and women in the ministry, as well as others, engaged in various industrial occupations. And although as a body they deny two of the fundamental laws of our being, in ignoring the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, it is but justice to say that I have never had reason to doubt that they sustain pure relations to each other, for if they wish to marry they can go away. The element of family love is so strong in human hearts, that if dammed up in one direction it MUST have vent in another; hence their adoption of children.

We would like to say one word with regard to C.

Dickens's account of the Shakers. To one who *knows* them and therefore can appreciate their worth, it seems wholly unjust — and in some respects untrue. It must be remembered that Dickens went there without any introduction — a total stranger. Suppose people were to come to your house in this way — how should you receive them? What impression should you be likely to make upon them? — no better I trow than they did upon him, because you would care very little to make yourselves attractive to persons whom you felt came to see you through *mere curiosity*. And with regard to their being governed by a woman, who occupied an upper room, and who was seldom exhibited to the people, this is a most ridiculous mistake — no such custom exists among them.

In November I was in New York; Fredrika Bremer was there; she was closely nestled in my heart through her works, which exhibited an interior perception of woman and an appreciation of home that at once made me feel she was a kindred spirit. In company with my friend, Mrs. Wells, who has been for many years connected in business with her brothers, the Fowlers, and her husband, I went to see Miss Bremer. It was early in the day — the morning bright and bracing. Most cordially did I welcome her to our country — her presence seemed to bring back my home, so truly had she depicted its joys. "Neighbors" were around me — "Brothers and Sisters" encircled me — Heidvig and Petrea were there, the merry Gothilda witchlike said again her funny says. My inmost was alive, and when I said, "you must come to my home," I felt that I was only inviting her to what was partly hers already. Fredrika had a mission for me, my womanhood needed rousing — I was still the child — an orphaned one.

Did we but observe the needs of the soul, we should oftener be struck at the ministrations of Divine Providence so exactly adapted to those necessities, now sending us the healing draught through some unexpected channel, or leading us gently to the pool of Bethesda.

I had been among the Shakers and had there formed a friendship with one whose letters were cordial and inspiring; unmarried externally, she was wedded within to her faith, and its self-denying life — a minister to soul and body. In her I saw one aspect of unmarried life. Then the Swedish sister who found a *home* in every real home — she had laid open to us hearts in the frozen north. She was here among us travelling alone as to human companionship, but her harmony with nature had wedded her to humanity, and her loneliness was only external. My visit to her was short but refreshing, for I felt that she penetrated beneath the surface, and perceived that lightheartedness without does not conflict with trueheartedness within. In her "Homes in the New World," she gives an account of her visit to me. She wrote from Cambridge, "Well, my little doctor, if you have a heart and room for me here, I am ready to come to your house and home." As both were open I went for her — that visit was to my soul as dew upon the mown grass — her appreciation of my professional life, her perception of the need of woman as a physician, — her sympathy for me as an orphan, — her strengthening words of womanly cheer — how much they were to me cannot be written. I never seemed to recognize her corporeal part, her spirit rested upon me. I have enjoyed a sweet correspondence with her since, and know that the soul has feelers, and in sympathy we may breathe a prayer though oceans roll between. Her mother, too, has passed away — she is an orphan, but

her large soul claims affinity with mother earth and her children, through her books, and her religious nature is exalted. The very last of the year 1849, my home was brightened by this visit, and its radiance has not departed. A blessing rest on thy declining years, dear Fredrika — the "little doctor" desires to see thee in Sweden as thou hast seen her in America — for you understand those nameless acts, those movements, those looks that electrify the soul without the utterance of a word.

It is a great privilege to meet the unmarried — married — to have social life refreshed by intercourse with one, fulfilling the relation in the inmost, whose thoughts have been conceived in love, cherished in embryo by prayer and trust, and when in the fulness of time birth takes place, a book is born which cheers, gladdens, and enlightens those women who are outwardly mothers. Another unmarried woman it was my privilege to know and love. With a heart pulsating for humanity and freedom, she raised her voice and attracted the thoughtful and the true — with her pen she portrayed the condition of woman and insisted on her right to the privleges enjoyed by man. In talking of marriage we should understand its true signification, and give to the fashionable, the seekers after a home, a position, a fortune, only what they claim, a *legal* connection. Here were three women united by great principles; my intercourse with them awakened a desire for further development, more womanhood, more recognition of the responsibilities of life, a deeper determination to investigate the condition of our sex. Indisposition prevented my accompanying Miss Bremer to see the Shakers, but I went to the North American Phalanx to meet her for a take leave visit, which was truly pleasant. Sweden has

a charm for me; there dwelt Swedenborg — and it ever seems near to me.

Miss Bremer has done a great and good work for woman. She has showed the unmarried where to find a home, she has awakened attention to those nameless delicacies and tendernesses in domestic life which render home so sweet — omitted, make it a barren wild. Her parting watchword, "Follow thy Genius!" comes o'er the soul in the needed hour. In a letter dated October 1, 1855, she says, "The more I live and see of the world the more I feel that the elevation of woman to her true character and social position, is the question on which depends the liberation of mankind." Permit me to close with an extract from her "Homes," etc. "In old times the physician was also the priest, and consecrated to holy mysteries. The descendants of Esculapius were a holy race, and among them were also women; the daughter of Esculapius, Hygeia, one of them, was called the goddess of health. Of this race came Hippocrates. We now talk about Hygeia, but we only talk. She must be recalled to earth, she must have room given her, and justice done her, if she is to present the earth with a new Hippocrates."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I here present thee with a hive of bees, laden some with wax, and some with honey. Fear not to approach! There are no wasps, there are no hornets here. If some wanton bee should chance to buzz about thine ears, stand thy ground and hold thy hands; there 's none will sting thee if thou strike not first. If any do, she hath honey in her bag will cure thee too."

QUARLES.

THE year 1850 could not but recall to my mind the Jewish Jubilee; that year of Jubilee which filled all Judea with gladness; that trumpet which proclaimed liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof. O! how it thrilled through every heart and awakened joy in every bosom. The land, too, returned to its original owner, and exiles went back to receive their birthright homes, and to eat of the fruit of that field which for seven years had given its products into stranger hands.

Is Judea the only nation that can have a jubilee? Is it not good for every country, to mark the progress it has made in each successive fifty years of its existence? Is it not good to recognize the blessings of *to-day* as the the *antetypes* of Jewish emancipation and the restoration of Jewish land? Whilst the Jew rejoiced in a release from *physical* bondage, O let us rejoice in an emancipation of *mind*, such as the world has never seen — freedom to think, to speak, to act, without fear of the

halter, the axe, or the stake — freedom to promulgate and live out the new ideas of God and man which are the birthright of a new era. A freedom as much higher than Jewish freedom, as the mind is higher than the body — as much more glorious as spirit is more glorious than flesh and bones.

But that returning back to the land of our fathers. *We* have no such celebration of our jubilee — true — but we have something *better*. Such a law in our country would be no blessing to us, because, as the tide of national and individual prosperity sweeps onward, it bears the children and grandchildren to larger homes, to fairer fields than their ancestors enjoyed; and to such it would be a great hardship to be compelled to go back to the humble and comfortless homes of their sires. *We* covet no such ordinance here — or now. But in all the Horticultural fairs of our country, we are receiving from the land increasing evidence of its capacity to bring forth abundantly, not only to satisfy the cravings of appetite, but to minister to the more delicate taste and higher elements of our being in the fruits and flowers which are exhibited; whilst the varied professions and numberless occupations pursued by our people, give them the means of purchasing whatsoever pleaseth them best.

And in the Mechanical Exhibitions which have taken place, we see the wonderful power of man in so breaking up, melting down, and moulding the mineral products of the land into all manner of machinery, that he is constantly facilitating the means and increasing the capacity of the earth to produce, giving promise of a time to come, when he may dutifully devote more time to intellectual culture and moral elevation.

Every improvement in agriculture tends to set free

mother earth, and enables her to bring forth her treasures more and more abundantly to bless her children. Every invention in agricultural machinery proves the internal resources of man to aid her in yielding up her vegetation with less and less labor to himself, whilst other inventions are constantly increasing his comforts and supplying him with conveniences, elegancies, and luxuries of which former generations never dreamed.

Within the last fifty years, science has supplied all our large cities with water, and has furnished them with sewers for the draining off of all impurities.

During the last fifty years a mineral which had been regarded as wholly useless, has been dug from the earth and forced by the ingenuity of science, in giving up its imprisoned caloric, to warm millions of people by grates, stoves, furnaces, and batteries of steam pipes.

This same mineral, by parting with its hydrogen and carbon in another form, dispels the darkness of night, for the most brilliant light is, by science, elaborated from the blackest substance, thus symbolizing those scintillations of light which are now emanating from minds once in the darkness of ignorance.

This same mineral drives machinery all over the civilized world, thus emancipating man from an enormous amount of hard labor, and promising at no distant day to plough up and pulverize his soil, scatter the seed over his land, weed his fields, reap down his harvests, gather his grain and bind it in sheaves, and thresh and winnow it ready for the flouring mill, where steam has already taken the place of the clumsy machinery of water power.

During this period science has, through the agency of steam, provided the most rapid and convenient modes of travelling by land and water; thus bringing

distant countries and States into near proximity, introducing nations to each other and increasing their resources of knowledge and intelligence, by affording opportunities to all to examine the natural curiosities and works of art which each contain; thus stimulating the social element and promoting those friendly relations, which will ultimately bind all peoples, nations, and tongues into one great brotherhood.

Little did our grandmothers think when they boiled their kettles, that the time would come when great kettles would be boiled all over the civilized world, and that the invisible steam which issued from them, would impel giant ships and boats over the water, and long trains of cars overland.

Constructiveness watched the weary hours spent by indigence and worth in plying the needle to clothe mankind, and invented the sewing machine.

She looked into the kitchen and substituted first, stoves for the inconvenient pot-hooks of former years; then she invented cooking ranges — greatly lessening and lightening the labor of preparing food, by furnishing all manner of conveniences in the culinary department.

Science looked into the laundry also and pitied the laborers there — when behold! the invention of washing and wringing machines and mangles, and conveniences for heating, without smutting irons. When Daguerre first published in 1839, that he had discovered a method of taking pictures on plates of metal by the sun, his tablets were regarded with wonder. Now it is a common thing. Next came the photographic discovery enlarging the miniature into a portrait.

We thought it was a great triumph of science when Franklin caught the lightning flash from passing clouds,

and led it harmlessly down metallic rods, averting all danger from the electric spark. But a Morse has arisen in our day, who, after generating electricity at will, has employed it as the most rapid agent of communication that the world has ever seen, transmitting intelligence over civilized countries in the space of *seconds*, not as formerly in weeks, days, and hours.* Science promises, too, to send bundles through the air as rapidly, and *human* packages too, if they will be as motionless as the paper ones, and to traverse the depths of the ocean, binding continents together by electric wires.

But science has not only eased humanity of its burdens, furnished the means of travelling with ease, rapidity, and elegance by land and water — brought streams of water through myriad pipes into our cities, and carried off their filth by underground sewers — warmed and lighted our houses, and conveyed messages of love and business despatches on flashes of electricity; but it has walked our hospitals, and whilst weeping tears of sympathy over the sufferings of those who are carried to the operating-room, discovered the means of producing insensibility to every pain.

And more extraordinary still, is that astonishing insight into, and development of, the hitherto unknown powers of the human mind, which begin to unravel to us all the mysteries of witchcraft, and must save us from such absurd cruelties as were most conscientiously perpetrated by our pilgrim fathers.

A Jewish jubilee could do nothing then for the Jew but undo the heavy burdens of domestic servitude,

* I well remember my emotions on receiving a telegraphic despatch from a friend thirty miles off, informing me of the birth of a child, by a reference to Isaiah ix. 6. "Unto us a child is born, unto us a *son* is given."

and give back to him the landed inheritance, and the home of his fathers. But American Jubilees (in the Northern States) find no physical bondage to abolish, whilst freedom, education, and law, the arts and sciences, manufactures and trade, agriculture and commerce are pushing humanity onward with such amazing rapidity, that every generation finds itself far ahead in the car of progress of the old station house at which its fathers stopped, and with no desire to go back to it, but with a firm, unbending purpose, presses onward to find for himself a larger house — a better home than the one in which he was reared.

But here let me drop a word of caution, reminding my readers that these great improvements of modern times are blessings or curses to us, just in the same ratio as the mental, moral, and religious rule over the animal; or the animal propensities of our nature predominate over the intellectual and moral. The spider elaborates *poison* from the same flower, in which the *bee* finds materials out of which she manufactures *honey*.

These, then, are some of the offerings that science has brought and laid upon the altar of thanksgiving, which America builds in commemoration of her jubilee. And what, we ask, are the lessons we should learn in looking at them? We cannot but be struck with the fact of the ascendency of subtile elements over solids, and see in it the complete triumph of mind over matter, and the obliteration of that strongest of all distinctions which characterize the sexes, making it possible for woman to *share* in all the duties and responsibilities, honors and profits of every employment and office, because machinery does to a great extent, and will increasingly do, the heavy work of the world, and man as well as woman will rule by intellectual, and *moral*, and relig-

ious power, not by physical strength and material force. How legitimately, then, has the great question of woman's rights arisen at the present day! It is the growth of the present era — the birthright of our children. For *not until now* was material strength shown to be weakness, and the nobler elements of humanity crowned with glory and honor.

And if this be our celebration of the past half-century — what will be the commemoration of the year 1900? How shall we prepare for it, how shall we train our children to be ready for it? By doing what we can to spread the blessings of *universal* freedom and education all over our land, without distinction of sex or color; and by welcoming to our hearts every new idea which commends itself to our reason and conscience, fearless of consequences; instead of saying as it comes before us, "I am afraid where all this will lead."

Sweet ideals fill the inner life, high aspirations elevate the soul, reveries become realities before the actual is ultimated; if it were not so, should we not often sink under the weight of joy that is experienced when hope is swallowed up in faith? This beautiful clothing of the spirit, this ideal is spurned by cold, calculating, unsympathizing minds — they understand wake-land, for that involves eating, drinking, sleeping, money getting, pleasure living, etc., — but talk to them of reveries, of visions of ideals illuminating the dim future, and they immediately think of fairy-land and Arabian tales. Thus life loses half its charm to many, is barren, frigid, repulsive. They know not the angel *trust*, which, perceiving that excelsior is inscribed on the banner of

humanity, soars into the future and preënjoys the anticipated glories.

Every life is a picture-gallery — the humblest and the highest, each in beautiful relation to its uses. Why is it that we close our eyes to the wonder, of our own existence both interior and exterior, and rush to panoramas, etc.? It is because we are so superficial, because we are everlastingly looking at the outward instead of the inward. It is a marvel to me that so few view themselves on a high plane, so few realize that to be a medium of any use, renders the mediator of moment.

My little Sunbeam had lived for us all — she still lives, her spirit hovers o'er her home, and sweetly ministers to the loved ones there — boy after boy had widened the home circle of my sister — the quartette was here. Then came a daughter, a bright, healthy babe — a sort of inspiration rested upon her; she never was, nor ever can be an only daughter — she became my sunlight — reflecting not only her own but her sister's brightness — the two now one were mystically blended, who has not felt in a similar case that a double child, two in one was given? What I have said about the sunbeam that was eclipsed to our earthly vision, conveys my feelings about the sunlight that now gladdens her home, shedding her feminine influence around her brothers. Sweet child, God's last best gift, the first and last of the family daughters, they encircle the band of brothers, and heaven and earth are united.

Ever since my removal from the north part of the city, I had desired an opportunity to meet my friends there to testify the continued interest that was felt in them. I called occasionally upon some families, but this was unsatisfactory; all you can learn is the state of

health. I was not brought into the relation with them which I coveted. In the spring of this year, meeting with some ladies who resided there, I made known my wish to deliver a course of free lectures at my birthplace. I thought I should meet again many schoolmates, scholars, and old friends. I was willing they should judge whether the North End girl had lived an aimless, useless, and fashionable life. Mr. Streeter's vestry was obtained, and never did a child perform a pleasant errand with more alacrity than I executed this mission. Although my spirit was subdued and chastened by a sense of responsibility, yet my work was delightful — for the aged came out. I mingled again with those who had known my parents. Sarah M. Grimké accompanied me to the last lecture and made a few closing remarks; many welcomed me back, and it was grateful to receive a chaste gift presented by some of the ladies. My little sacrifice offered, I could but see how I had been led along. We need more faith, more courage, that we may be ready to improve opportunities for usefulness, and instead of asking the opinions of others, retire to the presence-chamber of God in the soul, listen to the voice within, and follow whithersoever it leads.

During this summer I delivered a course of free lectures in the town hall at Gloucester — it had been used for a fair, and it was tastefully dressed with evergreens. The ladies were very much interested, a physiological society was formed, and the paper published there gave the lectures a favorable notice. My convictions of the utter ignorance that prevailed respecting the laws of life and health were strengthened by contact with different classes of mind, and the question was ever and anon recurring, Why have physicians done so little for

the prevention of disease? These lectures brought me into sympathy with suffering womanhood, with abused childhood, and I should have yielded to despondency had I not known there was "balm in Gilead" — a multitude of facts were brought to light which showed the sad condition of social life, the degradation and wrongs of woman.

In the summer of 1850, I went to Belleville, New Jersey, the residence of Theodore D. and Angeline Grimké Weld — themselves, their three children, and Sarah M. Grimké, constituting the family. Every lover of reform is at home with these names, for the Misses Grmiké were the first women speakers on the anti-slavery platform — their position at the South, their education, their talents, brought out to hear them, the learned, the fastidious, and the thoughtful — they paved the way for woman as public speaker, and every lover of freedom owes much to them, — cheerfulness, intelligence, freedom, were pass-words at this home. My visit was productive of much thought, it was a point in my life, for it placed me very near them in connection with reform. A truth-loving spirit — how it beautifies every spot, how it brightens every hour, how it leads the soul along, and renews our reliance on and trust in "Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being." Peace ever rest on this family!

Can I forget those beautiful, witching, moonlight evenings enjoyed with them on the Passaic? Those who have heard the eloquent tones of Theodore D. Weld in a hall, may imagine their power on the water under a clear blue sky, sparkling with starry gems, and illuminated by the queen of night.

Hope whispered, the dawn of a brighter day appeareth; there are women who are preparing in secret to

preach deliverance to the captive, the opening of prison doors to them that are bound. Let them patiently bide their time.

My profession brought me in contact with various minds. Earnest, serious discussions on the condition of woman enlivened my business room; failures of banks, no dividends from railroads, defalcations of all kinds, public and private, widows and orphans and unmarried women beggared by the dishonesty, or the mismanagement of men, were fruitful sources of conversation; confidence in man as a protector was evidently losing ground, and women were beginning to see that they must protect themselves. At length a ray of light penetrated the gloom. A little gathering of serious, zealous spirits was convened at Seneca Falls, in 1848, to investigate the condition of our sex, of which, says the report, "Lucretia Mott was the moving spirit." Sixty-eight women affixed their signatures to the "Declaration of Sentiments," and thirty-eight men who were favorable to the movement gave their names. The title, "Woman's Rights Convention," did not express my idea; I asked nothing less than "human rights." This was followed by another in Rochester, which was attended by many of the Society of Friends who were deeply interested in the question. The reader will not wonder that my whole being rejoiced, my physique partaking with my mind, when the call was issued for the first national convention in my own State. That call thrilled my entire being. It says, "Of the many points now under discussion, and demanding a just settlement, the general question of woman's rights and relations comprehend these: — Her EDUCATION, *literary, scientific, and artistic*, — her AVOCATIONS, *industrial, commercial, and professional*, — her INTERESTS, *pecuniary, political, and*

civil, — in a word, her RIGHTS as an *individual*, and her FUNCTIONS as a *citizen*." I had not heard, or read of the State convention in Ohio. Was it possible that woman was aroused, that the evils which were withering her affections, blighting her intellect, crippling her physical powers, were about to claim calm and careful inquiry? Was I to have the privilege of meeting those who have thought, and reasoned, and prayed over this subject? Imagine hunger exasperating you, thirst driving to desperation; — in a moment as by magic, food and drink appear. That call was bread and water to my soul — it electrified me — the feelings then experienced are vividly remembered. I was a novice in attending conventions — had never even been at an anti-slavery meeting — I could be a looker on, a listener to the truths others had to offer. It was the equatorial line dividing the century, and it was crossed. Steam and electricity were fast robbing man of the grand argument, physical strength, to prove his superiority — labor-saving machines told woman that she must seek other means of subsistence — I decided to go to Worcester — many of my friends regretted this — they urged that it would be ridiculous for me to identify myself with such a motley crew, — some scolded, some entreated, some said I should lose caste. What was all this to one, who for fifteen years had been the confidant of woman, who had known that her diseases resulted in great measure from her position; who had sympathized with the heart-broken, prescribed for the penniless, and mingled her tears with the widow and the fatherless? Talk of politeness when humanity is perishing — of the sacred sphere of woman when thousands of my sisters are prostitutes — how many from necessity, God only knows. I have not the least patience with the

exquisite dandy and the fashionable flirt attempting to define proprieties — they have money, let them define *dollars*. Neither have I patience with a set of croakers who *regret* the present state of things; but how can it be helped? say they with a yawn. Look at your widowed sister struggling to preserve a home — the hectic on that cheek, produced by overtasking her physical strength, tells you death will soon set his seal upon her. Look at that married woman — sleepless nights and toilsome days cloud her brow and irritate her temper. Shall woman's voice be hushed when woman's shrieks are heard? Shall woman quench her light, when clouds of invisible sorrows gather thick round woman's head? Prayers from lonely hearts and crushed spirits were breathed for that gathering, it was sanctified by the incense of disciplined souls, it was nerved by the fervent sympathy of a band of hidden ones, it was endued with power from on high, and has been accepted as a sacrifice.

1850 had been a prospective epoch to me. This call for a convention was such a fulfilment of unuttered hopes, of half-formed desires — I could scarcely realize that my thought would have a "local habitation and a name." I went to Worcester, the afternoon before the meeting, because some friends were to assemble in the evening. I was all eyes, and understood the description of Miss Pratt's eyes by the author of "Inheritance." "Miss Pratt's head moved from side to side, her eyes were active, brisk, busy, vigilant eyes, they looked as if they could not be surprised at any thing, not even sleep." My attention was first attracted to the Quakers, so thoughtful, so courteous, so kind-hearted — they had always recognized the inspiration of woman, and were

thus prepared to accept this great movement. One of them impressed me deeply; her Webster brow blended with a religious chastened expression, proved the ascendency of the spiritual over the intellectual, her full earnest eye spoke of light within, her radiant smile said, "Trust in God, all will be well." Stranger as I was, I approached — we exchanged names — I was not surprised to hear that of Lucretia Mott — but that name thrilled me — my ideal stood embodied before me, the wife, the mother, the grandmother, the teacher of religion and of morals, her life unspotted — while fulfilling her maternal duties, like Huldah she was a prophetess. Sarah Tyndale was there, the retired merchant of Philadelphia, — when left a widow with a family of children dependent on her exertions, she continued her husband's business — those who visit, or observe the elegant glass and china store in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, ought to know that Sarah Tyndale built it, owned it, and, having realized a handsome independence, left the business to be prosecuted by her sons. Why was she there? that she might encourage every widow, and raise her voice against the narrow sphere prescribed to woman; sunny, benevolent, grateful she came with her thank-offering. There, too, was the Polish woman Ernestine L. Rose, ardent, eloquent, intellectual, her foreign accent added interest to the truths she uttered. Paulina Wright Davis is so well known as a lecturer, her services in the diffusion of physiological knowledge have been so highly appreciated that I need but name her. Mrs. C. J. H. Nichols, the active agent and coeditor of the Windham County Democrat, brought there the resources of her strong and fertile mind. Lucy Stone and Antoinette L. Brown met there, they had been room-mates at Ober-

lin, the former had become a popular lecturer, the latter had studied theology. Did time and space allow I could give a host of names, true, noble spirits.

Think what were my reflections when I retired that night and lived over again the transactions of the day — there was a resurrection for woman — I rejoiced in my inmost soul, and rose the next morning buoyant as a child. The convention met. Sarah H. Earle of Worcester, called the meeting to order — her active coöperation and her hearty hospitality entitle her to our gratitude. Mrs. Davis being appointed president, made a pertinent and impressive address — she claimed for woman "freedom for the natural unfolding of her powers, the conditions most favorable for her possibilities of growth and the full play of all those incentives which have made man her master. I ask that she shall fill the place she can attain to without settling any unmeaning questions of sex and sphere, which people gossip about, for want of the principles of truth, or the faculty of reason to govern them." After this address Lucretia Mott rose; her words were to the point and went to the heart. William H. Channing and Wendell Phillips were there, their large hearts sympathized with the sufferings of every class, and they consecrated their talents to the elevation of humanity. Here I saw William Lloyd Garrison for the first time, "that terrible man, that wicked person." I wish his opponents could have seen him on the business committee, so placid, so benignant. I consented to serve on the committee, for I wished to know all that could be learned. I had prepared myself to speak on the medical question, but when the time came, as I had never spoken except to women, a feeling came over me best expressed by *mauvaise honte* — but the query, is it truth or Harriot K. Hunt

that you are going to present, instantly came, and found a ready response which relieved my embarrassment. I rose, and soon forgot all but the truths I had to utter. Resolutions were offered, principles discussed, life practically looked at, honesty, justice, truth, laid their offerings on the altar — absorbing interest was evinced by large, thoughtful audiences, and a cloud of incense, the prayers and blessings of absent spirits, o'ercanopied the assembly. The success of this convention was the deep recognition of its need, its electrical power was felt through every class of society. If we attempt great things in faith, anticipation of the results will give earnestness and strength to action — the *past*, the *future* will be merged in the NOW. Two hundred and seventy persons had the moral courage to enroll their names as members of this convention. The report may be referred to for further information. This is the first national historic act of woman to ask the why and the wherefore of her political nonentity in this glorious republic. It was the voice of liberty struggling for utterance — utterance was given, and can never cease until the rights of humanity are acknowledged. To this convention I owe my acquaintance with Dr. Flagg, — he introduced himself and his sister Miss Wait to me, — I little imagined how great a blessing I should enjoy in his friendship, the many happy hours I should spend with his family, and the strength I should derive from the interest he manifested in my protests against taxation, and my correspondence with Harvard College. Dr. Flagg was a rare man, he was wisely conservative, accepting what life there was in the past. The light of his eye, the tone of his voice, were so delightful, so inspiring. As a surgeon dentist he was eminent, as a homœopathist — the first I think in this State — he was

ardent and judicious; as superintendent of Sunday schools at Dr. Channing's church he will be affectionately remembered; as the father of the School of Design for women in Boston, his memory will be cherished. The woman movement attracted his philanthropic soul — eminently manly himself he wished to see woman in freedom that she might be womanly. I parted at Worcester with the band who had been attracted there by kindred hopes and aspirations — life had been seen from different stand-points — heart had met heart — a pressure of the hand meant something there; it was not a cold slip — eye lightened eye — soul animated soul, new breathings after truth were experienced; new responsibilities, new duties urged us to faithfulness and action.

As I was returning home, I had been seated in the cars but a few minutes, when a good looking countryman, hardy and frank, said to me, "I saw you at the convention ma'am." "Yes, I was there." "Well, I was in Worcester on business and spent my evening at the convention. I am now going home to make my will. I never knew before how my wife would be fixed; why, dividing what little I have, would leave her a mere pittance; she has worked hard and helped me earn it." Next came the conductor, — "I have been to your meeting, and when I went home I proposed to my wife that we should change work, I take care of the children, etc., and she take my place in the cars." "Perhaps," said I gravely, "a change might be well, you might realize the cares and vexations of domesticity, and your wife appreciate better the trials to which you are exposed — you would then sympathize more fully with each other — there is great need of more oneness in marriage." On my arrival in Boston, I was assailed with

such questions as these: "Then you wish to be a man?" "Far from it, I have seen too clearly the need of woman in the medical profession." "So you are going to take man's place?" "How vain you men are to suppose that we wish to be like *you*; please take this pencil and set down the names of the great men you think we would like to imitate." "Rather puzzling if you mean their entire life." It was laughable and yet sad — as the exponent of public opinion to hear the invective and contempt that was poured out on this gathering of earnest thinkers — one of the papers noticed me in an amusing article. I was astonished at the agitation that was excited — at the misconception of the movement. The idea of the subjugation of man, instead of the elevation of woman, appeared to have taken possession of the public mind. My love for the ludicrous was amply feasted — the foibles of women were huddled together — and the convention was a concentration of all that was vulgar, coarse, and masculine, home tyrants, *disaffected old maids*, fault-finding widows, childless married women, who had rushed to Worcester to vent their spleen upon the world, to exasperate each other, to court notoriety, and to unburden themselves of the gall of bitterness. The men who were interested in this cause did not escape — they were fanatics who had better have stayed at home. The daily papers had something new to write about, something to enliven their columns; lyceum lecturers a new theme upon which to exercise their eloquence; and woman seemed to be considered public property. There were others who were angered, annoyed, puzzled; they could not shut their eyes, or close their ears to the fact, that some of the noble, the self-sacrificing, the true, were enlisted; investigation was declared to be dangerous; the sub-

jects discussed at the convention must not be mentioned — and why — connected with almost every family was some suffering, half remunerated woman, widow or unmarried, plying her needle, or dependent on some relative who wondered why she lived so long.

Freedom to think our own thoughts, freedom to utter them, freedom to live out the promptings of our inner life ultimated in this convention, was termed a monstrosity of the 19th century. What was it? — the legitimate out-birth of the eternal law of progress. This reformation underlies every other; it is the only healthful centre around which hope for humanity can revolve. This movement by woman showed me clearly that something could be done, and defined what that something was — education, remuneration, taxation occupied my mind in many a lonely hour — woman asks no favors, her demands are based on justice. The Sunday evening after the convention, William H. Channing preached at the Tremont Temple and indorsed the proceedings. No one need inquire what his mother was, his description of woman bore testimony to her worth.

History has her teachings for us on this woman question. A golden thread runs through it, upon which are strung symbolic events.

It was a woman who aided Columbus, in the prosecution of his voyage of discovery; and it was in the name of Isabella that he erected the standard of the Old on the islands of the New World.

When the first English adventurers arrived in North Carolina, a mother's heart was gladdened by the birth of a *daughter*, for Virginia Dare was the first child who was born of English parents in America — this was in 1587.

In 1607, the settlers who arrived in Virginia, took possession of the country in the name of a woman, for Elizabeth was then on the throne of England.

And when Captain Smith was about to perish, by the hands of the Indians, and with him, the hopes of that little band of adventurers, it was a woman's arms which encircled and protected him, and thus saved them through him.

And when the colonies sundered themselves from the mother country — it was the despotism of a *king* that they revolted from. In joy and in sorrow too, the woman element has ever rested on this country as its guardian angel — hence that symbolic image of a woman holding in her hand the scales of justice.

In her early history, Boston banished Ann Hutchinson, because her free mind canvassed the sermons she heard, and controverted the doctrines that were preached. And not only so, but when Mary Dyer and her companions returned to this city after a similar sentence of banishment, to preach what they regarded as truth, she suffered the death penalty on your now beautiful Common; Quakerism was regarded as a heresy, and Quaker women had their books burnt by the hangman, and were imprisoned, *whipped*, and banished from Boston. But woman has not suffered here in vain. The struggles for freedom in the early and the *latter* day, have resulted in continual concessions to liberty — paving the way for still greater triumphs.

Men and women who think for themselves, feel here, that a platform has been built upon which they can stand to enunciate the truths of the 19th century — hence I feel a perfect confidence that the woman question, in all its length and breadth, if calmly and philosophically presented in Massachuetts, will be, not only

received, but welcomed and accepted, and acted upon even by the legislature.

As an infant luxuriates in an air bath, throwing its unfettered limbs about in perfect freedom, so does the human spirit revel in an atmosphere of liberty, and rejoice in the felt consciousness that it *can* put forth its powers, and use its faculties in any and every way that inclination, guided by an enlightened conscience, may direct. When it feels that it cannot, if it be a living spirit and aware of its wants, wishes, and needs, (and there are many such among the women of the present day,) their aspirations after freedom to live out their ideal in the actual life, — is *prophetic* of their future destiny. Man must perceive that even a child gladly avails itself of every opportunity to be free from restraint, and yet, is it not surprising, with this every-day illustration before his eyes, of the strong tendency of the human mind in *both* sexes, and his experience of the working of his own mind, that he has not yet perceived that *woman needs freedom as well as himself*? Necessity has often compelled her to prove that she can use it with safety, for poverty is one of those disguised angels, who through suffering, forces us into reluctant efforts, which are the blessed means of unfolding powers that are buried beneath luxury and ease.

I looked around, but a voice said unto me, look within — look at the organization of woman, and the question is answered more conclusively than in any other way — woman, the mother of the race, (the image or symbol of all productiveness) — in that is involved every thing sacred, every thing pure. Retrospection and anticipation are wedded in the birth of every child. Can you avert the penalties of broken laws, which visit upon children the sins of their fathers? Are not the effects of

this unerring principle all around us? Are not its bitter fruits in *every* family? Stultify, cramp, fetter, and bind woman, and you will see perpetuated what is now in our midst — dwarfish, puny physiques with ever active, nervous temperaments. This law cannot be evaded. The low state of marriages produces the most terrible demonstrations on this subject, causing the true hearted to be horror-stricken. These constitute but *one* class of developments of the broad question of the woman movement.

The withholding from her liberal culture, equal remuneration and a personal agency in making the laws she is bound to obey, and compelling her to support the government which enacts them, is a great injustice. Man assumes to himself the offices of king and lawgiver, judge and priest, over woman, and as a legitimate consequence, purity has been sexualized — one kind for man and another for woman. It is all in vain to organize societies for reform. All they can do, is to gather facts and save units out of thousands. Experience has proved them powerless to reach the evil of licentiousness. Nothing but the *elevation* of woman ever can. If you carefully look at social life, its fearful compromises, its seductive allurements, its percentage paid to genteel sin, you will be startled at the result.

Read the laws made *for* us, and realize that we are drugged and prayed for, indicted and plead for, judged and condemned, taxed and ruled by whom, and just as *man* sees fit. Is there no oppression here? Would *he* be willing that the women of this country (supposing they had the power) should do all this for him, without allowing him to say whether he preferred being an *automaton* or a man?

I say, read the laws — for really we are brought up in

such shameful ignorance of all legal and governmental affairs, that I suppose there is not one woman in twenty thousand, who have ever seen the laws made for *her protection* by our generous brothers, who are so anxious to keep us shut out from the arts and abominations of THEIR political life, and shut up in the sacred precincts of home. Let them see to it, that the homes *they* make for us are SACRED, pure, and peaceful.

It seems to me no more than fair in the governor of each State to issue a proclamation to women commanding them to assemble at the Court House, and hear read to them the laws under which they live. In *Boston*, it would be well after meeting in the great law centre, to walk to the Common with a furled banner and no music. To *woman that spot is sacred* — it is no *common* ground to *her*, for her Quaker sister has sanctified it with her blood. Mary Dyer with three men there laid down their lives for *conscience*' sake.

The beautiful fountain would be playing, we hope, for its colorless waters symbolize that truth is for all, and gladden every eye. This sounds very ridiculous to some, but the spirit of prophecy says it will be yet — *if* woman ever feels her political responsibilities as fully as she now recognizes her social ones. She will then know that religion *can* sanctify — yea, *will* sanctify *politics*, redeeming that noble science from the stigma with which man has branded it. Surely it is high time that the women of Republican America should know how much the laws that govern *them* are like the *slave laws* of the South; and if they did, methinks, a *fast* proclamation would be far more significant to THEM.

Every clergyman should be bound to read the laws to those who are to be married; for very few women know that as soon as the ceremony is performed the

law robs her of every thing, even the watch at her side, and wholly absorbs her individuality into her husband, unless she be possessed of landed estate, or, forsooth, commits some CRIME, — *then*, like the Phœnix she rises again into the dignity of a human being, and is tried, condemned, and punished by due process of law; but, as long as she is *virtuous* and an indispensable appendage to her husband's home, she is a nullity in law, a cipher in government. Blackstone says the husband and wife are *one*, and *that one is the husband.* "Read, mark, and inwardly digest" *this* law.

If our brothers had been able to fill their sphere fully with the care of us beside, we should have less to say; but they are so *overwhelmed* with business, politics, speculations, monopolies, etc., etc., that it is but charity to relieve them of some of their enormous burdens. We crave the *privilege*, then, of supporting ourselves, and aiding in the support and education of our children — of choosing our own lawgivers and rulers, our judges and juries, and so on and so forth.

Every age has its own lesson and adds its own peculiar gift to those preceding it. Every century, yea, half century, is developing truths which always, at first, startle the superficial and the conservative. When knowledge becomes exoteric, belonging to all as their birthright, according to capacity — how differently will life be perceived! Now it is esoteric — for the few — the males, the initiated, the caste. As long as this is the case, what have we a right to expect but slavery to opinions, bondage to custom, priestcraft, doctor-craft, lawyer-craft, and merchant-craft. The former (the exoteric) have appetite without food, — the latter (esoteric) have food without appetite.

Just in the same ratio as the religious element is lived,

(not talked) will science and religion be united, and while the latter has always been acknowledged as the peculiar province of woman, it will appear equally clear that her understanding must be enlightened in order that she may worship not only in spirit, but in *truth*.

As there can be no natural birth but through woman, and then both soul and body are ushered into a new state of being — body outermost, — spirit innermost — the body through the activity of the senses comes into recognition of the outer life, grows, develops, and gathers strength for the uses of that life, so the spirit, through the great law of correspondence, equally demands a birth through the woman element of love, before the influx of wisdom in man can take form and bring out a higher, inner life. Thus the great woman question strikes interiorly, and is symbolic of the union of that love and wisdom which alone can give birth to a high-toned and noble manhood or womanhood.

Our first American Revolution was *physical*, although it involved that great central principle, freedom. Man being stronger in bone and muscle, went out to battle, sustained and comforted by woman at home, through her social affections and ardent patriotism. For whilst she scrupulously performed her maternal duties, in rearing a family to people these wilds, there was no sacrifice she was not willing to make in the cause of her country. He could fight, but he could not bear children. Good women in those days were the Sarahs and Deborahs, Annas and Elizabeths, Marys and Marthas, who, through prayers, struggles, poverty, and hardship gave birth to children, true, healthy, and noble, who were to build up the republic, the foundations of which were laid in the blood of their fathers and the prayers of their mothers.

This revolution gave freedom to the *white* man only.

Another revolution is now demanded — or I should rather say, the revolution we seek, is the natural growth from the seeds sown by our fathers: "the bursting into bud, blossom, and fruit of the pent up energies of the moral nature."

This revolution is more interior, more vital, more purifying, more love-like, more universal — therefore it legitimately calls out woman, not to act *alone*, but as in days that are past, she aided, counselled, encouraged, and sustained man in his struggle for freedom, so he, in turn, will do the same for her. Every truth that she has received, every high use to which she has applied them, every sacrifice she has ever made, every aspiration of her soul, indeed every weary hour in which she has plied the needle in garments for her children, and for a scanty remuneration to support her body, has been fruitful to her spirit. This movement is surrounded by an atmosphere, lifegiving though unseen, causing deep inspirations and a healthful circulation, and borne upward and onward by this soul consciousness, she fears not, she falters not.

Receptivity to bring forth is woman's, and woman's alone. Union is demanded — the germ may be received in passivity, but it requires activity for continued life to develop it. Woman is the developer, conservator, protector, and is beautifully guarded by spirits. For many months hidden are her joys, but there IS a fulness of time, and then *birth* individualizes — completes on the outermost, the life that has been hidden within. Just so, my friends, is the correspondence. Her spirit has received into it the germ of freedom from man — protected by the Lord, she has silently borne unjust laws as to education and property — divorce and children —

a starving remuneration, and deeper still, a laceration of her affectional nature. Her afflictions have deepened her moral and religious nature. She has flown for consolation to Christianity, and your churches tell of her majority. But the child is now born — Freedom is its name. It is *your* child, my brethren. We present it to *you* for recognition. Will you welcome it with a father's smile? Shall the female figure of Justice continue to be a lifeless symbol of the *future*, or a *living* representation of the *present?* Nothing short of freedom for *all* can satisfy us — not that freedom which inspired our forefathers, for they were selfish. The *white* man's freedom was all that they claimed — perhaps they were perfect in their day and generation — perhaps they did the best that they could — peace to their ashes! They lived in the 18th, we in the 19th century. If we do as much for human progress in our day and generation, as they did in theirs, liberty will be proclaimed throughout all the land, to *all* the inhabitants thereof, of every color and sex.

Quietly seated at home, my leisure moments were occupied in revolving the events that had lately transpired, and settling what was my duty with regard to the medical question. I thought of a public lecture to women, but I abandoned this idea, because the subject of woman as a physician had gained attention, and was favorably regarded by many, it might be unjust to represent the case as it stood in 1847. I therefore resolved to make another application to Harvard, and accordingly sent the following letter: —

BOSTON, Nov. 12, 1850.

Gentlemen of the Medical Faculty of Harvard College: —

In addressing you again on a subject of so much moment, permit me to bring to it the same earnest, trusting spirit that prompted me

when I asked leave to attend your medical lectures in December, 1847, and was refused on the ground of inexpediency. Nay, a deeper, more interior motive operates upon me now, than even then; for public sentiment has been bending more and more in this direction, and the idea that delicacy, propriety, and necessity require for woman one of her own sex, properly educated, to consult with in many cases, has gained a stronger foothold.

Opinions have been freely canvassed and thoughtful women have religiously looked upon this great subject which involves so much. The varied and insidious forms of depravity so thick in our midst, the alarming increase of female weaknesses, the nervous affections in various aspects, blighting and prostrating so many of our sex, and then introducing them to our Insane Asylums, all these call for thought on this subject; and you, gentlemen, can corroborate these hints, by startling facts in your daily life, without giving any stretch to your imaginations. The want and need of female physicians must be seen, I should think, by every philanthropic and delicate mind. Can she not warn her own sex of shoals, on which, when once wrecked, in vain are you called? There is a gap in society, a true legitimate want in our midst, to satisfy which, a separate female medical college is even now struggling for life, which you may easily arrest. Unprepared, uneducated women are going forth to prescribe, urged by this necessity. Better they than none, for the perception of the feminine, joined to her religious nature, will do much through sympathy. A feeling of disorder is active in community, and the question is even now put, Do you employ a male or female physician?

In my previous letter I stated plainly my desire for medical knowledge, to aid me in an extensive practice among the highly intelligent. That desire deepens with years and with the responsibility of being a precedent in so high a vocation. Your refusal in the city of my birth, education, and life, seemed unjust to me, and I now hope for something better, and would respectfully ask you to investigate this subject further, and submit it elsewhere for consideration, with your opinions based as they will be upon the progress of the age; and thus will you, as guardians of the public weal, open your institution (as in other States) to prepare woman for one of the noblest callings in life, or through refusal again, cause further agitation on this great subject; (note Miss Blackwell's reception in Europe, through the journals). Let me ask, cannot the perception of woman be joined with the reflection of man, in investigating the bony structure, the muscular and nervous systems, (not his or hers,) the viscera, etc. etc.? In opening your

doors to woman, it is mind that will enter the lecture room, it is intelligence that will ask for food; *sex* will never be felt where science leads, for the atmosphere of thought will be around every lecture.

I would be most happy to meet any questions on this subject, either privately in your studies, or collectively as a body, for living practical truths, (too delicate to write upon,) could be presented, which would satisfy the most conservative, reluctant, or opposing mind. The times demand educated women to go out, supported by science, to trace the physical depravities of the age, inducing so many diseases, also to aid and counsel the sensitive and nervous child of sorrow and ignorance, and to lead her to look into infringed laws, as causes of her suffering. I will not trouble you further now, for it seems very clear that these hasty thoughts, truthfully glanced at, will open to your minds corroborative evidence, physically, morally, and religiously.

These remarks are respectfully offered, gentlemen, by one, who, in this city for fourteen years, undiplomaed and unacknowledged by the Medical Faculty, has been permitted to establish and continue herself in a new, true, elevating path for woman. And now, with a solemn earnestness resulting from daily responsibilities and a religious acknowledgment of them, she asks for you, clearness of vision, strength of purpose, and high justice, in your deliberations on these great questions: —

Shall woman be permitted all the Medical advantages she desires?
Shall mind, or sex, be recognized in admission to medical lectures?
An answer will be awaited with deep interest.

Respectfully yours,

(Signed,) HARRIOT K. HUNT, 32 Green street.

The subjoined letters were received: —

DEAR MADAM: —

I have had the honor of receiving a letter from you, to the Medical Faculty of Harvard University, which I shall lay before them at their next meeting to be held on Saturday evening, Nov. 23.

Yours, respectfully,

O. W. HOLMES,

Dean of the Medical Faculty of Harvard University.

Montgomery Place, Nov. 18, 1850.

Miss HARRIOT K. HUNT.

Boston, Nov. 25, 1850.

Dear Madam: —

Your letter was laid before the Faculty, and received their respectful consideration at their last meeting. As the propriety of granting your request, involves a question as to the construction of the statutes of the University, it seems necessary to refer this point to the President and Fellows. I cannot say when I shall be able to answer your request definitely, but you may be assured, there will be no unnecessary delay in deciding the question, and that the decision shall be at once communicated to you by myself.

Yours, respectfully.

O. W. Holmes,

Dean of the Medical Faculty of Harvard College.

Miss Harriot K. Hunt.

Boston, Dec. 5, 1850.

Dear Madam: —

It was voted by the Medical Faculty of Harvard University, on the 23d November, "That Miss Hunt be admitted to the lectures on the usual terms, provided that her admission be not deemed inconsistent with the statutes."

On communicating this vote to the President and Fellows, the answer was returned that no objection was perceived arising from the statutes of the Medical School to admitting female students to the lectures, but that no opinion was expressed by that answer as to the claims of such students to a medical degree.

You can therefore obtain tickets, by application to Mr. Pettee, the collector of the faculty, who is to be found at the New England Bank, and if there is any information I can afford you, it will give me pleasure to do it. Yours, respectfully,

O. W. Holmes,

Dean of the Faculty.

When this letter reached me, I was confined by illness, and unable to avail myself of the permission to attend the lecture. My non-appearance for tickets gave rise to some unfounded rumors which the following communications, cut from the Evening Transcript, July 5, 1851, will explain: —

MEDICAL COLLEGE. — OPPOSITION TO A FEMALE PUPIL. — As a misunderstanding exists in the community in regard to the circumstances of Miss Harriot K. Hunt's application for admission to the medical lectures of this institution, and the causes of her delay in availing herself of the permission granted her by the professors, many of her friends are anxious that a true statement should be made to the public, by some one well acquainted with the circumstances.

Miss Hunt applied for admission some years since and was refused on the ground that it "is inexpedient." She applied again this autumn, by a very able letter, in which she considered the broad subject of the necessity of a good medical education for woman. The subject was considered by the directors of the institution, who voted that she should be admitted to attend the lectures on the same terms as other students, provided it did not conflict with the statutes of the college. It being found that the statutes afforded no obstacle, the dean of the faculty sent to her a copy of the vote passed, together with directions for obtaining a ticket, etc. This note found her confined to her room with a severe illness, from which she is not yet entirely recovered, and which of course prevented her immediate attendance at the college. In the mean time the *gentlemen* students were very much excited by the act of their teachers, and sent in a protest, signed by a large number, against it.

After an interview with some of the leading members of the faculty, who have treated her with great candor and politeness, Miss Hunt, entirely out of courtesy to them, in consideration of the state of disaffection and insubordination in the present class, decided to postpone her attendance on the lectures until the commencement of another term. Satisfied by this just recognition of her rights, she is anxious to exercise them in a spirit of reconciliation, and with a sincere regard for the interests of that profession to which she has devoted her life. E. D. L.

This article brought out the resolutions of the students, which I had endeavored to obtain in vain.

THE FEMALE MEDICAL PUPIL. — MR. EDITOR: — As an article, in some respects imaginative, appeared in the "Transcript" on Wednesday evening over the signature of "E. D. L.," who professes to be "well informed" respecting the application of a female to the Medical Lectures, and the "*insubordination*" with which the intelli-

gence was received by the students, allow me to correct any erroneous impression by claiming space for an insertion of the following series of resolutions passed at a meeting of the medical class with but *one* dissenting vote, and afterwards respectfully presented to the Faculty of the Medical College.

Whereas, it has been ascertained that permission has been granted to a female to attend the Medical Lectures of the present winter, therefore

Resolved, That we deem it proper both to testify our disapprobation of said measure, and to take such action thereon as may be necessary to preserve the dignity of the school, and our own self-respect.

Resolved, That no woman of true delicacy would be willing in the presence of men to listen to the discussion of the subjects that necessarily come under the consideration of the student of medicine.

Resolved, That we object to having the company of any female forced upon us, who is disposed to unsex herself, and to sacrifice her modesty, by appearing with men in the medical lecture room.

Resolved, That we are not opposed to allowing woman her rights, but do protest against her appearing in places where her presence is calculated to destroy our respect for the modesty and delicacy of her sex.

Resolved, That the medical professors be, and hereby are, respectfully entreated to do away forthwith an innovation expressly at variance with the spirit of the introductory lecture, with our own feelings, and detrimental to the prosperity, if not to the very existence of the school.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Medical Faculty. SCALPEL.

My letter was then requested and appeared in the same paper. I am aware that at the time of my application, the college was involved in some difficulty. Says the writer in the Boston Journal, under the signature "Common Sense," "It seems that at the commencement of the lectures two colored persons were found to be of the number of students. This occasioned a good deal of feeling in the school. In a few weeks another black made his appearance, and anon a report was cir-

culated that a woman had taken tickets for the lectures. The pent up indignation now burst forth, and two series of resolutions were passed, remonstrating against this amalgamation of sexes and races.

The class at Harvard in 1851, have purchased for themselves a notoriety they will not covet in years to come. The publication of their resolutions has done good service to the cause of woman; they have elicited discussion, sharpened wit, called forth satire, and furnished subject for thought, — "common sense" had been outraged, and reason demanded satisfaction. If we could follow those young men into life, and see them subjecting woman to examinations *too often unnecessary* — could we penetrate their secret feelings, should we not find a deep conviction in some, that female practitioners *are needed*, that propriety and modesty are violated by exposures from which even the delicate physician shrinks; and will they not regret having raised their voices against woman's enjoying the benefit of a medical education? Think, young men, how irreverently, how irreligiously you handle the body of a sister in the dissecting room — would it not impart respect and sanctity to the occasion if women witnessed these dissections? Talk of impropriety! St. Paul saw into the depths of the human heart when he said, "To the pure all things are pure."

In 1850, there was incorporated in this State a Female Medical College. Generous subscriptions and contributions have been made to it, but from circumstances entirely beyond *my control*, I know nothing, or nearly nothing about it. An endowment was granted them by the State, and it is now termed the "New England Medical College." I regret to say that its standard has never been such, as to induce the highest

minds to *graduate* there. The cultivated — the thoughtful — go to Philadelphia, if they prefer a Female College, and to Ohio if a general one. Of both I can speak with approbation — those who have graduated are now filling important stations.

For myself individually, I accept separate institutions of *all kinds* as *transitional*, taking the family as a type of enlarged brotherhood and sisterhood. Sarah J. Hale, has been very active in awakening attention to the medical education of women who are to become missionaries; and she has our thanks not only for the act, but for the principle involved in it. Priest and physician one — body and soul — *both* recognized in this profession.

It is in place for me here to record my thanks to the Female Medical College of Philadelphia, for the honorary degree which they conferred upon me in January, 1853. Courtesy and respect had led many of my patients for many years to address me as Dr., but the recognition of that College was very pleasant after eighteen years practice. It led me to ask these questions: How many males are practising on an *honorary* degree? Did they wait as many years for it?

CHAPTER XIX.

"Even as the vital principle continually recreates the different organs of the human body; and presides over the harmonious coöperation of that sevenfold system of bones, muscles, nerves, arteries, veins, tissues, lacteals, and lymphatic vessels, which constitute one grand and perfect organism. So let the invisible power of truth within us, recreate and enlarge our moral and mental organs for the reception of that new tide from the ocean of truth, which is now swelling around us, to nourish the body of humanity."

ANGELINA GRIMKÉ WELD.

IN the spring of 1851, I started for New York and Philadelphia — travelling was delightful to me. I needed it for both soul and body: stopped with my friends the Fowlers — those phrenological veterans who have ploughed up much ground — they have worked hard.* What a Babel New York is — why I really feel when there at loose ends on the world. I went to Greenwood, and enjoyed much with my cousins in the city — many pleasant anecdotes occurred — but there is no room for them here.

Mrs. W. went with me to Philadelphia — soon found ourselves at home with M. E. The Yearly Meeting of Friends was in session — every place was full of broad brims and silks: took tea at L. M's. with many

* Mrs. L. N. Fowler, and Almira Fowler, are both practising physicians in New York.

of the Quaker preachers, and began to realize more fully the woman movement. Are the Quaker women coarse and masculine in consequence of their freedom? Is man less manly among the Quakers, because her equality of rights is admitted? No matter how or why — I was at the Yearly Meeting of Friends in Cherry street meeting-house; it was worth the whole journey — one thousand women assembled to transact the business of their society. The order, the quiet, the solemn silence when they all retired within themselves before a word was spoken, was a revelation to me. Here I saw woman legislating clearly and consistently. Lucretia Mott spoke effectively, and it was a privilege to hear her among her own people. I shall never forget this gathering — it impressed me with the power and capacity of woman, and convinced me that she was able to legislate for herself. We are often surprised at the heroism, bravery, and fitness of people, when called out by some emergency; we do not dream of the strength that slumbers under apparent weakness. Trust in God is a reserve power, and when occasions demand action, it is brought into service.

I was struck with the fact that so many more women are in business in Philadelphia, than in New York and Boston — even the market-women interested me, but that prussic acid remuneration was everywhere.

On my return my friends talked over the need of a school of design in Boston. One already existed in Philadelphia. Dr. Flagg was very earnest that an artistic life should be opened to woman, and spared neither time nor labor in the enterprise. Miss L. and Miss P. were equally alive to its need. On the evening of June 28, 1851, a preliminary meeting was held at my house. A friend and patient from one of our

neighboring towns, (who I call my flower friend, because her bouquets are always arranged with so much taste,) decorated my parlors with flowers, for it was rose season, and the odor filled the lower part of my house. Twenty-seven persons were present, Dr. F. chairman. After an interesting discussion it was voted to have an adjourned meeting at Dr. F's.; when a business committee was appointed.

The school was opened — many received its benefits; and had the principles of remuneration and woman's rights been perceived and accepted by all interested, a great work would have been done for woman; failing here, its success was partial, as all such measures must be, until they are based on principles, not sexuality. Giving work to woman on reduced prices never will help the world.

In July, I started on a journey into New Hampshire, intending to visit the White Mountains, but was prevented — and have been up to this time — it is yet to come. I went to Canterbury, and visited the Shaker society; taking a severe cold I was there nearly a week, and tested the kindness, skill, and care of Dr. Emmeline. I there met a Swedenborgian minister and his wife — she had sisters in office there. There, too, was a Bunker Hill patriot — the Shakers refuse all pensions, it being one of their laws, to take nothing which has cost human blood. Their society is large and prosperous. I visited their schools and different families — their ministry interested me much. At Campton I met a heart reception from my friends. The dear old mother reminding me so much of my own. Home was indeed a *home* there, — how the very walls welcomed me and old associations gathered around! There I received letters from Frederika Bremer, which took me home instead of to the White Mountains.

I visited Lenox, that beautiful Sedgwick village in Berkshire; then two or three days at Lebanon Springs, to see for myself fashion, elegance, old age, and childhood, for my eyes were wide open to the position of woman, and I had learned to read physiognomical signs, even if jewelled: a very short visit then to New Lebanon, the head-quarters of Shakerism, for I had been there before and knew many brave, true women. On my way to New York, visited Watervliet, another Shaker village. The first gathering of this peculiar people was in this place, and like that of the Covenanters of old, the sphere of their founders still remained. About three hundred members. This meeting-house was to me the most pleasant of any in the order. About three or four hundred of the world's people (as we are termed) were there — it was really curious to watch the vehicles — for there were about one hundred and fifty, from the splendid barouche to the most common conveyance. I was very much interested in this visit — the island where broom corn grew, was quite a curiosity. A ride of four miles with an intelligent member took me there. On this journey I met with a couple who had been brought up at Lebanon, but they loved and left; they spoke nobly of the care which had been bestowed upon them in childhood. I left Watervliet with a blessing, and went to Albany on my way to New York.

As I was to meet Frederika Bremer at the North American Phalanx to take leave of her, accompanied by a friend I went there. Wm. H. Channing, and other dear friends, were there besides many boarders. We enjoyed our visit very much — many pleasant incidents cluster around it, as memory unties the budget. We parted — I have never felt we were in different

countries, a common pulsation for womankind renders every one near — such states are independent of time and space.

At the North American Phalanx, I gained my first experience of association — my first introduction to many homes in one. I was not much attracted to it, for there seemed so many obstacles against its success — there is not truthfulness, unselfishness enough in the world on one side, and then there were too many unoccupied people hanging round the houses, making the labor very hard for the industrious and true.

At home once more with this experience resting upon me. I think physicians are too apt to overlook the fact that they must have *life* to impart *life*, and that the families they prescribe for, would gain more by an occasional absence from them than otherwise. To be sure there is another side of the picture, for it is surprising on returning from a journey, to find how many have taken care of themselves, because they did not wish a change of physicians, — rather a poor compliment to our importance, but we require a great many rubs before we understand ourselves, and this is rather a hard one, affecting self-esteem and the purse too.

God enters by a private door to each individual, and when each one recognizes the fact and leaves the door open to holy influences, then harmony, melody will sing sweet songs of encouragement and an inspiration in chorus. There are seasons in all our lives, when, touched by the electric spark of love, hosts of happy recollections cheer us, when anticipation is dormant — in sickness or affliction retrospection with her wand magnetizes us.

October — so soon again another woman's convention. How very different the feelings with which the cars were taken last year. As every retiring wave leaves

some new trace on the sand, so every investigation into the need of this movement had furnished apt illustrations. During the year I had conversed with many women in my travels, and every principle I had gathered medically, seemed corroborated practically. It was fearful to contemplate the aimless lives of so many women, and melancholy their unconcerned acknowledgment of it. Yes, many a woman we meet whose wardrobe *seems* her all, could tell you how she loathes herself for the time given to flowers and fixtures — *but* she moves in such a circle, and such society expects it. Yes, probe woman through her conjugal and maternal loves, and you will have a picture that will startle you by its truthfulness, and yet with all these known grievances she dares not express her sentiments, for her soul is imprisoned in whalebone as well as her body; but she is outgrowing her corsets and they are wearing out, so something *new* must come.

O! there is in woman when aroused, a depth, a power, a fearlessness which has been prefigured to us in extreme cases, and may be regarded as representative. In every hour of prayer and in night-watches over helpless infancy or the suffering sick, or when waiting on intemperate fathers, brothers, or husbands, *inward* strength has been imparted; and *now* the world is wondering at a *new* doctrine which has been hitherto hid away in the matrix of bondage, restriction, and ignorance. Why don't we wonder at the birth of a child? Why don't we marvel that naked trees reclothe themselves every spring? Because observation has taught us to expect these — whilst for the most part, we know nothing — care nothing about the laws which produce these results. And so it is with our spiritual nature, with great moral results — it is the *few* only who study the laws of our

being and the *few* only who know what to expect every generation to produce, because they only have taken a comprehensive view of mankind, and have studied history philosophically. If the astronomer can foretell eclipses and transits, why may not the Christian philosopher predict the next phase which society will wear? If they are so busy in discovering new planets and asteroids, may not others be pardoned for searching into the human mind for principles which will extend the domain of moral power, and exalt the Sun of Righteousness?

But I must go on to the convention. Worcester seemed a garden of gorgeous colors to me — an inspiration of beauty rested upon it, and the heart arose in aspirations after truth. Paulina Wright Davis was again called to the chair, and her address was clear and impressive. Angelina Grimké Weld, William H. Channing, Samuel J. May, C. J. H. Nichols, and Lucretia Mott, were chosen as vice-presidents. Such names as these will cause a glow of hope to rest upon the faint-hearted. Here New Jersey, Massachusetts, New York, Vermont, Pennsylvania were represented, and Rhode Island in the president.

This convention was very fully attended — the most marked attention was manifested, and every one felt that seed was falling on good ground — hungry and thirsty every word was welcomed — mildews, blights, and decay vanished before the warm sunshine of truth. When we learn to study character from the interior and have a nomenclature accordingly, there will be no deception in countenances as now — when the sun of truth lights upon a soul, the light cannot be hid — this was clear at that convention — eyes were eyes — they cannot be counterfeits; voice was voice — not a parrot-imitation, and hand language had a true significance.

One could hardly believe that although but one year had elapsed so much ground had been ploughed up — so much appreciation — such just views of human progress.

Many resolutions were passed, a few of which I copy, in order that the tone of the meeting may be a little understood.

Resolved, That we do not feel called upon to assert or establish the equality of the sexes in an intellectual, or any other point of view; it is enough for our argument that natural and political justice, and the axioms of English and American liberty alike determine that rights and burdens, taxation and representation should be coextensive: hence women as individual citizens, liable to punishment for acts which the laws call criminal, or to be taxed in their labor and property for the support of government, have a self-evident and indisputable right — identically the same right that men have, to a *direct voice* in the enactment of those laws and the formation of that government.

Resolved, That it is as absurd to deny all women their civil rights, because the cares of household and family take up all the time of some — as it would be to exclude the whole male sex from Congress, because some men are sailors, or soldiers in active service, or merchants, etc., whose business requires all *their* attention and energies.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the women of our day to study enough of that abstruse science of *surveying*, to define if possible, the boundaries of "their own sphere," that men be no longer compelled to keep them informed of its limits.

Well home again, where flow those little rills of quiet joy which irrigate and fertilize — that spot from which every woman desires to go forth when called, and to which she returns with an enlarged experience that it may be viewed through a home light, and the shadows it casts upon the walls of her apartments rouse her to deeper thought and more earnest efforts to unloose the heavy chains which now fetter and cripple her highest energies at *home* as well as abroad. Think not for a moment that the woman movement will destroy homes.

It is because *homes are destroyed*, that it is needed. It is because woman dreads the fulfilment of her maternal duties, and that marriages are on so low a plane that this movement has come to ask, *Why?* It is because social life is so unsatisfactory that the question is asked, *Why?* It is because we verily believe, that just in proportion as all her rights are conceded by man, and exercised by herself, will *homes* become pure, intellectual, and holy, that we feel so deep an interest in the question.

Memory does not serve me whether it was in 1851, or '52, that I became acquainted with Mary Ann Finch, the author of "An English Woman in America," — it was a treat to meet so true, so brave, so clear a woman, and at the same time one so delicate and ladylike in her appearance. Her work should have been republished in this country. My visit with her to the Shakers brought me into very pleasant relations to her. Her broad, womanly views were met, and the woman movement pleased her much. I enjoy her correspondence; she is wide awake on reform, and is one whose spirit breaks down time and space.

CHAPTER XX.

"Woman is preparing herself for a higher and holier destiny. The same love of liberty which burned in the hearts of our sires, is now being kindled anew in the daughters of this republic. From the present state of public sentiment, we have every reason to look hopefully into the future. I see a brighter, happier day yet to come; but woman must say how soon the dawn shall be, and whether the light shall first shine in the east, or the west. By *her own* efforts the change must come. *She* must carve out her future destiny with *her own right hand.* If she have not the energy to secure for herself her true position, neither would she have the force to maintain it, if placed there by another." — ELIZABETH C. STANTON.

IN January, 1852, the way was open for me to speak at the Bethel, (Boston, Rev. P. Stowe's,) and I gladly availed myself of it. My morning walks with my father on the wharves had brought the sailor's life very near to me; besides which I may have inherited some nautical tendency. The night was stormy, but the attendance was very good. I gave three lectures there. To me it was epochal — it seemed as though the tears and smiles of childhood with incomparable art and power had beautifully prepared for me a mantle of protection; and my North End life was lived over again. As these hardy mariners quietly listened to the truths I presented them, a glow of gratitude filled the hour.

It seemed at first very strange to see that the men filled the middle of the church, whilst the women sat on each side, but for good reasons that was the order

there. I can sympathize with all those who have formed societies to enlighten and benefit the sailor in every way, and bid him a hearty God speed.

My mind had been much occupied with the itinerant lecturers on physiology, who go about from city to city delivering private lectures to women, with all the illustrations necessary to explain the structure of the female form, its liability to disease, etc.; my womanhood rose in rebellion, and would have found utterance, had not the inward monitor whispered "bide your time." These addresses were used as a decoy; they were sometimes free. Women generally have no money at command; their nature is emotional; they are easily captivated by seeming kindness, by pretended desires to benefit them; they countenanced these lecturers by large attendance; they submitted to have their most sacred, interior life, the life that gives sanctity to woman, that calls forth her feelings of reverence, touched by unhallowed hands, described by lips which had never felt the living coal from the altar of purity. Free lectures were a preparation to introduce some newly invented supporter, shoulder-brace, swathe, or bandage, —catch-pennies often good for nothing. I could relate facts if it were proper, illustrating how my sex have been duped, overreached, ridiculed, and slandered. I have watched with intense interest the result of all the multiform evils arising from the want of female physicians. In some women the violence done to their holiest instincts by submitting to examinations, operations, etc., from men, has so broken down the barriers of virtue, that they have felt as if they had been disgraced, and a don't careativeness, and sort of sullen desperation has settled down upon them and given color to all their future lives. But there is another class who die a

thousand deaths, from the necessity of employing male practitioners; driven to it by extremity of suffering, they endure a crucifixion which no language can describe.

After my experience with Harvard College, first the professors, then the students who played the same game with different men, it was truly encouraging to hear that Elizabeth Blackwell had graduated at another college, had been to Europe to perfect herself in her profession, and returned to New York to commence practice. My soul rejoiced — I poured out my feelings in a letter, and gave her the right hand of fellowship; it was acknowledged in an answer worthy of the writer.

I visited Cape Cod this year. Every thing there had the charm of novelty for me. Provincetown is the point of the Cape, and you smell the land the moment it is in sight. I shared in the sailor's joy on my arrival, but never dreamed that in escaping from the ocean of waters, I should be plunged into an ocean of sand. The streets are very narrow, and you must plough the dry waves in your passage through them to gain an adequate idea of the depth of the sand. Notwithstanding this, there are pretty gardens attached to some of the dwellings, and pleasant flowers scent the air. Soil is taken there as ballast, and thus even this barren spot is adorned with a beautiful Flora. The United States Government has had beach grass planted along the shore to arrest the encroachments of the sea. This was the birthplace of Peregrine White, — the first child born in New England. I had the company of a friend on this little trip, and we enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. F——. I had an opportunity here to speak on woman as physician. The next day took the boat to Dennis, thence to Chatham. I asked

one of the captains why the Cape women were so bright? he replied, "their husbands are absent so much of the time, they are obliged to exercise their wits." "So then husbands prevent the development of their wives? Your women have so fine an opportunity to improve their mental powers, your children must be of a high order." The blending of the sea and land breezes renders the air of the Cape delightful and invigorating. I spoke in the church here; the audience was much larger than in Provincetown. I had a pleasant ride to the light-house, and was glad to find that after the death of the man who had had charge of lighting the revolvers, his widow was appointed to fill his place. It was a curious fact to me that from the *deep* came the light to gladden those who were on the *deep*. I next went to Harwich, and again presented the subject of "Woman as Physician." Much interest was awakened here, for the people are thoughtful and courageous. I there met with a young woman who was studying medicine — partook of the kindness of Mrs. S——, — went to Yarmouth Port for a day or two. The intelligent women with whom I conversed, furnished me with a new array of facts. Here is one. I saw a bill of a sale, in which a Thibet dress was enumerated with furniture, etc. I saw the father of this married woman, who had been compelled to repurchase the very articles he had given his daughter at her marriage — her separation from her husband was justified by his conduct, yet he was master of her wardrobe, he could claim her child. Accumulated facts like these nerved my soul and strengthened my purpose to aid in the emancipation of woman from a bondage equally degrading to both sexes. Returning from Cape Cod, I visited Cape Ann, having some patients at Gloucester. It is a choice spot to me.

There was to be a State convention at West Chester, Pennsylvania. I went to Philadelphia in May, that I might enjoy social contact with the friends of freedom there. Frances D. Gage (the poet of the West, the Aunt Fanny of Ohio) and myself were the guests of Lucretia Mott. Shall I be excused for paying a tribute to the domestic life of one who is so prominently before the public? In her own home she shines with a lustre that almost eclipses her light in the assembly and on the platform. The quietude of her movements, the order and economy of her household, the ceaseless industry which marks every hour, the tender interest felt in all around her, the atmosphere of love in which she moves, her labors for the regeneration of her race, all convey to you the true meaning of entireness. Of her husband what can I say, but that he highly appreciates and nobly sustains his wife. June 2d and 3d, the convention was to be held. I cannot convey in language the impression made on my mind by that gathering at the "Woman's Convention" — converts were not to be made, but measures for action to be adopted. The spirit which was to be felt in that crowded hall subdued me even to tears! The influence of true Quakerism how elevating, how calming, — it spread its sacred shelter over that assembly. The report of this convention is very valuable. Business over, I visited some of the neighboring towns, groups of friends met us, and I cannot forget Mr. and Mrs. D——, and another Mr. and Mrs. D——, with others who did so much for my comfort. I lectured in Kennet Square, where I became acquainted with Dr. Ann Preston, who is now professor of physiology in the college in Philadelphia. I also visited some beautiful farms which had been in families since the time of William Penn — saw the woman agri-

culturist, Miss S. L. M——, who was appointed by the Delaware Co. Institute of Science to furnish the meteorological tables for the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. When such women bid us God speed, may we not rejoice and take courage.

On returning from the Pennsylvania convention, I visited THE FALLS. Niagara! — how I love that word, — that trinity of *a's* carries you to first principles, and I can fancy the natives rolling off those *a's* in their deep guttural tones in harmony with the roaring, dashing waters of the cataract. Has any thing ever been said, sung, or written worthy of the spot? Can language clothe itself in any form suitable to the subject? No. Heart language, soul music has found no exponent of this sacred place. My first sensation was a *new birth* — I felt all lungs — as though I had never breathed before — a pulsation pervaded my whole being — so novel I could not attempt a description. "The waters saw thee, O God, and were afraid," was my first utterance. Go and *feel* the same — no one can describe or paint it to you.

The great reason why no more inspiration has been produced through Niagara, is the very shortness of the visit that travellers make to it — one week at the *least* is demanded there, before the eye can be trained to turn inward — the voice to break up deeps within, and the ear to catch the melody as well as the overwhelming power of sound, the treble, and the bass. It is a subject of gratitude to me that I was thus counselled, for in no other way can each spot leave its impress. Onward, ever hurrying, splashing, leaping, dancing, bubbling, all become one in the mind, when the rapids first arrest you. My room overlooked them, and their music has been my lullaby many a night.

The bounding white foam forced up from the mighty waves has its lesson of purity, and the lunar bow which I first saw here (it was full moon) delighted me greatly. Rambling through Goat Island, under the tall old pines, Luna playing her fairy pranks bewitched me, foam and mist, currents and countercurrents, all seemed illusions. The American fall I visited first; its awe-inspiring influences render you spellbound. I was not so much astonished by the quantity of water, and the height of its fall, (because I knew that the lakes whose waters were here discharged, covered an area of ninety thousand square miles,) as I was fascinated by the clouds of mist so gauzelike, that were continually rising with fresh newness into the atmosphere. This was very pure, for the weather was remarkably fine, and caused the physique to revel in new regions. The mystic element of my being was fed for the first time, and like the wee child, *more* would have been greater than I could bear. The Horse Shoe Falls by moonlight was one thing, by sunlight, quite another. It is a misfortune to any one whose physique is on one plane and their spirit on another here, for there must be a lack of fulness; so I pity the sick, the dyspeptic, the sad, who can only *half live* Niagara. Audubon says, "All the pictures you may see, all the descriptions you may read of those mighty falls can only produce in your mind the faint glimmer of the glowworm, compared with the overpowering glory of the meridian sun."

The beautiful emerald green of the Niagara River is an object of wonder to strangers, and loses none of its interest as you follow it up to the fort. My advantages were very great, being with a family who had been born there and knew every stone. This sovereign of cataracts, this monarch of floods will yet be the Mecca of

America, where pilgrim Christian philosophers will bow before this stupendous altar, in holy adoration of the Great Architect who erected it.

When on the Canada side you are again bewildered, your emotions vary; for gratitude, wonder, and worship successively claim a place in your inmost. The ideal and the real are united, and the suspension bridge you have crossed becomes symbolic. The beautiful solar bow, from spray and foam, gathers materials for rainbow tints, the tremendous rapids above, the frightful gulf beneath into which is poured the immense and boiling sea — then is understood that exclamation of the Psalmist, "*What* is man," etc. — for a sense of utter insignificance seizes and holds the mind still. "Waves innumerable urge on and overtake the numberless waves before and disappear in thunder and in foam." Your love of the beautiful, too, will be delighted with all the varied shades of color, amber, brown, yellow, blue, green, etc., which play upon the foam and mist as the sun is at higher or lower altitudes.

Fredrika Bremer's words to me had a signification here — "throw yourself upon nature every year, *she* is ever *new* and *you* will thus be ever *young*." My cup had been full — the time came to go, and when I found I had been regarded as a *guest*, when I had supposed myself a *boarder*, the riddle was partly solved; for I had been permitted to blend myself so intimately with the family at the Cataract House, through letters of introduction, that I felt myself greatly privileged. On leaving I understood all — was glad I had not before, for it would have curtailed the freedom I felt. I now have another home at the Cataract House.

It was very pleasant to me to meet the Indians; they have my deepest sympathy. I love to watch their ex-

pressions when they discover I am a "Medicine Woman." They sung to me and were very kind.

When I left Niagara it was to go again, for I well knew that it was a spot where tired physiques would gather strength and struggling souls courage. I then went to Seneca Falls, to the residence of Elizabeth C. Stanton, a woman of rare intellect, logical power, keen perception, and fluent in conversation. She is one of the stars, — a planet I should say in the firmament of this woman movement. It was delightful to be here after leaving that grand spot where freedom is inscribed on every thing, and the Author is ever sung with an organ played "divinely." And yet, the reflection forced itself upon me that on the one side was *monarchical* England free to *color* — on the other, republican America holding the colored race in bondage. Being at Seneca Falls on Sunday, I spoke in the evening in that same Wesleyan Chapel, where the first little band of women met in 1848, to discuss their wrongs and rights — it was indeed a privilege.

The lake ride at Seneca Falls, and *that* Wesleyan Chapel, with the sphere of Mrs. S....., was a treat. I then went to Syracuse, where the Third National Convention was to be held, and the reader can judge what a preparation for it had been going on in my mind during the journey. Previous to its opening, I spoke on Monday evening on the subject of woman as physician. Mrs. Davis, Mrs. O. Smith, and Mrs. Nichols, were guests with me of Stephen Smith and wife, whose beautiful hospitality can never be forgotten.

September 8, 9, and 10, 1852, were productive of great good to the cause. The power, strength, and earnestness of this movement was very striking, as these conventions followed each other. My home instincts led

me to look at social intercourse in parlors as the regenerating element of society. But how can parlors be elevated? only by the shining of light into them — hence those who have studied our material wants, have busied themselves in the invention of one kind of lamp after another until gas was introduced. Now all this was needed, and is symbolic. The moral and intellectual vision now asks for light, and mediums to reflect it: the continual unfolding of new *forms* of truth are like the many kinds of fluids which have been used to produce light, and the reformers who have arisen, are reflectors of that light.

At the opening of this Syracuse convention, letters were read from thinkers on subjects of reform in this country, and one from Mrs. Read, of England. Lucretia Mott presided at this convention, with active vice-presidents. It was here that I first met Caroline M. Severance, and Samuel J. May, that philanthropist in whom the feminine element is so blended with the male that he can perceive woman's needs, and fully recognizes them. And Gerrit Smith, that man upon whose brow heaven has stamped a message, and whose silvery voice, deep and rich, filled my soul as he read resolutions from the business committee and spoke to them. Verily, thought I to myself, we do not ask for *numbers*, for *quantity*, if we can have the *moral quality* of our country engaged on our side.

The character of this convention differed to me somewhat from the preceding ones; there were new minds, new persons to be introduced to, a new president — so of course variety. Lucy Stone, Antoinette L. Brown, and Mrs. Rose, and E. O. Smith, spoke effectively, with many others. But what most attracted my mind at this convention, was an article on "Organization," read

by Samuel J. May, from the pen of Angelina Grimké Weld. Some had desired organization — it was always repugnant to me, one-sided, uncalled for. It was really delightful to witness the attention given to the thoughts of one whose memory was in the hearts of so many. I will close my remarks by giving a few extracts from a piece published in the leading paper of Syracuse.

"It was the most dignified, orderly, and interesting deliberative body ever convened in this city. . . . The speakers were women of decided ability, and they appeared in the capacity of public speakers to equal advantage with any who have ever participated in meetings of like nature in this city of conventions. . . . There was a greater amount of talent in the Woman's Rights Convention, than has characterized any political gathering in this State for ten years past, if ever. The appearance of all before the audience was modest and unassuming, though prompt, energetic, and confident. Business was brought forward, calmly deliberated upon and disposed of with unanimity, and in a spirit becoming true women, and which would add an *unknown* dignity and consequent influence, to the transactions of public assemblies of the 'lords.' . . . The appearance of the platform was pleasing and imposing in the extreme; the galaxy of bold women — for they are really bold, indeed they are daring women, presented a spectacle, the like of which we never before witnessed. A glance at the good old lady who presided with so much dignity and propriety, and through the list down to the youngest engaged in the cause, was enough to impress the unprejudiced beholder with the idea that there must be *something* after all, in this movement."

To this testimony as to the *character* of our convention I add one copied from the Westminster Review of

July, 1851. "In regard to the *quality* of the speaking, the proceedings will bear advantageous comparison with those of any popular movement, with which we are acquainted either in this country or America. Very rarely in the oratory of public meetings, is the part of verbiage and declamation so *small*, that of calm good sense and reason so considerable."

In October, 1851, when my taxes were to be paid, it was necessary for me to go to the Assessors' room that I might have some alteration made in the bill, my sister's taxes being charged to me; while waiting there for this to be attended to, I received a lesson which thoroughly converted me to the belief that taxation without representation was a violation of human rights, and *there* I made up my mind to verify my theory by my practice. What so suddenly produced this effect? A pale, thin, waxy, tall, awkward, simple Irish boy, with that vacant stare which speaks of entire negation, and that shuffling manner indicating an errand-like aspect, brought into the Assessors' office a roll —he was told who to hand it to. It was near the time of an election, but I did not think of it. I said pleasantly, "Is that paper to grant a naturalization?" — I received a polite affirmative. "Permit me to look at it?" - "Certainly." There to my astonishment the above-described *gentleman* was invested with all the privileges of an American citizen. *I* a Bostonian by birth, education, and life, paying taxes without representation. What a striking case! It would be worth while to know how many American women of mature age are every year thus *insulted*. I query whether this Irish boy knew in what State Boston was located, whether in Massachusetts or Mississippi. This circumstance gave me an insight into the injustice of our laws forbidding

woman to vote, which decided me to pay my taxes next year under protest. Accordingly on my return from the Syracuse convention, I sent the following Protest: —

To Frederick U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other authorities of the City of Boston, and the citizens generally.

Harriot K. Hunt, physician, a native and permanent resident of the City of Boston, and for many years a tax payer therein, in making payment of her city taxes for the coming year, begs leave to protest against the injustice and inequality of levying taxes upon women, and at the same time refusing them any voice or vote in the imposition and expenditure of the same. The only classes of male persons, required to pay taxes, and not at the same time allowed the privilege of voting, are aliens and minors. The objection in the case of aliens, is, their supposed want of interest in our institutions and knowledge of them. The objection in case of minors is, the want of sufficient understanding. These objections certainly cannot apply to women, natives of the city, all whose property and interests are here, and who have accumulated by their own sagacity and industry, the very property on which they are taxed. But this is not all; the alien by going through the forms of naturalization, the minor on coming of age, obtain the right of voting, and so long as they continue to pay a mere poll-tax of a dollar and a half, they may continue to exercise it, though so ignorant as not to be able to *sign* their names, or *read* the very votes they put into the ballot boxes. Even drunkards, felons, idiots, or lunatics of *men*, may still enjoy that right of voting, to which no woman, however large the amount of taxes she pays, however respectable her character, or useful her life, can ever attain. Wherein, your remonstrant would inquire, is the justice, equality, or wisdom of this? That the rights and interests of the female part of community are sometimes forgotten or disregarded in consequence of their deprivation of political rights, is strikingly evinced, as appears to your remonstrant, in the organization and administration of the city public schools. Though there are open in this State and neighborhood, a great multitude of colleges and professional schools, for the education of boys and young men, yet the city has very properly provided two high schools of its own, one Latin, the other English, at which the *male graduates* of the grammar schools may pursue their education still further at the public expense, and why is

not a like provision made for the girls? Why is the public provision for *their* education stopped short, just as they have attained the age best fitted for progress, and the preliminary knowledge necessary to facilitate it, thus giving the advantage of superior culture to *sex*, not to mind? The fact that our colleges and professional schools are closed against females, of which your remonstrant has had personal and painful experience, having been in the year 1847, after twelve years of medical practice in Boston, refused permission to attend the lectures of Harvard Medical College, that fact would seem to furnish an additional reason, why the city should provide at its own expense, those means of superior education, which, by supplying our girls with occupation and objects of interest, would not only save them from lives of frivolity and emptiness, but which might open the way to many useful and lucrative pursuits, and so raise them above that *degrading dependence*, so fruitful a source of female misery.

Reserving a more full exposition of the subject to future occasions, your remonstrant in paying her tax for the current year, begs leave to *protest* against the injustice and inequalities above pointed out.

This is respectfully submitted,

HARRIOT K. HUNT, 32 Green street.

BOSTON, Oct. 18, 1852.

The protest was copied in many American, as well as some English papers — it elicited inquiry, and many facts were brought to light illustrating the injustice of taxation without representation. This question is now to be decided. We take our stand on the Declaration of Independence, an immovable platform. Liberty inspires us, and justice presents her scales. Woman slavery has yet to be discussed in connection with African slavery. No marvel our Southern compatriots look doubtingly on our boasted love of freedom and equality, when the women of New England are deprived of a right, granted recklessly to every foreigner. I call upon my sex to investigate this matter and labor with untiring zeal until the stain is removed from the constitutions of the States, and the word male no lon-

ger disgraces them. Labor in faith — success is certain — progress is God's law — human rights his gift. Our heads are worth polling — let a tax be levied on every woman twenty-one years of age. Increase the revenue by our heads, but give us the rights of American citizens.

Many discussions took place in my business room on the subject of taxation, and I found women had made themselves acquainted with city expenditures in celebrations, etc., to which they were compelled to contribute. "*Consent of the governed*:" did it mean anything? Woman should have a guardian to represent her, if she is *non compos mentis*, or she should have the privilege of a *hired man* to vote for her — a foreigner — for she is an alien in the country of her birth and life.

I enjoyed great pleasure in my intercourse with Mrs. Emma Willard, of Troy. The interest she has evinced in the education of girls, many of whom she has trained for teachers, claimed my respect. It matters not whether such women avow themselves as coadjutors in the woman reform, — it is enough that they *live it out*. Many who disclaim all sympathy in the movement are making converts by their lives — the host of female writers are throwing their influence on the side of woman, by opening new avenues to elevation and remuneration. Mrs. Willard has devoted much time to philosophical research. I wish I had time to speak of her "Theory of Respiration," the motive power of the lungs. The Medical Journal contains her articles.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Intelligent beings may have laws of their own making; but they have some likewise which they never made. Before they were intelligent beings they were *passible*, they had therefore passible relations, and possible laws. Before laws were made, there were relations of possible justice. To say that there is nothing *just* or *unjust* but what is commanded or forbidden by positive laws, is the same as saying, that before the describing of a circle, all the *radii* were *equal*. — ANON.

My winters were very busily employed in my profession, and as year followed year, my convictions of the need of woman in the profession deepened, as also my consciousness that the courteous manner in which this question was met, and the apparent ease with which it was being introduced into society, was illusive. I knew full well that *behind* all this were the old established cliques, and the manner in which *seceders* were treated, was a strong proof of what would be the fate of *innovators*. I was waiting an opportunity to see their sincerity tried, by a graduate from some allopathic school. *I* was traitor, outlaw, felon — beyond their laws. And although very careful not to speak of physicians personally, I did talk of principles, proprieties — no lack of materials.

I knew that Cleveland Medical College was open to woman, and that a Mrs. Nancy E. Clarke had graduated there — that she was to settle in Boston, was very pleasant to me; I could feel more at liberty to leave home

when there were other women in the same profession. When she applied for admission to the Massachusetts Medical Society, I felt curious to hear the result — I was sure they would not admit her, would not have the moral courage to establish such a precedent by welcoming woman as their acknowledged coadjutor. Dr. Clarke allowed me to copy the reply to her application, and I shall preserve it as a historic document. Suffice it to say the request was negatived, "at least for the present."

Dr. Clarke is in good practice in this city — it is very amusing to watch the social recognition — and *then* the professional. *Novices* may mistake the former for the latter, but veterans understand better.

Dr. Martha A. Sawin graduated in Philadelphia, in 1851, and was in successful practice in Boston before Dr. Clarke commenced, also Dr. C. A. Adams. The establishment of female physicians is one of the delights of my life.

On the 5th of May, a public dinner was given by the citizens of Boston, to John P. Hale of New Hampshire, who was the first man who had nobly stood his ground against slavery in the *Senate* of the United States. It was through his influence, also, that "flogging" was abolished in the navy. Speeches from many distinguished lovers of, and workers in, the cause of freedom, were made at the dinner, so that we had an intellectual feast. Among them was Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky. This dinner marked an era for woman — it being the first *political* dinner at which *she* was permitted to attend; and although the tables were bountifully spread and beautifully decorated with flowers, yet no ardent spirits, not even wine, was upon them, and no segars were smoked. A great many ladies were present — fifteen hundred persons partook of this feast.

In the spring of this year, I gave a lecture on the woman movement educationally considered, in Williams Hall. There being no high school for girls, and I being a taxpayer, I was outraged; and then, it seemed right to me that the woman question of the day should be set forth. A very good audience — lecture well received. Meetings were afterwards held, a petition was sent to the city council, and in due time, one single high school for girls was established. This sexualizing education is great injustice to both the boy and the girl, although the public do not yet see it.

In May, 1853, as the convention for the alteration of the Constitution of Massachusetts was sitting in Boston, I sent in the following petition: —

To the Constitutional Convention of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, now sitting in Boston.

The petition of Harriot K. Hunt of said Boston, physician, respectfully represents,

That, under the present laws of the State, females have not equal advantages of education with males; and whatever may be their wishes and aspirations, they are entirely deprived of the benefits of a superior public education.

Your petitioner therefore prays, that you will in the new Constitution secure to females equal educational rights with males, and especially make provision for a People's College, at which females may be as completely educated as males.

Boston, May 14, 1853.

Also the following petition: —

To the Constitutional Convention now sitting in Boston: —

Your petitioner respectfully prays your honorable body to insert into the Constitution of Massachusetts a clause securing to women paying town, county, and State taxes upon property held in their own right, and who have no husband, or other *guardians* to represent or act for them, the same right of voting possessed by male taxpaying

citizens; or, should your honorable body not deem such women capable of exercising the right of suffrage with due discretion, at least to excuse them from the payment of taxes, in the appropriation of which they are not allowed any voice, thus carrying out the great principle upon which the American Revolution was based, that taxation and representation ought to go together.

All which is respectfully submitted,

HARRIOT K. HUNT,
32 Green Street.

These petitions met with some attention, for at the same time I think there were two thousand names or more attached to a petition that the word male might not be inserted in the new constitution, the word person being substituted for it. Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, and Lucy Stone, spoke before a committee of the convention, and such addresses must have produced some impression. I was absent.

As I had never been to the West, early in the spring I started for Ohio to attend a State convention, wishing to know the state of the woman movement there. I left home sick, having had many cases of a serious character, and was obliged to remain in Albany one week — received the kindest care and sympathy from Mrs. T—— and her sister. Sickness from home — how much it develops to one of the within, and trust in God is deepened by trusting those around us.

A nice country home received me four miles from Rochester. I also went to the house of Antoinette L. Brown, and saw her dear mother — her father was absent. Again did gratitude arise, that out of such noble homes, and from such true parentage had arisen advocates of the woman movement. These homes of freedom are like the shadows of rocks in a weary land.

The Woman's State Temperance Society of New

York, was to meet in Rochester this year. This gave me an opportunity of seeing many noble women who had acted as lecturers, or agents, and roused my attention in another direction to the suffrage question. If the number of inebriates who vote in every State could be taken, how do you think it would look? The western part of New York is a place for free thought and free expression; the Quaker influence has done much to give this tone to society.

The Temperance Convention passed off finely. Mr. and Mrs. H——, of Rochester, with many others, are gratefully remembered; most kindly did they administer to me while convalescing. The monument to Myron Holly attracts every lover of liberty, as well as science, he did so much for the West; and we are thankful he has a daughter whose voice is heard in the cause of freedom.

So near Niagara! — I must go for two or three days. My strength is not restored. "From everlasting to everlasting" is the utterance of the soul, as the rapids break once more upon the ear. "In thy light shall we see light" illuminates every thought, as I see the sun once more shining on the foam of Niagara. As the pilgrim with his staff wends his way to Mecca, so I went to Niagara; — the music of the heavenly orchestra soothed and harmonized the soul. My state of mind was so different at this time from what it was at my first visit, that it seemed a new place. There is a mellowness of spirit in convalescence, which tranquillizes and soothes. I needed the tone of the air, the bracing power of the sounds to arouse and make me feel that work was still to be done. I could depict my varied feelings as strength returned, but I will pass on.

Giving up my journey to Ohio, I returned home, where duties awaited me.

In September, the "World's Temperance Convention" met at New York. Delegates from the Woman's State Temperance, and other local societies, presented their credentials, but were refused a seat in the convention as *delegates*. Great excitement prevailed in consequence of this refusal, and the friends of *universal* freedom thought best to call another convention in which women, as well as men, could participate, and denominated it the "*Whole* World's Convention," *one half* of humanity having been refused a representation in the other. This convention was fully attended. Subsequent to this, a Woman's Rights Convention was held, it having been thought best by some, to take this opportunity of presenting our cause before the public, as many strangers were expected to attend the "World's Temperance Convention." But it was not, in some respects, as satisfactory as the meetings held in previous years, and at other places; because a prejudice had been excited in the community by the fact that when women were rejected as delegates to the World's Convention, another was called in which they were gladly welcomed as equals on the platform and in business committees. That women were *ejected* from the one-sided convention by the coarse and unmanly remarks which were made, abundantly testify "stuff and nonsense," "women in breeches," "a disgrace to their sex," "never productive of any thing but mischief," "interfering with matters out of their sphere," etc. Surely it cannot be wondered at, if these *reverend* gentlemen "*were glad these women were gone, as they had thus gotten rid of the scum of the convention*," *we* were equally glad to retire from their presence, and breathe a

purer atmosphere. We give *no* names, being ashamed to hand them down to posterity. The names of those who defended the principle of universal freedom are embalmed in our hearts.

One thing however was grand in New York — the *character* of this opposition, the position of the men who tolerated the noise and bustle, opened my eyes to the "protection," "our sphere" was receiving at their hands. This is a good way to look at a question: observe the opponents — mark them well, and then you can read chapters in real life which will startle you; but don't be afraid — look resolutely until you get at the truth. Their coarse and rowdy-like behavior, convinced me of the need of woman's being elevated, in order that she might bring such men to a perception of true manhood.

I went this summer to South Manchester — the home of the Cheneys. Here Mr. and Mrs. George Cheney lived, and brought up eight sons and one daughter. After these sons had travelled extensively, they returned to the old homestead and established a large sewing silk manufactory, where the ten hour system is enforced, and other arrangements made which give the operatives unusual advantages. I spoke to them three times, and lectured on Sunday in the church. The broad and liberal views of these seven brothers, are exhibited in the manner in which these mills are conducted. The family union existing here, refreshes the soul, and inspires hope for humanity. Would that all brothers cooperated so nobly together.

The firm "Cheney & Brothers" has a significance unknown to the business world; it speaks of the dignity of labor, of a deep pulsation for humanity, of the fraternity of the race. It is a privilege to visit that place,

to know that the operatives there have access to a small, but gradually increasing library — that there is a manufactory where they sometimes can enjoy a free lecture, and the recreation of a dance. I was present at one of their balls, and believe the splendid entertainments of Boston could not vie with it in true merriment and light-heartedness.

It was delightful to behold the mother of this band of philanthropists, so revered by her children, so fragile, yet so dignified; how beautifully the feminine element is developed in her children, their lives testify.

After the New York Convention I went to Syracuse, to the hospitable home of Stephen Smith, passed the next day at Samuel J. May's; I need hardly say it was a day replete with interest and instruction. Went thence to South Butler to attend the ordination of Antoinette L. Brown. The storm raged, but even an equinoctial tempest could not detain me from being present, on an occasion so momental to the cause of woman; there was something grand and elevating in the idea of a female presiding over a congregation, and breaking to them the bread of life — it was a new position for woman, and gave promise of her exaltation to that moral and intellectual rank, which she was designed to fill. I felt a strong desire to attend on this occasion; the subject of woman in the ministry had occupied much thought, and the more I pondered it, the more convinced I was that her love nature and the strength of the religious element in her, fitted her peculiarly to bind up the broken heart, to sympathize with the penitent, to strengthen the weak, to raise the fallen, and to infuse hope and trust in the Divine. "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, she may

forget, yet will I not forget thee." Does not the maternity of woman give her a nearer resemblance to God? Was not the strongest love of which humanity is susceptible, used as an illustration by Jehovah in this touching appeal to sinners? Having reflected so much on this point, I could not but rejoice in this consummation of my hopes. The union of the clerical and medical life had long been a beau ideal with me, and this installation of one of my sex as pastor over a church, seemed one step toward its realization — my heart sent up its thanksgiving, for the prospective minister was all we could ask to fill the sacred office — "the priest is not *made*, he is born," says Martin Luther. I extract the following from the New York Tribune: "The Baptist Society opened its more commodious house for the occasion, and at two P. M. a congregation, large for the inclement weather, assembled, a voluntary was sung, it was followed by prayer. Dr. Watts's hymn, 'Go preach my gospel saith the Lord,' was then sung. Gerritt Smith, Rev. Mr. Lee of Syracuse, and others were in the desk. Mr. Caudee, one of the deacons, said, 'This church do not believe in the necessity of ordination, as a qualification to preach the gospel; whatever individual has the capacity, and is willing to take upon himself the duty, is at liberty to become the pastor of any people to whom his services are acceptable. Why then have an ordination? The church needs instruction, and it is well for pastors, and for people to be reminded of their duties — we have therefore invited a few friends to be with us, to recognize the relationship between pastor and people.' After some remarks by Gerritt Smith, Mr. Lee preached from this text, 'There is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus;' he concluded by saying,

'that we had not come together to confer the right to preach the gospel; if she had not this already — God given by her capability, *we could not communicate it.*' After a prayer, the pastor was addressed, and services closed with a benediction by Rev. Antoinette L. Brown." How vividly came up "Anna the prophetess." Phœbe commended by Paul as a servant (minister) of the church at Cenchrea. Priscilla and Aquila his helpers in the gospel, and the women who watched at the tomb of Jesus, and proclaimed the glad tidings of the resurrection — how impressed I was by the idea that this doctrine could find easy access to the mind of woman; it was connected with her maternity, she could at once conceive the thought, and living it out in her own experience she could impart it to others, for she would find a ready response in every *human* heart.

It was peculiarly refreshing to have woman thus recognized after the avalanche of obloquy, reproach, contempt, and anger which had just been hurled on her devoted head by her brethren, her protectors. Here was no kind word to lure her back to the path of duty which they fancied she had forsaken, but a whole volcano of fiery indignation and burning invective was poured out. I verily believe the speakers thought they would entomb the whole woman movement as did the lava of Vesuvius bury the beautiful cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, but woman, true to her instincts, rapid in her motions, did not give the lava time to cool, but rising from under the liquid mass in all the majesty of womanhood, clothed with the sun of truth, she reappeared at the national convention in Ohio, and ably, but calmly vindicated her rights as a human being. I did not attend this meeting, but went to Niagara, on my way to Buffalo, where I lectured. The papers treated me respect-

fully and seemed to approve my suggestion of having medical parishes and paying the doctor for keeping families in health, and having a book wherein they might enter the birth, temperament, and diseases of childhood. Thanks to the ladies who rendered my visit there so pleasant. At Buffalo I saw women, chiefly foreigners, engaged in farming and other laborious occupations. I went from thence to Aurora; the view from this town is perfectly enchanting. Here I lectured twice, and met John and Elizabeth Prior, who took me to some neighboring towns to present the same subject — my visit to them was full of enjoyment. They were wide awake on the suffrage question in these towns, as people are wherever the Tribune is taken. "Suppose," said one, "we were to make all the laws you demand and annul all those you complain of, you need not vote then?" "All the more important, the same power that makes laws may repeal them, so without our guardianship, our last state may be worse than our first." On my return, I stopped in New York, and stayed with my cousins, whose house has been my pleasant home since. I spoke at the Five Points Mission one evening. If any doubt the necessity and duty of this woman movement, let them go there and see our sex wallowing in degradation. What bitter irony to nickname these sepulchres of virtue, girls of pleasure! Let them go to St. Nicholas and see the puppets there, who dance to the tune of the Parisian milliner and mantua-maker. Bring these extremes of poverty and wealth together, and if you have human hearts they will cry aloud for the regeneration of woman.

Car travelling is very instructive; it should be so, to make amends for the loss of scenery which it is impossible to enjoy whirling along with such rapidity. On one side a fashionable belle with a dainty poodle dog

stroked by her delicate fingers, and rapturously admired by an exquisite; on the other, Frederick Douglass giving H. K. H. an account of the colored convention at Rochester. Spitting, spitting enough to nauseate, such filthy pools around us, such disagreeable odors, from breath and garments saturated with tobacco. Oh! thought I, if our manly protectors would only preserve the air we breathe in purity and save our clothing from defilement, it would certainly manifest some regard for the "angels," by whom they were surrounded. I had gained much experience on this little journey, and in my quiet home I gathered up all I had learned, and extracted many a useful lesson. My first step was to prepare another protest. Boston did not yet furnish a high school for girls — but she taxed her citizens for the exhibition of fireworks, etc., for the glorification of the 4th of July.

To the Authorities of the city of Boston, Massachusetts, and the Citizens generally.

Harriot K. Hunt, physician, a native and permanent resident of Boston, and for many years a tax payer therein, in making payment of her taxes for the coming year, protests *again* against the injustice of levying taxes without granting the *right* of representation. The present system of taxation is a serious wrong — a violation of justice as well as a violation of republicanism. If, of all the women of Massachusetts who are citizens, only ten felt this wrong, those ten should be redressed; but when nearly two thousand petitioners presented themselves through their signatures to your Constitutional Convention on this vital question, it was "inexpedient" for the convention to take any action in relation thereto. What woman of thought can "consent" to be governed (for that is the argument) under the present subversive party elements that bring into office those who are to represent her.

No reasonable or satisfactory answer has ever been given to woman on this subject, only that man represented her through fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons. Your remonstrant has no such representa-

tion, and there are many in like situation. "State, county, and city tax;" the former, the expense of the Constitutional Convention, in which she had no voice (but petition), and how farcical that power of petition, when she can neither express assent or dissent to its doings, and be unjustly taxed, and like an idiot, lunatic, or infant be *compelled* to meet it. Of the "city tax" one word. The inequality and injustice of our public school system, in having no high school for girls, whilst our boys have both a Latin and High school, was spoken of in her last protest, and our right of petition tested by the voice of at least twenty-seven hundred petitioners for such high school. This petition was duly presented last spring, and whatever action may have taken place in the school committee, the public are ignorant; no high school for girls has yet been organized.

With these views which might be now fully carried out, with the increase of her tax bill in consequence of your Constitutional Convention which can result in no permanent good, since the great central element of justice was, by the committee on our petitions, winked into "expediency," and no report of the minority who protested against this injustice, nor has any act of the Convention vindicated or even recognized the right of woman, on the *real basis of representation — humanity.*

Thus dissatisfied with city expenditures, the inequality of public school education, (*sexualizing education,*) your remonstrant pays her taxes *compulsorily* instead of *cheerfully*, feeling within her that element of patriotism which inspired *her* as well as *your* forefathers, in the utterance of that deep, full, and clear sentiment, "Taxation *without representation* is tyranny."

This is respectfully submitted,

HARRIOT K. HUNT, 32 Green street.

BOSTON, Nov. 5, 1853.

CHAPTER XXII.

"*Pand.* He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the *grinding*.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the *grinding;* but you must tarry the *bolting*.

Troilus. Have I not tarried?

Pand. Ay, the *bolting*, but you must tarry the *leavening*.

Troilus. Still have I tarried?

Pand. Ay, to the *leavening;* but here 's yet in the word hereafter, the *kneading*, the making of the cake, the *heating* of the oven, and the *baking;* nay, you must stay the *cooling* too, or you may chance to burn your lips."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

WHEN for many years the mind has run in one routine of thought and duty, the time comes when a change is demanded — the life-forces flag — the mind wearies and calls for new natural stimulants to minister to its wants, and create new sources of thought for reflection. It is thus with every mind and peculiarly so with a physician, who has sympathized deeply with her patients, and entered into their inner life. An incapacity to respond to their highest needs, oppresses her, and duty to *them* demands that she should leave the sick, nervous sphere she has so long lived in — throw off her responsibilities and exchange the *incessant* giving out of herself, for a state of *receptivity*, feeling that the good she shall receive is given unto her as unto a steward for the benefit of others.

I had never entirely recovered from the effects of my illness in 1848, and a change of climate, society, surroundings, seemed to be the best means of restoring strength to the physical and of renewing the power of the mental. When I am not vigorous I ever feel an indescribable *shabbiness*, a lack of interior power which prevents me from giving to others all that they require, and have a right to demand from a physician. In addition to these considerations I believed I could serve the cause of woman, by travelling and calling attention both publicly and privately, to the importance and propriety of her entering the medical profession.

With these views and feelings I left home for Washington, January 16. On my arrival I went to Gerritt Smith's — met a most cordial reception from his wife, daughter, and my friend S., and was soon delighted by hearing the deep, inspiring voice of Mr. Smith giving me a cheerful welcome.

At the evening worship, Mr. Smith repeated a hymn. They all sung it, their fine voices added to its touching pathos. He then repeated that fine psalm, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, etc." Such a voice! a prayer followed, and the services closed. Let me tell you something of Gerritt Smith — that man with whom possession and responsibility are synonymous — who, abhorring slavery, speaks in kindest terms of the unfortunate slaveholder. Who feels that his own failings and temptations warn him of the need of charity to his neighbor — who thinks, that in coming to Washington, honesty, faithfulness, and love are demanded, instead of severity or recrimination. Yes, Gerritt Smith is a member of the House of Representatives, and *yet not of them.* His sphere raises him above them. He retires early, spends his evenings at home,

rises early, and whilst the self-indulgent are asleep, he is walking out gathering strength for the performance of duty.

This morning, just before worship, his little grandson, three years old, was running out of the room: said Mr. S., "Willy, have you had a sweet night's sleep?" "Yes!" "Who permitted it?" "God!" "Then can't you stop and thank him?" "O yes, grandfather," and he kneeled in quiet beauty at my side. Our breakfast was enlivened by earnest converse. Marriage the subject — theirs is on a high plane — their love deepening as years roll on; they have grown together in this holy relationship.

Their house is spacious, pleasant, furnished without luxury or ostentation, but simply elegant, and there breathes all around that atmosphere of purity which is so elevating. The whole character of this family is based on *principle*. What "they will say" is not in the dictionary here. Two of the reporters told me that no man in the House held so peculiar a position. Even the Southerners are beginning to gather around him, asking him questions. His bland and courteous manners invite their confidence, and from his lips they hear truths that may awaken slumbering justice, violations of common law may yet be comprehended, and the good Father awaken his children to the truth, that honesty in politics as well as dollars and cents is the true policy.

Our halls of legislation are most disorderly. Many are heard at once making sad confusion, — order, order, amendments and reamendments — all in a breath. There are times when the speaker cannot enforce order enough to have the yeas and nays taken, and the tellers are often called up in the din and confusion of boisterous voices.

I could not but *contrast* the conduct of these men who stood as representatives of the people and the lawmakers of our country — with that of the Women's Yearly Meeting of Friends in Philadelphia, which I once enjoyed the privilege of attending. This meeting was a perfect model of dignity, propriety, and reverend, patient attention to the business before it. No rude, unwomanly interruptions were ever obtruded upon the ear, but subject after subject was brought up, canvassed, and disposed of with becoming deliberation; *their* assembly being controlled by the principle of truth, not by a noisy and obstreperous *majority*.

On the contrary, in Congress there seemed to be (except in a few) *no* appreciation of the dignity and solemnity of their position as representatives and legislators — *no* conception of their high and momentous duties. My heart was pained by a sense of the superficiality, heartlessness, and disorder of our national assembly. If *this outside* of the national housekeeping is the correct sign-board of that which is within, we may well congratulate ourselves, my sisters, that *we* have *nothing* to do with it. Men have wholly divorced themselves from women in *this* housekeeping concern, fearing that *we* should neither know how to make laws or appropriations, or indeed how to behave ourselves. Well, the house looked as if it was kept by *men*, I assure you; tobacco juice, awkward positions, and incessant noise, reminded one of a parcel of school-boys who had no respect either for their teacher or *themselves*. These are the men who get eight dollars per day for their *invaluable services*. Well, notwithstanding the scorn with which *such* men treat the idea of *women* ever taking their seats in Congress, I cannot help believing, that as soon as virtuous, high-minded men are sent

there, women will be sent too; and we certainly do not want to go until we can be associated with better company, and until we can have a higher platform to stand upon. Cleanliness and godliness will come into Congress hand in hand with woman.

"Said some stranger in the House this morning, point out to me Gerritt Smith, who has come here independent of party, free to utter himself as he is moved by circumstances."

"After dinner, a very fine looking man came in: he was no darker than a Spaniard, but was a slave. I wish some of our aristocrats had half the refinement he had. He told his story, which was only *one* among many. His wife, one of five children, was the daughter of her master (a bachelor), who promised them their freedom by his will, but he died without a will, and she fell into the hands of a sister of his (her aunt), and his two eldest boys were disposed of in Maryland. This father said he had no hope of saving them — the babe and the mother he must buy, for some traders had heard of her beauty, and were prepared to give $1,000 for her, to take her to Louisiana. The owners knowing she ought to be free, and feeling some compassion, had reduced the price considerably — he had obtained half the sum. Mr. Smith added to the fund. He assists in emancipating a great many."

I have been reading Judge Walker's (of Ohio) essay on the legal position of woman. *Men* sit in the judgment-seat — *men* stand before that judgment-seat as counsellors and lawyers — *men* are impanelled as jurymen, and from first to last, from the highest down to the lowest officer engaged in *her* arrest, confinement, judgment, and condemnation — *men* have invested *men* with supreme power over *her* destiny, and filled *their*

pockets with *all* the fees. No woman is permitted to sit upon the jury whose verdict condemns her. None are ever seen upon the bench mingling their calm and tender spirits in these cases of fine, imprisonment, and death. But MEN *assume to themselves the whole responsibility of protecting her* IN or out of prison, as *they* deem right and just.

Then property rights — laws are made and repealed, as though *intellect*, *heart*, *humanity*, and education, were not of more consequence than dollars, stocks, mortgages, and lands. It is wonderful that our learned judges have not found out that American freedom is *human* — *not* masculine only. If they had framed laws which could carry this great country onward in morals as well as in power, conscientiously might we accept them; but in Congress the very men who *passed* the fugitive slave law, to preserve the Union (so they said), are now *disturbing* the Union by endeavoring to increase slavery and counteract a compromise upon which every lover of freedom has rested.

On my way from the Pension Office, I called unceremoniously at the White House. It was reception morning, but as I was the first visitor, I found myself the only company in the spacious rooms; thoughts of the worthies who had once tenanted that dwelling, came thronging over me — the contrast between them and the late incumbents of office was painful. I was afterwards, in company with a resident, present one reception evening, when I saw the apartments brilliantly lighted, and had admirable opportunity for studying human nature in diverse phases. Formerly the president, his cabinet, and their wives gave an elevated tone to these parties, and conversation was enlivened by wit and intelligence. Now fashion seems the presiding

genius, and she is not generally favorable to high, moral, and intellectual enjoyments.

Went to the school of Miss Miner. She may be called its founder. The establishment of a school for colored girls in a slaveholding district, is one of the triumphs of freedom. Miss Miner has exhibited an untiring zeal, energy, and benevolence, which is worthy of the cause of liberty; she met opposition with calm resolution, and carried her purpose by unflinching firmness. The recitations did much credit to teacher and pupils, and the singing was delightful. Harriet Beecher Stowe has taken much interest in this seminary. —— —— had a very valuable woman who ran away and went to Canada — after a little while she wrote her master word that she was very unhappy and wished him to send for her. Accordingly he sent his son to bring her home. What was the young man's astonishment when he found that her husband had joined her, and they were rejoicing in their freedom! The master did not seem to understand that *ruse* played off by the woman, which laid his vigilance asleep and rendered it easier for her husband to escape.

Judge Peters, too, has some very interesting facts about buying negroes *running*, who were considered terribly rebellious, but when they came to him, never were men more true.

Sunday morning found me in the quiet little unpretending Swedenborgian Church, greatly enjoying the services and singing. Rufus Dawes was the minister, a man of catholic spirit and enlarged mind. I had a letter of introduction to Mrs. Dawes, and as I was her guest part of the time that I was in Washington, I enjoyed the privilege of seeing the venerable Judge Cranch, and spending many hours in the intimacy of

domestic life with this family, endeared to me by recollections of affectionate social intercourse.

Washington, regarded merely as the seat of government of a powerful nation, is clothed with deep interest to the thoughtful mind; *there*, are discussed and settled questions which make or mar the happiness of millions; *there*, it is decreed that the "festering sores" of the body politic shall be aggravated by proud flesh and acrid humors; *there*, is sounded the war-trumpet which dooms to death the sons of America, and fills her daughters with mourning; *thence* comes the first peal of that chime whose harmony reverberates from State to State, till one grand anthem of PEACE is heard throughout the land. *Here* come up the memories of Washington and his coadjutors, and *here*, too, is seen the disgraceful contrast which now marks the career of most of those who fill the high offices of the country. "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer! son of the morning." Thou whose light of freedom and of moral glory was designed to dispel the darkness that sits on the face of the waters, and whose voice was designed to reach from pole to pole, proclaiming life, liberty, and happiness to *all* the inhabitants of the earth! *Here*, too, comes the cheering thought that woman was the medium through which a Saviour came to man — and will it not be through woman, as the moral elevator of the race, that deliverance will again come?

Being interested on account of a friend about pensions, my attention was attracted to this department. Here are women who year after year spend their time in the lobby trying to catch a member to present their case. It occurred to me that there ought to be a provision of some kind for such cases; and I have been rejoiced to hear that a court has been established this

year, 1855, at Washington, to hear and adjudge special claims. The Senate chamber makes a different impression from the House. The number is small, and more quiet prevails; but in neither place (save a few glorious exceptions) do you see in the countenances and bearing of the senators and representatives that honesty, intellectuality, purity, firmness, and dignity, which ought to characterize the legislators of a great nation. Sad and humiliating were the accounts of the immorality of many of these men, and they carried on their faces the label of their truth. Animality had quenched the light of virtue in their countenances, and in some, intellect was robbed of its place by intrigue, ambition, selfishness, and arrogance; in others, by indolence, meanness, ignorance, and eight dollars a day. I am not quarrelling with the remuneration, if the country received a *quid pro quo*, but let justice decide whether this is so. I cannot get reconciled to our one-sided legislation; if this is masculine legislation, it does little credit to the sex. Surely the feminine is needed to elevate them to the platform of humanity.

The Supreme Court was interesting to me. I heard Reverdy Johnson and others. Is not the time coming when this body will have to analyze the Declaration of Independence, and give it its full and legitimate construction? — "All men are born free and equal;" — "All governments derive their just powers from the *consent* of the governed;" — "Taxation without representation *is* tyranny." These great axioms uttered by the voice of truth, will be canvassed in connection with woman, and *right*, not *might*, be the watchword of our country. Woman's voice will be heard even in this sanctum sanctorum, not as now in the Senate chamber, petitioning that slavery may not extend its baleful influence,

but pleading for the "inalienable rights" of all human beings.

After passing three weeks at Gerritt Smith's, not being ready to leave Washington, where there was so much to interest and instruct, I removed to Pennsylvania Avenue, and subsequently to Judge Cranch's. While here I had the gratification of meeting and conversing with Elihu Burritt. His great soul recognizes the solidarity of the human race. PEACE, *peace* ever dwells on his tongue, beautifies his countenance, and lends harmony to his voice. He is doing a needed, noble work for humanity, by trying to establish the "ocean penny postage," which, by greatly facilitating the intercourse of nations, will draw them nearer together, and do much to create a feeling of brotherhood.

There was nothing I enjoyed in Washington more than a visit to the office of the Coast Survey, the miniature plans, the copper-plate impressions, the geography of the ocean, points for light-houses, etc., were full of interest for me, and I learned with pleasure that two women were engaged as assistants in preparing the mathematical tables. The weather during the month of February was charming, so balmy, so springlike, joy and health breathed around, and you drank in renovation and life. Thus when thought needs a wider range, and our views of life a more extensive field, how the spirit exults when it is translated to a region where these necessities are satisfied! — how the mind revels in the new ideas that circumstances call forth! — how the inner eye gazes on pictures as they move on, and what additions we are thus enabled to make to that daguerreotype gallery which in after years will furnish such

high and varied gratification as the panorama of life passes in review. Lonely hours come to the aged; if deposits are made in the bank of memory, if pleasures and blessings are treasured up there with trials and disciplines, many a solitary hour will teem with gladness or instruction. Travelling is one great means of education; it steals us from ourselves, opens to us new spheres of thought and observation, places us in new relations to mankind, and exhibits human nature in other phases. I do not know but I may class travelling among our duties, where practicable. It was grateful to be received into the homes of so many, it furnished me with beautiful views of life, and brought me near to the gentle and the noble of both sexes.

The Nebraska bill created great excitement at Washington — it was the ceaseless topic of conversation; a great problem, "the truthfulness of man to man" was about to be solved. What was the solution? "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon." I was glad to be in Washington at this time. I learned more than I should during a quiet session. The funeral pile of liberty was lighted in Congress. My farewell to Washington was trying — memory loves to live again many hours — the parting blessing of Judge Cranch rested sweetly upon me — may I be worthy of it! His benign features spoke of trust in the Divine. Glancing back at Washington, I must mention Mrs. P——. She has much of the tragic and poetic about her — she has established a reading-room and a library for the firemen of Washington. Lectures are also connected with them. Her sympathy and interest were drawn out to this class of philanthropists, by witnessing their perils and their courage at a fire next door to the

house she resided in. She did not expend her feelings in mere words, but provided for their moral and intellectual culture.

March 1st, arrived in Richmond at the residence of a connection, whose parents and mine had been very intimate. To live over the past is one of my pleasures. The sail down the Potomac was delightful, and the weather fine. Richmond is a beautiful city, but the eye is strangely arrested by the variety of shades in the inhabitants, from ebon black to white. I went to the senate chamber — thence to the house of delegates — was struck by a painting representing the Earl of Chatham, pointing to a little flame on the altar of liberty — at that flame how many torches have been lighted. The portrait of Thomas Jefferson is full of interest. Noble, prophetic spirit! "The Declaration of Independence" bears testimony to his insight into the future of his country. I saw also the likeness of John Randolph, a descendant of Pocahontas. The tobacco factories are objects of interest to a stranger, the negroes while at their work sing psalm tunes so sweetly. The falls of James River make sweet music, and the views around the city are picturesque and beautiful. I visited the grave of Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, and saw the block, on which, tradition says, the head of Smith was bowed to receive the strokes of the tomahawk. There was an effort made this year to repeal the law taxing the income of physicians after their practice amounts to a certain sum. There were many Dr's. among the members, so that I had an opportunity of seeing an unusual number.

Went to Baltimore on the 16th. Anna Cora Mowatt, and Miss Davenport, the actress, were there; it was pleasant to see them together. For the first time saw

A. C. M——, in the Hunchback. The chief point of interest, however, was the Insane Asylum. The physician, Dr. Fonarden, and the matron, were admirably adapted to meet the responsibilities and fulfil the duties of their stations — tender sympathy combined with firmness and cheerfulness, marked them both. Such heart-histories as are there revealed to woman — the wards where I saw my sex the victims of insanity produced by passion, ignorance, perversions, hereditary tendencies, and vice, harrowed up my soul. Then the room where were the imbecile, loathsome from evil habits, the light of intelligence extinguished, told a tale that may not find a place here. That day spent in the Insane Asylum furnished food for deep meditation, and made its mark in the history of women. Paid a pleasant visit to Dr. Phœbe A. Way, a graduate from Philadelphia Medical College. She is in successful practice. In Baltimore the free colored people may be taught to read, while in Virginia it is a penitentiary offence.

After a brief though pleasant visit to Baltimore, I started a bright moonlight night for Pittsburg. The sky presented one of those witching scenes when the beautifully varied wardrobe prepared for the queen of night, was constantly changing from the gauzy drapery which scarcely obscured her, to sombre mourning which entirely eclipsed her refulgence. The shadows on the hill-tops were magical, the valleys were bathed in radiance, and creation seemed filled with fleeting forms of beauty — the Susquehanna sparkling, leaping, reflecting the moonlight, added to the charm of this bewitching scene. So lovely was all without. Within the cars the travellers offered a medley worthy the pen of Dickens to portray; such distortions, stretched limbs, audible gaping, yawning, complaining, nodding, grunt-

ing, etc. etc. as baffles my powers of description. Missing the cars at Pittsburg we were obliged to remain there over night; guardian spirits watched over me, and I was directed to a private boarding-house where I found pleasant accommodations — from Boston was a pass-word. I had a passing ten minutes with Rev. Mr. Passavant, who has done so much for humanity. The next morning left for Cleveland, on the border of Lake Erie. On my arrival found myself comfortably seated at the home of a dear cousin whom I had never seen before, — family reminiscences were talked over, and the reverence in which my mother was held drew us very near. My cousin being a psychometrist attracted my attention to those unseen, unexplainable laws of relation between minds however distant. When she became an invalid, her interior life and vision became opened. From my cousins, went to the home of Caroline M. Severance, a woman whose heart pulsates for humanity, whose aspirations are upward, whose course is onward, whose life bears testimony to her womanhood in a domestic, social, and public capacity. She was going to Columbus to present a memorial to the legislature on behalf of woman. It was proposed that I should accompany her, as I was the Massachusetts Protestor, and I did so with peculiar pleasure. She spoke before the senate, not a committee, and was listened to with the most quiet and earnest attention — the dignity with which she pleaded the cause of humanity, insured her the admiration and respect of the magnanimous and intelligent. The memorial was ordered to be printed. I spoke in the church on my favorite subject to a good audience, but as the lecture season was over, the professors absent, I concluded to defer my efforts in that

brave State to another time. I saw Dr. Jennings at Cleveland, the author of "Medical Reform" — had a long conversation with him, and at parting I said, "Now, Dr., give me a sentiment" — he wrote the following, "Run with patience, Isaac Jennings. It is now about thirty-two years since I became firmly settled in the theory and practice of orthopathy, 1854."

As my mind had for many years been turned to the subjects of marriage and home — the sacredness and blessedness of both — it will not be wondered at, that it was through this medium I studied slavery when I found myself for the first time in the midst of it. Its cruelties and injustice had been so fully canvassed by scores of others, that I naturally confined my observations wholly to the bearing of this institution upon the marriage relation and *home*.

Philosophy, physiology, and experience all prove, that the principle laid down in the Bible is the only safe and true one practically, when *one* man and *one* woman were created, and theoretically in the divine command: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife, and *they twain* shall be one flesh." The Bible, after laying down this principle, goes on to demonstrate in the history of the world, the misery entailed upon the human race by a departure from it. After four thousand years this same principle of duality in the marriage relation is again promulged as the only eternal law which ought to control human beings.

In the ignorance and darkness of barbarism and the Middle Ages, God's laws were regarded as *arbitrary*, — it was believed that things were right and wrong *because he said so*, — *not that he said so, because they were right or wrong*. In the teachings of Christ, we do not

find him reasoning with the people, and trying to show them the why and the wherefore of his precepts. He well knew that the minds of his hearers were too undeveloped to understand the philosophy of morals or religion; but just in proportion as science has developed the true nature of our being and the relation of things, it has demonstrated that the laws of God are NOT arbitrary, but that they have grown out of the necessities of our being, and are based upon the constitutional and unchangeable elements of our nature.

It was with this principle of duality firmly fixed in my mind, that I now looked at slavery. I could not but remark that there were few black persons in Washington, Richmond, and Baltimore. I could not but observe that there was every shade between the black and white. I knew that there were *no marriages* between the colors, and the question spontaneously arose, Whence all these? I saw at a glance, that slavery had carefully, and according to physiological law, written her own history in *varied colors* upon the faces of the slaves.

Without any ill-natured intention, I reasoned upon the unavoidable effect of this manifest licentiousness upon the marriage relation and the *homes* of the South, but it was not necessary for me to *theorize*, for facts soon came to my knowledge, which developed a most unhappy state of things; and I was driven to the conclusion, that as slavery ruthlessly ruptured *all* family relations between the slaves, so was this outrage returned into the bosoms of their owners' families, in the fact that many husbands by *voluntarily* breaking the sacred ties which bound them to their wives, and thus introducing illegitimate children into households, blasted the happiness of those wives, and filled their homes with

distrust and jealousy, bitterness and woe. *These sons and daughters* are too often *slaves* in the family, and their features and countenances tell the sad tale of their origin. And *many* is the Hagar and the Ishmael who are cast out from southern homes, because the Sarahs there protest that the sons of the bondwoman shall not be heirs with *their sons*. Cast out — *not* into the wilderness, where in freedom they might roam, but sold into other States, perhaps to be seduced and cast out as a nuisance again and again. *Woman* is thus too frequently bartered for gold, when the outraged legal wife demands she should be cast out with her sons and daughters. Behold, then, how slavery breaks down the marriage relation, and desecrates the *homes* of the South!

Many would be afraid to make a movement, or stir a step, if they saw the blood circulating, the tendons pulling, the lungs inhaling, the innumerable nerves, arteries, veins, etc., which sustain our existence; but let knowledge illuminate such an one, and a reverent awe is induced, and fear dispelled. So with social life — particularly with woman. When learning ceases to be uncommon with them, you will cease your remarks about "blue stockings," "masculine women," "anti-woman movement," etc. etc. The artificial hedges which have grown up around us, are withering and dying, and it will take some desperate mind ever to think of planting them again. Sunlight has penetrated through naked branches, and the eye has become strong enough for more.

It was really surprising to observe the narrow, petty conceits which were brought out as the woman movement gained ground. Reason and common sense were to be gagged by *usage* — purblind eyes were talking

of vision, and crippled limbs of locomotion. I think if some caustic writer, true to humanity, would just take up the various political parties of this country, as they have clamored for notoriety the last twenty-five years, and analyze and expose the mean, contemptible, shuffling, and demoralizing expedients they have employed to obtain power, the masses would learn a most important lesson, and find out how little parties and political demagogues were to be trusted. "*The public good*" — why *that* is all a farce — *my pocket* is the pass-word. The *very men* who would be blessings in a public capacity, have hid themselves in the shades of private life, disgusted, disheartened, unwilling to be identified with such chicanery and corruption. It is well.

Said an opponent to me after my last protest was sent in, what party would you vote for, if you could? Neither. I would have a moral sentiment party. I would know the *private* character of my candidate, would know also whether he takes care of *his own* property — whether *he* had failed in business — if so, whether he had paid back every dollar of debt as fast as he had earned them. Yes, every candidate should be examined *morally*, and if it be found that he has not been true to the monitions of conscience in one direction, he cannot or *will not* be in another: "he that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much."

Take the railroad swindler, (I call things by their right names) — *he* calls it "speculation" — very well, if it is *his* money he has a right to speculate — but *not* with mine, not with the *all* of widows and orphans, nor the pittance of some who live only on dividends; yet this is often done, by the merchant too, and these men go to church and are *called pious*, but infidelity is thriving under the shadow of their apparent Christianity.

It is feared by the opponents of this woman movement, that the love of notoriety has filled the heads of some disaffected women and made them *top*-heavy — that they are seeking for *themselves office* — empty renown — rather than to fill a true, dignified, and useful position in the world. Now a few words here. The mechanic must have his tools, and the quality of those tools is as much to be considered as the number of them. The farmer has his acres of ground, but the *quality* of his soil and its best application, are of the greatest moment; ignorance here is fatal to success. The artist, whilst catching the play of features, and the hidden depths from which they spring, must have in his hand suitable implements, by which to give form to his conceptions on the canvas.

Do we suppose that a "love of notoriety" controls the minds of *these* workmen? Do we stigmatize *them*, because they eagerly seize upon every new improvement in the arts and sciences which promises to facilitate their efforts at perfection, even though ambition or dollars and cents may have their influence? O no! That is all right in *them*, they are *men*. Is woman an exception to the great laws of "excelsior?" Is not this law written upon *every* heart? Is it not *the* lever which is lifting humanity upon higher and higher planes of development? Why not give *her* every tool she needs in the work she has to do? Why not open all your high schools and colleges, literary, scientific, medical, and your lyceums, — grant to her *all* the privileges and blessings of learning, which are bestowed upon every *boy* and *man?* Why not concede to *her* freedom to follow the natural idiosyncracies and strong proclivities of *her* mind? Is there no hidden genius — no undeveloped power — no intellectual wealth (*unap-*

propriated and useless) among women? Will *she* make a *worse* use of these "tools" than *man* has — will *she* pervert them more than *he* has — will *she* lose more of *her womanhood* than *he* has of *his manhood?*

If education and freedom be good in themselves — has she not just as much right to them as *he* has; and does not *her* acknowledged superiority in the moral and religious element guarantee a *better* use of these blessings than *he* has yet made of them? The truth is, my reader, woman is *human* as well as man, and education and freedom are *her* birthright as well as *his;* and when the great question of *her* rights is settled in legal statutes and State constitutions, a jubilee will be held, such as the world has never seen; for it will herald the dawn of the millennium, when "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea." When this question is understood, doors will be opened into the *life* of woman, windows into the yet unexplored labyrinths of her nature, and discoveries made as to her capacity for intellectual development, and revelations as to the intensity of her sufferings, which will delight us, on the one hand, as much as the discovery of the gold of California or the magnetic telegraph, and on the other, strike us with as much horror and amazement as the disclosures of slavery and the slave-trade. Mark my words, and watch for their fulfilment. We talk with admiration of the great discoveries of this age — the greatest is yet to be made — the powers of the human mind in man and *woman.*

Did you ever know a true man unappreciated? Did you ever know one whom the truth made free, forging chains for others? Did you ever know a man, blessed in his mother and sisters, who did not desire the elevation of *woman?* There are searching questions on this

subject, and its most violent opponents are those, whose weak hereditary natures through fashionable, vain, and silly mothers, and their companionship with over-dressed, coquettish, and simple sisters, have caused them to wonder *what* woman wants more than to be fed and dressed, taken to balls and theatres, and *protected* by man. But they do not define *their* idea of *man* — such men as themselves are the *destroyers*, not the protectors of woman; and *they know it*, although they do not know that we do.

Great truths never dwell alone; like the sciences, hand in hand they stand like guardian angels around the destiny of man. The setting sun permits the unseen moon to glad the eye; the advancing day veils her brightness in refulgent light, until another night is born and wears it in her diadem again. Unfettered in their course they went and came, and came and went, each in harmony doing its bidding to the world. All nature speaks of *freedom*. Thy childish thought, thy first ray of intelligence, thy first perceptions of cause and effect, led thee in harmony with nature, which is free and unfettered to ask freedom for thyself.

The halls of Congress, State legislatures, the pulpit, the bar, the medical college — are all writing their own epitaphs, and the masses *begin* to see it.

Is it not surprising that so few of us dare express a thought — dare to utter an honest conviction — dare to advocate a truth, *felt*, though it may be, in our very inmost? The sin of *deception* is so patronized in life, and wise croakers, so numerous, saying, think what you please, but *don't tell* it, that we are almost persuaded to smother ourselves.

But *utterance* is the law of LIFE — to violate that law brings on mental dyspepsia — consumption of the *heart*.

Stifle your thoughts — consider what you *can* — weigh well in the balance of expediency what you *cannot* say, and the whole current of life will be poisoned. You will freeze to death — chill all around you, and become a corpse *inwardly* before you are one outwardly.

Mrs. Mowatt was fulfilling her farewell engagement at the Howard Street Theatre, — it was an exciting time among the lovers of the stage. I have here one word to say on this amusement as well as that of dancing. The legitimate drama is no more to be rejected on account of the abuses of theatrical life, than wholesome food, because of gluttony. It is the lack of home discipline — of self-culture — the absence of a moral and religious nature, which has prostituted these healthful recreations and so profaned them, that the truehearted dare not touch them for fear of pollution. I should like to know whether there has ever been a play performed in our country as demoralizing as the *political* dramas which have been played off for the last twenty years. Take the influence of all the plays which have disgraced the stage, and the passage of the Nebraska bill is beyond them all. *That* was a monarch crime which the stage-players at Washington indorsed, and commanded every man in all the States to *act*, whenever slavery required it. Look at it — study it — and do n't fold your hands in pious horror at the theatre, when *you* sent men to Congress who voted for *that bill.*

Visit Wall street, or any exchange in our cities. THERE are the *deep* players. If you look at the *plays* which are acted in banks and railroad corporations, and on the mercantile stage, you need not wonder that the drama is not more elevated. *You* could not bear it — *you* would not *enjoy* it if it was. These dramatic performers deal in gold and silver, in dollars and cents,

in open daylight. But there are others who *play* with purity and virtue. There are dramas — deep tragedies — acted every day and every night in your houses of assignation and prostitution and desecration, which are too horrible to be tolerated on the public stage, to say nothing of those more secret seductions which are blasting the virtue of *both sexes*, and breaking the heart of woman. O! how many are driven into *common* prostitution, by a maddening desperation, which refuses to be comforted and scorns to be virtuous, because the trusted one, the loved one has been false; whilst others, cast off by relatives, wither and die in obscurity and rags, meekly hiding their mouths in the dust, as the scorching sirocco of holy indignation sweeps over and buries them.

Romance, mysticism are *needs* of our nature — why should they not be acknowledged and met? Every one's life is a drama; where is the harm of spending an evening in seeing another's life acted out before us? The stage *can* be elevated, it *can* be made a school for thought, a stimulant to noble action, to holy life. It *will be* when humanity rises in the scale of virtue. The time *is* coming when the drama will be regenerated and elevated to its true position, and will bless mankind. True hearts from time to time have done their part in endeavors to accomplish this, and Anna Cora Mowatt was faithful in her efforts. She was free from rant, and from the tricks of ambitious weakness. Her style was natural and refined; her voice so sweet and sympathetic that it touched the inner life; her gestures so harmonious and pure, that as she glided along, she sometimes electrified through pantomime. Who that has heard her give that passage

from Blanche in her own play, "Armand," but acknowledges her grace and power, —

> "Seem *happy* — how can I seem otherwise?
> 'T is happiness to me to live — to be!
> My very instincts — nay, the very use
> Of every separate sense by which we hold
> Communion visible with external being
> Is happiness," etc.

She was also admirable in "Ion and Parthenia." Have not such plays as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. produced the happiest results, and will not more such be written? I have no room for any thing further, only that I would advise my young friends to prepare themselves for private theatricals — it will awaken a healthy stimulant to virtue, develop the powers of mind and voice and muscle, and give ease and freedom to woman as well as man, and above all, will occupy the time too often *consumed* in scandal, idleness, languor, and *ennui.* I know of but one teacher who at all appreciates this subject. In his school, the scholars are regularly trained in single pieces and dialogues, and his exhibitions have surprised and delighted the audience, so admirable has been the performance of children and youth. He regards this exercise as so essential to the development of mind, manners, and morals, that it commands his particular attention, he always hearing each pupil alone, previous to the weekly exhibitions, in order to correct stiffness of manner, and teach them to enter into the *spirit* of their pieces.

But to return to Anna Cora Mowatt. Those who were present at her leave-taking, remember her farewell speech, and the impression it produced; and prayers went with her, when Richmond became her home and Ritchie her name. Her deep religious nature was felt

upon the stage, and we might hope other American women of high moral and religious character will come forth and do likewise; writing, as well as performing, elevating the drama.

Early in April a call was issued for a Woman's Rights Convention to be held in Boston, which we give below, as containing a condensed view of the wrongs for which we sought redress.

The undersigned respectfully invite

All citizens of New England, who believe in the right of the laborers to control their own earnings:

All who believe in a fair day's wages for a fair day's work:

All who believe in the equal right of all children in the community to all public provisions of education:

All who believe in the right of human beings to determine their own proper sphere of action:

All who believe in the right of all to a trial by a jury of their peers:

All who believe that taxation without representation is tyranny:

All who believe in the right of adult native Americans to have a voice in electing the government whose laws control them:

To meet in convention at Boston, Friday, 2d June next, to consider whether these rights shall continue to be limited to one half the members of the community.

This convention met accordingly, and was a memorable one indeed, being held on the very day that the whole city was under intense excitement from the rendition of Burns. That day, June 2d, 1854, was one of fearful import.

On the 4th July, I remained in the city purposely that I might witness the "glorification," see the fireworks, and watch the events of the day. Although I had seen the floral procession before, yet it impressed me as though it was the first time. So many *girls*, exposed to the stare and glare of anybody and every-

body. I wondered where the *fastidious* were, who feared so much for our sex when called by duty to appear in public, on comparatively a *sheltered* stage of action. Here the streets were thronged with spectators. *Girlhood* — that winning, tender period of life, exposed to the gaze of all. Propose at this moment to some conservative that mature *womanhood* should assist in framing the laws by which she is bound, should sit upon a jury to try her guiltless or guilty sister, and he is amazed at the impropriety — it is shocking to all *his* ideas of female delicacy. Then attract him to this public display of beautiful *girlhood*, and he says immediately, this is *amusement* only. Very well; look at that girl singing to a hand-organ in the street, a prey to the lowest curiosity — that is for bread and clothes, is it not?

Then the *Irish* voters, whom you meet in every direction. Well, this is a good day to inquire about *American women* — to ask what is *their* position in this Republic. A young lady personates the Goddess of Liberty in your mammoth tent — (methinks this is very much like the liberty poles at the South being planted by *slaves*) — but never mind — this figure is prophetic — and we will bide our time. The crackers, the bustle, the excitement of that day was not lost on me — I a tax payer.

In July, I went to Plymouth for the first time — was the guest of Dr. Jackson; SHE has practised long enough to have *her* title, a Homœopathic physician. I felt quite at home there. The recollection of my Puritan ancestors, the Winslows and Wentworths, was very pleasant. Emotions of veneration and gratitude seize the mind on entering this place, "compactly built." I enjoyed the honor, at "Pilgrim Hall," of handling the first

seal of the original charter which came from England in 1629; and I have seen the autographs of the "Pilgrim Band." Josiah Winslow means something more to me than a name. How interesting the fact, that in the first distribution of land on their arrival, each member of a family had an acre, without reference to age, sex, or rank! This was democracy. I spoke at the Universalist church, on Cole's Hill. The venerable Dr. Kendall of Plymouth, is an object of great interest to strangers. He has resided at the parsonage fifty-four years, and is eighty-five years old; purity and elevation irradiate his features. The families of Alden and Chilson have endeavored to determine with certainty, which first stepped on this continent, *John or Mary* — but no matter which — it would have continued a wild without *her*.

I went to Kingston before my return, and spoke there, and visited Martha's Vineyard, for I desired to see the position of women, whose husbands were absent so much of the time, and upon whom so much depended. I spoke there, and the services impressed me very deeply; those third services just at sunset are fit times for thought. "I love to steal awhile away from every worldly care," was the first hymn sung.

After the services a veteran captain, who was over eighty, called upon me, to express his satisfaction. He was the first captain who sailed from this port *without liquor*. After very nearly losing his life at New Orleans, in consequence of the drunkenness of both his mates, he determined never to have it on board again. This was about the year 1820. Wm. Daggett was his name.

This journey was productive of much thought. Gov. Thomas Mayhew was one of the first settlers on the island. Tradition says that to Elizabeth, he gave

the island bearing that name — to Martha, the Vineyard — to Naoma, Nonan island; and to Nan or Anna, Nantooket, or Nantucket. I like these traditions, they are foreshadowings. These long whale voyages to the far-off ocean are very unfavorable to social life; years of absence from home and home responsibilities does not aid in the development of high-toned life. Woman looks sickly, wan, worn, and morbid; there seemed to be a mist here thicker than sea fog. It was an excellent place to look at the amount of property taxed without representation. As man was on the deep, the wife generally has a power of attorney to attend to business in his absence. He may arrive the day of an election and know nothing of parties — but *he* can vote — what an absurdity!

I copy the following from a newspaper published at Edgartown, July 24, 1854. It will give a pretty clear idea of the position of woman and her wrongs: —

☞ "NOTICE. Whereas I posted my wife, Augusta M. Austin, on the 5th of January last — this is to counteract that act and make it void, as I did it *without* provocation, I being at the time in a *passion*, for which I am sorry."

Now this is in Massachusetts, in 1854, and shows how entirely a woman is at the mercy of her husband, to be cried up or cried down as passion moves him.

I found many things to interest me on the island, but I don't like any place that is wholly dependent upon water conveyance. I had a sort of home-sickness. A party of us went to Gay Head to see the light-house; a thin, delicate young lady drove me, and her skill was remarked by the men. Among us were some sea-captains who had captured the whales of arctic seas, and from them I heard interesting anecdotes. Then the re-

mains of the Uncas tribe of Indians, who have land assigned them, attracted my attention, — the neat little church, the school-house. Their Indian Bible is a sealed book, for the language is lost. It was almost impossible to trace the Indian, the mixture was so obvious; but I brought away with me a lock of Indian hair, straight, black, and shining like satin. In cases where they have intermarried with black persons, the *Indian* woman holds the land in *her* right.

Fashion rules here. I really pitied some of those absent husbands, — contending with all the hardships of a whaling voyage, whilst their wives at home were dressing, eating, and sleeping. The women have plenty of time and but little to do. Said one of them to me, "After a marriage of 12 years, my husband has been at home but 3." Said another, "Such long voyages are very hard; I scarcely know my husband." Another, "I lost all my children whilst my husband was away; he never saw but one of them." So marriage is very peculiar on this island.

The evening I left, a veteran captain, aged 90, called on me with an acrostic he had written on my name. He had been an almanac maker, was quite a mathematician, and was bright and joyous in his old age. I think it would be well for every woman to ascertain how much she spends on her dress in a year, and determine to save half of it and go to the islands to learn something of *human nature*. That is a science which is yet to be duly appreciated. A knowledge of it would unlock apartments which have never yet been swept or garnished, for the inmate has been sorrow-stricken. There are bereavements which paralyze, and living death which rusts the locks and hinges of communication, but the right spirit is like oil, and the right word is the key to open the door.

A knowledge of human nature leads to a love of the natural sciences, that the uses of every thing may be seen. Study humanity; the more you understand the laws which preside over its destiny, the more tender will you be to the weak, ignorant, and erring, and thus will travel perform a double mission for the soul.

Came home through New Bedford. Enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. S——; pleasant associations were blended with this visit. Rode about, attended the Quaker meeting, and returned home, laden with a new experience. Mt. Bowdoin is my other home. In all my journey not one discomfiture; everybody kind. Ida Pfeiffer, the great traveller, — why it is hardly possible that I am here with her at 32 Green street, side by side, talking of woman in a barbarous state, and then in civilized life. She is very interesting and instructive, and when I thought of all she had passed through, with her fragile form, the *energy* of woman was manifest. Travelling is to her what painting is to the artist, or melody to the musician, — it is a passion, and nerves for effort.

To Frederick U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors and other Authorities of the City of Boston, and the Citizens generally, and the Legislature in particular.

Harriot K. Hunt, physician, and a native and permanent resident of the city of Boston, upon the payment of her taxes in 1852, formally protested against the injustice and inequality of levying taxes upon a part of the citizens who are not accorded the right of representation. Her protest affirmed the fact, that all persons in Massachusetts, 21 years of age and upwards, including *drunkards*, *felons*, *lunatics*, or *idiots*, who may be independent of pauperism or guardianship, are, if males, qualified by the payment of a State or County tax to vote at municipal elections, — no standard of morality, justice, or principle being regarded, the payment of said tax and male sex being the only required qualifications.

Her protest also alluded to the character of your alien laws and naturalization privileges, and pointed out the positive wrong existing in connection with the present system of public school education, which, while utterly ignoring the need of a high school for girls, utterly ignoring the need of a college for woman in Massachusetts, yet suffers taxes to be as unceremoniously levied on, and demanded of a large body of *female* citizens, as though that body were appropriately recognized in law. Her protest also set forth, that while it is broadly and distinctly admitted that "governments are instituted among men, deriving their *just* powers from the *consent* of the governed," this proscribed class of tax payers have never either publicly or privately consented to the government which year after year levies and collects its taxes on their property; this year with increased rates of valuation and percentage.

The following year, 1853, on the payment of her annual taxes, her act was accompanied by another protest, in which, after the recapitulation of the foregoing facts, notice was taken of the decision of the constitutional convention of that year, with regard to the proposed erasure from your laws of the word "*male*," in immediate reference to your unequal and sexual system of public school education; and allusion was made to the inefficiency of your school committees, as well as to the injustice of slighting the petition of 2,700 citizens for equal advantages of education for mind not sex. And now, in the year 1854, this her third protest is laid before your body. Shall it be set aside with the others, or will your magnanimity be equal to the duty of laying it before the legislature, so peculiarly organized this year, as if pledged to investigate reforms? These are questions which await your determination.

Your sense of justice is again appealed to. The noble spirit of our forefathers "held these truths to be self-evident, that" all men are created equal, and that "they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Natural and political justice, and the axioms of English and American law alike determine that rights and burdens should be harmonious — taxation and representation coextensive. Their affirmations have now risen to the dignity of political principles. They are accepted as the fundamental basis of all just government. Ours are but logical conclusions from these, the established premises of all republics. We affirm that while women are liable to punishment for acts, which the laws call criminal, or while they are taxed in

their labor or property for the support of government, they have a self-evident and indisputable right to a direct voice in the enactment of those laws and the formation of that government.

Yet while increased taxation, both as regards valuation and percentage, is accepted by men, who vote for those who impose such taxes — women are compelled not only to pay *what* you dictate, but *when* you say, and the *right* to determine to what purposes their money shall be applied, is declared by your usages to be *beyond their* province. Are school committees to be chosen from each ward, *men* vote for such; and although girls are included in public school education, *women* are denied a place on these committees. The revised city charter was submitted in November, 1854, to the citizens for their ratification or rejection, and the question arose, Who are citizens? Why males? Why foreigners? because they pay a poll-tax — the intemperate, the vicious, the ignorant, anybody and everybody who has the wit to elude pauperism and guardianship, if they are only *males*. And yet women are to live under this city charter, obey, be taxed to support, and no pauper establishment or guardianship is thought necessary for them, though the law tacitly ranks them in the condition of those who live under both. How inconsistent is all this! How absolutely at variance with the Declaration of Independence, the principles of republicanism, the theory or practice of judicious government, with all that is wholesome, reasonable, and just!

When party factions, political intrigues, and the selfish cabals of scheming politicians are stricken down and abolished, and the people come back to first principles, they will realize the enormity of depriving one half the citizens of Boston of rights secured to them in the parchments of a republic. *We are strong in the right*, and we bide our time. Protests will fall and thicken around you, but whether one or many, the demand is still for justice; for that justice which shall insure a free and willing payment of taxes, and a representation in your legislative bodies which will secure the rights of every *native citizen*.

Your remonstrant in paying her taxes for 1854, for the third time utters her protest against the present law which deprives citizens of the right of suffrage, a right precisely identical with those on which rests American liberty.

This is respectfully submitted.

HARRIOT K. HUNT, 32 Green street.

BOSTON, Nov. 15, 1854.

It was very amusing to read the articles which appeared in the newspapers, as my protests against "taxation without representation," came out year by year. Some of them full of spite and slang, and indicating an utter ignorance of the motives, and a misconception of the aims of the women engaged in this reform, and a perfect caricature of the *effects* upon society at large and woman in particular — all which we cordially excuse, as ignorance was their mother.

But in these pieces we find the writers have unintentionally given us a picture of political life as it now is. Look at this: "If Dr. Harriot wishes one corduroy privilege she must take the others." Now mark what they are. "She must not only get posted up in politics, but in *brandy smashes and blackguardism*, for a *timely drink*, or a *smutty repartee have as much influence at the polls*, as facts, eloquence, and excitement." So much for *man's political life*. Do you believe that when woman gets her right to vote, that *she* will sink *herself* into such a slough of pollution? Now look at the picture of *man's* morality. "There are expressions that would fall unobserved and harmless in a company of *men*, but are *intolerable* in the hearing of *women*." And why, we would ask? Does the Bible promulge one set of commandments to man, and *another* to woman? Or, do the sexes stand on the *same* platform of *moral purity?* If political life and social life have been thus degraded from their high and noble purposes; is it not time they were redeemed? *How* can they be? is the *great question* this age has to answer.

But these protests brought out those of another character. One signed A. B. C. appeared, advocating woman's right to vote. This was answered by X. Y. Z. *This* writer thought it very clear that the former knew

nothing, but the A, B, C of this matter, so he or it *may* have been a woman, chose the fag end of the alphabet as a signature. Let reason fill up the vacuum between the first and last of the alphabet, and we have nothing to fear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"In fact it is as important to regulate in a republic, in what manner, *by* whom, *to* whom, and concerning *what suffrages* are to be given, as it is in a monarchy, to know who is the *prince*, and after what manner *he* ought to govern." — MONTESQUIEU.

IN Dec., 1854, I started for Ohio, being desirous to understand the medical question in that State, as also to meet those women who had thought so earnestly on the woman question. I was hospitably entertained at Troy, at the residence of Mrs. Emma Willard, (whose absence I regretted). Dr. Mary Bayley, who graduated at Cincinnati, was the hostess while she was away. I visited the seminary, in which were one hundred pupils, from Maine to Mississippi. In this institution there is a health officer, whose duty it is to investigate the health of the scholars, and control their diet, exercise, etc. Saw many of the teachers.

I then went to Albany to see *those sisters* who have ever been so kind to me on my journeys back and forth. Then to Niagara for a midwinter feast. Quite a trial to have the cars whirl me through the places where lived Samuel J. May, Elizabeth Stanton, and Gerritt Smith. No person can say they have seen the Falls unless they have been here in winter. The frozen spray glitters like gems; then the immense icicles

which overhang the precipices and encase the trunks and branches of trees, in every variety of form.

In summer we expect nature to gratify our wants, and we are melted by the beauty and variety of foliage and flower, but in winter another mood is ours. The trees clothed in their snowy vestments looked like fairy courtiers doing homage to the frost-king. In cloudy weather there is a marble whiteness in this covering which is very striking. Both rocks and trees are invested with it, and incrusted with frozen spray. No conception can be formed of this startling, wonderful scene. A marble tower and a marble bridge by which to reach it, — then the dashing, thundering waters of the Horseshoe Fall, still send up the cloud of incense day and night, summer and winter, for ever and for ever — "snow and vapor, stormy wind fulfilling his word." The evergreen trees received the snow, whose feathery particles were held together by the frozen spray, into hollows in their branches, some of which were bending under its weight. No ungraceful stiffness disfigured them, but in majesty and beauty they appeared. Here was Italian marble and Swiss glaciers. Was I in Europe, or America? Where?

General Whitney, the veteran of Niagara, was with us. We rode over the Suspension Bridge to the Canada side. This is a two story bridge — the upper one for rail cars, the lower for any and every thing else. Here the spray was thicker than I had ever seen it. We visited the museum, but it had no attractions for me, save the bald eagle, whose piercing eye and majestic bearing was in harmony with the scene without. It was instructive to contemplate this stupendous scene and then fancy the cars moving over that upper bridge, the steam arising like incense to the

genius of man above, whilst an ocean of foam and mist were ascending from below, offering their ceaseless worship to HIM who doeth wonders.

A preparation is needed for signal events, and so it was fitting I should spend two cloudy days at Niagara before seeing it in all the glory of sunshine. I had thought my soul was filled with its grandeur and magnificence; but no! What I had seen was only a foretaste of what was now before me. The falls in sunlight are dazzling beyond description, and a splendid rainbow was reflected by the spray, — the trees glittered with spangles as in fairy land; an endless variety of marble carvings appeared upon and between and under the rocks in every direction, and the ground was jewelled, reminding one of that beautiful description in Revelation of the foundations of the New Jerusalem, which "were garnished with all manner of precious stones," so gorgeous were the varied colors produced by the magic touch of every sunbeam. Who can wonder that Madame Pfeiffer should say, "but one Niagara" — how can there be another? Yet few go to see it in its greatest sublimity. O! take the money expended on balls and parties, dinners and suppers, trimmings and jewels, laces and satins, and go to Niagara in *midwinter*. Catch a glimpse of *those* diamonds and pearls and spangles. *There* they are in place, glistening and shining around this altar of the living God. "Throw yourself upon nature" here, drink into her spirit, and then will you find *within* an audience-chamber where your heavenly Father will gently lead you and lift you into a higher life, a purer atmosphere. "Throw yourself upon nature — she is ever new," and will inspire you with aspirations after truth.

After passing my Christmas at Niagara, I went to

Cleveland. The medical college there receives women as students, and they are in every respect on an equality with their brethren; two were then members of the college, one from the eastward, the other from the old world. I had only heard that Marie was a student at the Cleveland College; but when I met her, an electric communication was instantly established between us. I felt that here was a combination of head and heart, which was as uncommon as it was beautiful. My mind instantly reverted to her mother; to me they were one, and my inquiries satisfied me of the truthfulness of my intuitions. Joy filled my soul that one had come from the old world laden with its experiences and its treasures, to cast her lot in the new. Further acquaintance has but deepened my interest in Marie, and Dr. Blackwell of New York must feel it a privilege to have been the means of her introduction at Cleveland as a medical student, where her noble bearing and scientific mind is perceived and acknowledged by the faculty. What city will be gladdened and advantaged, by her selecting it as a location, is in the future. Such women — such students, are moral pivots in society. I cannot forbear giving a little sketch of the history of this rare woman.

Marie Elizabeth Zakrzewska, a Prussian, had her mind early attracted to the study of medicine, her mother having been in the practice of midwifery for many years. When only twelve years of age she began to visit the sick in an almshouse, which increased her desire to become a physician. At sixteen she commenced the study of Homœopathy, and her father, anxious to aid her in the noble design, applied to government for permission for her to study midwifery and the diseases of children. Again and again was his appli-

cation rejected; her youth and her being unmarried, were the reasons assigned. Her disappointment did not discourage her; she pursued her studies with untiring zeal for two years with Dr. Schmidt, professor of midwifery in the university attached to the royal hospital of Berlin. He represented to the king that she was a woman of rare abilities, and a "cabinet order" was at length issued, granting her the long desired privilege; and her faithful friend, Dr. Schmidt, welcomed her into his female class of fifty-eight students. Previous to this, he intrusted her with the whole obstetric department — all the students, both *male* and *female*, being under her *practical* instruction. How she discharged these important duties will be seen by the following document: —

"The undersigned, Secretary of Legation of the United States of America, certifies that Marie Elizabeth Zakrzewska has exhibited to him very strong recommendations from the highest professional authorities of Prussia, as a scientific, practical, experienced accoucheuse of unusual talent and skill. She has been *chief* accoucheuse in the Royal Hospital of Berlin, and has a certificate of her superiority from the board of directors of that institution. She has not only manifested great talent as a practitioner, but also as a teacher, and enjoys the advantages of a moral and irreproachable private character. She has attained this high rank over many female competitors in the same branch, there being more than fifty in the city of Berlin, who threaten by their acknowledged excellence to monopolize the obstetric art.

"THEODORE S. FAY.

"Legation of the United States, Berlin, Jan. 26, 1853.

"Upon inquiry I find that instead of fifty, there are 110 accoucheuses in Berlin.

"THEODORE S. FAY."

On her arrival in the United States she commenced the study of our language, wishing to identify herself

with the country of her adoption, and open a wider field of practice by graduating at an American college.

Rev. A. D. Mayo is settled in Cleveland over a new religious society; his religious nature is so deep, so finely developed, so active, and so healthful, that he can *afford* to be *progressive*. Here the first "Medical Loan Fund Association" was formed, and from this point I went to various places to speak on the question, and try to awaken attention to this important subject. The two following articles extracted from the "Constitution of the Ohio Female Medical Education Society," will enable the reader to form an idea of its utility and design: —

"ART. 4. Applicants shall be required to furnish testimonials of a past upright life, of a good rudimental education, and of a sufficiently robust constitution, or freedom from actual disease, to endure the course of study, and furnish reasonable ground of hope that the aid given will ever be profitably employed.

"ART. 5. Applicants, upon receiving aid, will be required to give a written pledge of honor that when they shall become well established, or their income otherwise be sufficient to warrant, they will return to the Society, the sum loaned without interest."

I attended lectures one day at the Medical College. Professor Delamartier, Senior, is one of those ancient, venerable men on whose countenances you love to look, — it matters not whether your thoughts run in the same groove, you respect him for his worth, and he respects woman when he perceives in her honesty of purpose and true womanhood. The lecture I heard was on a class of diseases peculiar to woman; and not one shade of levity or impropriety diminished the interest of the occasion. Men and women studying together at a medical college of high standing, was prophetic. I spoke with the Professor after the lecture,

and he remarked, "We are more democratic in Ohio, than you are in Massachusetts." I felt like hanging my head. The "Athens of America" was eclipsed by a younger sister; yet I rejoiced greatly that as the elder was unprepared to advance, the junior tripped her up triumphantly, stepped over her, and took the first prize. After ten minutes recess, I heard Prof. Cassle on Materia Medica, a very pleasant lecture. Attended Prof. Ackley's lecture; he stands very high as a surgeon. My conviction was strengthened, by being at this college, of the utter uselessness, nay, even injury and injustice of establishing separate colleges for the sexes, thus depriving each of that influence and communion of thought which would be a blessing, and a normal stimulant to both. "Did you not find effeminate looking young men there?" queried a friend. "Yes, but I am not willing that *effeminate* (weak) men should represent my sex, any more than you are that they should represent yours." I looked and stared, and stared and looked at the class, and I do not think the same number of young women taken at random would have suffered by a comparison with them phrenologically or physiognomically. This farce, which is played off on the public by excluding women from the medical profession, or indeed any other, on the ground of incompetency, cannot stand the test of common observation, candor, and good-sense.

I thought it best to visit the towns in the northern part of Ohio, and try to elicit interest in the medical question by establishing loan fund associations. Allow me here to record my grateful acknowledgments to the noble men and women who aided me, brave physicians, and "regulars" too, — to those who received us at their homes, (Mrs. Severance was with me part of the time,) and, ministered so hospitably to our comfort, and,

above all, sympathized so warmly in our object. Having accomplished what I could, I started with Mr. and Mrs. Severance for Oberlin, that place whose fame was bruited abroad, because education there was for *mind*, not sex or color. I was very curious to know all about it, for Antoinette Brown, Lucy Stone, and Sally Holly had graduated there; the first college that had received pupils of both sexes, and thus nobly ranked itself on the side of "human rights." The best hotel was closed, so we had to go to the only other one the place afforded; the night was stormy, the windows rattled as if a hail storm was pelting pitilessly; the wind came in shivering blasts. Still, a feather-bed promised a shelter from the cold; but, oh dear me! when I took possession, the few scores of feathers flew on either side, and left me safely deposited on the sacking; then the pillows, you might almost have counted the feathers between the cases. Well, I comforted myself with the penance as a good lesson to teach me the value of all I enjoyed in private families. The next morning, Professor Cowles and wife invited us to their house. I regretted the absence of President Finney. It would have been a gratification to see the presiding officer of an institution which may be called the first "Woman's Rights College." Now I see the faculty looking very grave at this saucy and bold assertion, and pointing me to the undeniable fact that a woman of blameless life, of superior talents, ardently desiring to be, like Priscilla, a minister of the gospel, was refused ordination, after preparing herself for the office, and was compelled to seek in another State the recognition of her right to preach. Be it so; yet Annas will prophesy, and woman fulfil her mission of giving birth to truth, and bringing regeneration to the world. On Sunday,

attended the meeting; to my joyous nature there *seemed* to be a lack of cheerfulness." "It is one of its avocations to keep the soul open to God's sunlight. Sobriety is so perpendicular a wall, that few can climb and look over the other side, to see how happy the heart is. It is here (in the church) where a smile is counted a curse, that the dignity of cheerfulness *ought* to be asserted, its blushing flowers laid on the altar of Love, and the fragrance of the whole soul be yielded to God." The sphere at Oberlin seemed to me one of constraint; I queried whether the soul had *free play*, whether there were amusements enough to recreate and unbend the mind. Oberlin has sent out teachers to every point of the compass. Would that they might carry with them a garland woven of love and smiles, to ornament their school-rooms and attract their pupils. I attended the recitations; the talent displayed by the colored students delighted me. One thing struck me as singular, the *male* pupils delivered their compositions from memory, the females *read* theirs; it might be this statue-like exhibition was thought feminine or *lady-like*, but it detracted wonderfully from the interest of speaker and piece. Met a little party at Professor Morgan's, where we had a spirited discussion on woman and her position; we had quite an entertaining evening, and may be the seed dropped there will bear fruit an hundred-fold. At any rate, I had a hearty invitation from Mrs. Morgan to make my home there if I revisited Oberlin.

When I left Oberlin, where so many had received their education so cheaply, my heart was gladdened, and I felt they would be open to progress, all in good time. But those Ohio roads — mud — mud — mud. I had no idea of mud from New England roads. At

Elyria in Lorraine county, were guests of Dr. Griswold's, and received every attention there. Mrs. Severance and myself both spoke; an interest was excited in the medical question, and arrangements were made to form a society, auxiliary to the Cleveland Medical Loan Fund Association. Wherever you go, if this question is agitated, you will be surprised at the number of facts that open upon you. This is a pleasan spot.

The whole of this Western Reserve in the northern part of Ohio, was granted to Connecticut by Congress, to meet her revolutionary claims; consequently many persons from Connecticut removed here. They carried with them a severe orthodoxy; but although this may have worked well in the old State, yet the hardy settlers of a new country, who have to *work* for themselves, are very apt to *think* for themselves also — hence no one who has travelled in this region can help being struck with the freedom and boldness of thought which now exists. Some minds seem ready to hear every thing, and if they do not accept, then they oppose — thus the mind is kept bright by constant use. My experience in this journey was somewhat new, and many lessons were learned.

My next point was Painesville, in Lake County — here the Campbellites granted their church, not because they accepted the medical question, but because they had been so much persecuted — a wise people. Here another auxiliary society was formed.

The lake shore is highly prized by all who live there — fruit had been cut off only four times in fifty years. There was a great depression owing to the drought — business men were very thoughtful. I do not like the

fresh water air, as well as the salt; it seems to lack a relish, for salt is to air what it is to food.

The Tribune visits every spot, nook, and cranny, and true thinkers cannot be grateful enough that there is such a medium through which they may know each other, though far apart. I found this particularly the case in the western part of New York. There is a large society of Spiritualists in Painesville — it would be unjust to confound them with believers in the "Free Love doctrine," because now and then one may appear among them.

The ladies met and formed an auxiliary society there. My severe cold was tenderly cared for by Mrs. M. Although I was not travelling professionally, yet my position as a physician, brought me in contact with suffering womanhood, and heart histories in Ohio were but different versions of those in Massachusetts.

In Salem, Columbiana County, I found a hospitable home at Jacob Heaton's; his house is called the Quaker tavern, and his hospitality is proverbial — such a home brightens this lower world. It was in Salem that the first State convention of women was held. I saw many noble men and women here, heard many fine discussions, but was unable to speak, having lost my voice from influenza. Ohio air did not seem to agree with me. Measures were taken to form a society in the parlor, and I left Salem with many regrets.

Went to Tiffin, Seneca County. Quite enjoyed my home at Doctor Gibson's. Some gentlemen asked me, if they procured a hall, etc., whether I would give a public lecture on woman as a physician. I said, "O yes, if you will bring out your physicians to answer me, that *I* may have some fun. The house was packed.

As I passed along my lecture, I said my medical brother can answer to this or that. After I had finished, the audience called out for a physician. The first who spoke was true and manly. He alluded to cases which had come under every physician's cognizance, where woman was needed.

Another arose, — he approved of physiology being taught in schools, and a knowledge of it disseminated in every community — but there were insuperable objections to women being physicians — could not be out at night. He did not think of the many nurses who were up all night with the sick. Then he said women could not cultivate a moustache — here an uproar arose — I immediately rose and said there had not been a single vulgarism in my lecture, and that I should tolerate none whilst I was on the platform: then, the audience sustained me bravely: and I had at my side a true man. I would have enjoyed a chat with this doctor, and should have asked him, what phrenological organ was on the chin. Straws tell which way the tide sets. He introduced himself to the audience, and defined *his* idea of manhood.

This lecture awakened much thought, and a society was formed. How wonderful the growth of Western cities! In 1820 Tiffen was a forest roamed over by Mohawk Indians — in 1855, a city with five thousand inhabitants. The settlers here were partly Pennsylvanians and partly Marylanders from Frederick county, who were opposed to slavery because they were Dunkers. The men wear their beards and wash each others' feet as a religious duty. Western travelling is very interesting, if you are warmly clothed and feel good humored. The prairie fields of snow, jewelled trees, little log-cabins with wreathing smoke — the very nakedness of the scene is its beauty.

Next went to the Janney home, in Columbus, the seat of government — here was Starling Medical College. I was soon with Eastern friends in an Eastern home — another influenza brought me under the care of a woman physician who was practising here. I was accused in Columbus of trying to inveigle New Englanders back again — was it not a good thought — Ohio freedom on Massachusetts soil.

What a solace music is in a sick room! I wish guitar playing was more common; it would beguile so many hours for the invalid. In Columbus I had an opportunity of witnessing some peculiar phenomena in spiritual manifestations through the pencil-drawings of faces, by mediums in a clairvoyant state. These likenesses are frequently portraits of those who are in the spirit land and whom the medium never had seen. Here let me introduce a case which will somewhat explain my views on this subject.

What do you think of spiritual manifestations? said a lady, (with a thoughtful brow.) I want you to see my sister who has become indifferent to every thing — her will is gone, she waits for spirits to tell her what to do — it is really sad to see her in her home. Well, said I, there are many views to take of this subject now so interesting to the public.

I believe in spiritual manifestations, in those holy unseen influences which arrest us from the within, and the *effect* is seen on the *outer*. In those spiritual communings when the outward eye is bright, because the inner is illuminated — when the tones are rich and clear and full, for voices within are speaking — when the expression is lighted up by a spark within — the innermost shining through the outermost. But I know not yet what to say of those manifestations which close

the outer senses, that a concentration of nervous power may stimulate the inner. If the message be delightful, why do not the features become illuminated? Those nervous twitches speak not of harmony — those morbid feelings tell not of order, those unnatural actions savor not of health. This is the dark side of spiritualism.

I think it is true that the minds (most commonly) who become mediums are passive; they do not *live a life* — they dream one. I *except from this class*, those who are so highly organized, that through sickness, sorrow, and prayer, they have been brought into the clairvoyant state. To such this communion with spirits has been a blessing — by restoring them to the world, to usefulness, and enjoyment. I believe in mysticism — in the power of the voice, in the magic of a hushed or an excited tone, in the pressure of a hand, in the glance of an eye, in the surrounding sphere; and I am wonderstruck at its power, and reverently heed its monitions, for it speaks of deep responsibilities.

But for myself I am not satisfied of the use of so many hours being given to table-tippings, rappings, twitchings, jerkings, etc. When we are to be arrested, the voice will sound *within* — if not, vain are outward voices. "Thou art the man," will be heard, and obedience will bring peace.

It makes me sad to hear how cases like the above are increasing — something must be done on this subject. How fond we all are of mystery and the solving of it! I have seen much of this phenomena of spiritualism, and have put myself in the way of meeting mediums, that I might examine their temperaments, etc.

May not the intense anxiety with which this subject has been pursued, be accounted for by the fact that the

human mind is stretching after it as a confirmation of the immortality of the soul? And may it not be a permission of Divine Providence in this materialistic age, to attract the world to the consciousness of an inner life, "spirit bearing witness unto spirit?" "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Shall we not cast the mantle of charity over those who have spent hours, days, and weeks in attending meetings for spiritual manifestations, watching every letter of the alphabet, hoping to obtain a satisfying evidence of some state of happiness beyond what this world affords?

Mr. and Mrs. M——, and Mrs. T——, rendered Columbus as near like Boston to me as possible. A society was formed there. Visited the public institutions, which are liberally supported. Was at the commencement of Starling Medical College — had an interview with the Dean of the Faculty, and can say with pleasure, that that college is open to woman. Dr. Smith told me so. Ohio — you are near and dear to every lover of humanity on this question. I should not say that the faculty sympathize in this innovation, but they are too honorable to sexualize science, and are too wise to force up separate schools by opposition — that is good. The response to this question in Ohio, and my parlor meetings with ladies, were productive in a twofold point of view, for I gathered as much and often more than I gave — so many facts came to light.

From thence I went to Cincinnati, the queen city of the West. It strikes a stranger oddly — its valley-like appearance, surrounded as it is by hills, its varied population composed of different nations, tongues, and people; indeed the *tout ensemble* of this city had a foreign aspect to me. What a difference between Eastern and Western life — the very walk, the tread,

the stand still, so unlike Yankeeism. It was a privilege to meet the mother of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, a noble, high-souled, clear-headed woman. I have a passion for seeing the mothers of those who have called forth an interest in my heart. On our arrival we were the guests of Mrs. E——, but found it much more convenient to remove to the city. Visited the Eclectic College, and thus became acquainted with Dr. Buchanan. Went with him to his residence at Covington, Kentucky, and was introduced to his wife and family. His conversation on the laws of mind interested me greatly. There were ten women attending lectures at this school. It was very pleasant to be among them. The Eclectic physician holds a different position at the West from what he does at the East. If I had room I would gladly mention here the views of a female physician on this subject, who is in successful practice. My thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. K——, to whom I took a letter of introduction, and to Rev. C. G—— and wife. He is a Swedenborgian minister on a broad platform. My visit to Judge Walker's had a double mission for me — it was cheering to meet a man who sees the injustice of the laws respecting woman. A progressive mind always inspires hope — and Oh, how cheering to enjoy a darling *home;* I always revel there. A society was formed in Cincinnati, and I left the crescent city with a desire to revisit it.

At Columbus, I visited the Insane Asylum. I asked Dr. ——, whether Spiritualism had increased his patients. He said, "No; the Miller excitement had produced quite as much aberration of mind." There were three hundred inmates in this State institution. When I contemplated the worst cases among the females, and remembered that no woman physician had sat beside

these sufferers — no woman priest had ministered to the necessities of their religious nature a prayer ascended that woman might largely participate in healing the sick, and preaching deliverance to captive souls. There was a divorce case pending in Columbus, in which I was deeply interested. What a solemn mockery, what an outrage on the "delicacy, propriety, refinement of woman" — compelling the suffering wife to listen to the testimony of witnesses in court! No woman's voice to plead her cause, no woman's presence to sustain her; guilty or innocent, it is her right to be judged by a jury of her peers, to have her cause pleaded by one of *her own sex*. I went to the State Prison and conversed with some of the women. Their sad countenances claimed commiseration. — "Who hath made thee to differ?"

Arrived at Yellow Springs, where Antioch College is located, just in time for the half-yearly examination. There I met Horace Greeley, and was greatly amused and interested listening to an argument on woman between himself and Horace Mann — it was quite a feast. Rebecca Pennell was one of the professors, and receives a salary equal to the men. Mr. and Mrs. Mann took much interest in the medical question; they opened their parlor for a meeting of ladies, and a society was formed. The embarrassed state of the college is to be regretted, but it will probably surmount its difficulties, do a work for the development of the race, and the education and freedom of woman. I returned to Cleveland, spoke before the Parent Society, and gave an account of my operations and the formation of auxiliary societies — then bade farewell to Ohio with its pleasant homes, its bright, brave men and women, thankful for my intercourse

with them. After a flying call at the H——'s, at Rochester, and at S. J. May's, I went to Gerritt Smith's; I had enjoyed their hospitality at Washington — now saw them at their quiet home in Peterborough. The religions services in this family are impressive. Christ's Sermon on the Mount was read, light from the spiritual rested upon it — the morning prayer was offered, the whole household united — those who served, and those who were served — Divine protection was asked for those who go, and those who stay — one Father overshadowed all. Then farewells were exchanged that meant something. A home it is indeed — the pearl of great price. A true home is the vestibule to grace, truth, and life. I waded through deep snow in a storm to hear G. S—— speak on Sunday. At the little meeting he has gathered here, man and woman stand on equal ground. The remarks of G. S——, the tenderness of his tone, as well as its musical power, all rendered the occasion a memorable one to me. His text was, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." An aged man was about to be called home; he had always lived there, and it seemed as if the whole congregation felt it. This church belongs to no denomination — the Bible is its creed. The desire of its founder has been to break down sectarianism, and thus awaken more Christian love. When I left Peterborough, Mr. and Mrs. S—— accompanied me as far as Albany. We proceeded to New York, where I again met a welcome from my cousins. They are Catholics. Went to Brooklyn to see E. Anna Lewis. Heard George Bush preach, and enjoyed a short interview with himself and Mr. Barrett. Visited Dr. Trall's Water Cure establishment — he is one of

the leading hydropathists, and as my sister had fully embraced the system and carried her children successfully through the diseases of childhood with this treatment, I found a cordial reception on *her* account. Attended the Catholic Church on Easter eve; was much struck with the symbolical services; they were suggestive to me. Went to church also on Easter Sabbath — had never before had an opportunity of being with any one who attended that place of worship. Saw Father Hecker. He has published a work, "Questions of the Soul," which bears the impress of sincere piety, and commends it to the reader, whether Catholic or Protestant.

At home once more. My soul retired to its secret chamber to count the blessings I had had so thickly strown in my path, to look at my responsibilities, to garner up my experiences. Sad — very sad. Yes, I may use this expression, when youth, beauty, and talent, find an early grave. The friends of Jane C. wished her to visit the old world; she went, and her soulful eye brightened as she approached the country, rich in the monuments of artistic beauty, where she might see the works of genius, and revel in the contemplation of the pictures of Raphael and Michael Angelo. New friends clustered round her, and shared with her old ones the pleasure of her progress. Her soul enlarged; she drank inspiration at fountains hitherto unknown; she sparkled a little while in the galaxy of artists, exhaled her spirit in fervent breathings, and passed from us like a star, its brightness unquenched, its position changed. Paris has a charm for the friends of this lovely girl; there reposes the material form, but never can she be associated with death; she *lived*, must ever live to us.

Passed a week at the Cheneys at South Manchester,

enjoying the combination of nature without, and human nature within; it is rare to find these so beautifully united. Arrived just in time to attend the opening of Tufts College — a Universalist institution. I was transported back to the past, to the days of John Murray, Thomas Jones, and Hosea Ballou. It will merit the appellation of Universalist College, when it welcomes women to its halls of science, learning, and literature.

I have a *purpose* in giving the details of these journeys; it would have aided that purpose, could I have given more particulars — the ridiculous, the grave, the practical, the expedient might all have been illustrated. It was meet, and but the expressed sentiments of a grateful heart, that I should lay a thank-offering on those home altars where I have worshipped with those who so kindly received me, where I have been permitted to study humanity, and gather facts for future encouragement, when hope falters and faith is doubting. Hotel life would have showed me more of the externals of life, but at *homes* I saw the inmost sanctuaries. Woman's position was the question I was analyzing; her deprivations through a restricted education were constantly forced upon me. Observations like these often arrested me: "I never desired to be a boy but for one reason." "What is that?" "A college education." "I wish I had been a man; for then I could have earned something to make my parents comfortable in their old age; they never had a son." "When my husband died, and the business was closed, what was I to do? a widow and poor, how terrible." "I cannot lay by any thing for age," said a thoughtful woman; "my remuneration at the store is so low, then the degradation of my position eats like a canker; effeminate young men

not trusted as I am, receive double the wages I do. I weep bitter tears over this unfeeling injustice." I should like if possible to ascertain the number of women, who are good bookkeepers prepared by Comer and others — what their wages are and where employed; then the wages of the men who preceded them; the facts in these cases would startle every just and honorable man. Woman *cheap* — cheaply estimated — hence she is forced to be a burden, where if honestly dealt with, she would be a blessing. Oh for some angelic visitant to stir the dead sea of public opinion, some clarion voice as the sound of many waters to rouse attention to the sin committed against our sex, allowing her to move only in a narrow prescribed circle — limited education, starving remunerations, and are the causes of much of that domestic and social suffering and iniquity which is burning deeper and deeper into the vitals of humanity. We may turn from it, stifle conviction, hush conscience, but as "God is no respecter of persons," the day of judgment will come. Ye cold and calculating worldlings, who think every thing is going right — that woman is *protected* by man, examine this subject. Look at the genteel pickpockets persuading women to invest their few hundreds in some *sham* enterprise — a bank, a railroad, etc. etc. and then coolly telling them the bank has failed, the railroad yields no dividends, meanwhile the presidents retire from office gloated with the spoils of their victims. A friend of mine was inveigled by one of these noble *protectors* to intrust her all to his care; he abused her confidence, and reduced her from a comfortable independence to the ownership of *nothing*. What redress had she? He laughed at the idea of the law touching *him*, for he had so artfully covered his property under other names, that he enjoyed

his ill gotten fortune unmolested, while she has been compelled to labor hard for a living; many a widow and orphan did he thus despoil. When woman's capacity governs remuneration, I may believe the tale of your tenderness to her; when you guard her interests, I may listen to your protection of her rights; when colleges are open to mind, not sex, I will have faith in your boasted reverence for woman. Now, how can the intelligent regard your protestations but as cunning devices to entrap the unwary, great swelling words of deception designed to render us an easy prey. Ask yourselves soberly, my brothers, on which side the protection lies. Will you not find it on the side of *your pockets?* in saving your thousands in business by employing us at *half price?* If railroad companies, etc. sold us stock at half price, and merchants and grocers, etc. made a discount to women in consideration of their low wages, we should have a tangible demonstration of your honorable protection; but the widow with her starving babes has to pay the same price for a pound of sugar, as the man who wrings her labor from her at a shilling a day.

I suppose you have been in a daguerreotype gallery, and remarked the diversity of expression in the pictures though every face had eyes, nose, and mouth. Walk at midday through Washington street with this idea in your mind. Observe the throng; expression becomes a large word, and the truthfulness of the soul reporting itself through muscles, increases its significance. Poor overdressed children flounced and trimmed, imitating the gait of ladies — women forgetting the injunction of Paul not to appear in public with their heads uncovered, try to cheat the apostle by placing a medley of finery on the back of the head, screening the pro-

pensities phrenologically, but not physiognomically. "The show of their countenances doth witness against them." Their tread is aptly described by Isaiah, "walking and mincing as they go." Nature is strangled by fashion.

> "Fashions that are called new
> Have been worn by more than you,
> Elder times have had the same,
> Though these new ones get the name."

Now come with me to another part of the city, where we may find women and girls, as well as in the Broadway of Boston. There is a building just torn down; scrambling among the ruins are the daughters of the poor, eager to snatch some of the rubbish, reaching, climbing, stretching after the prize; their mothers are waiting impatiently for the fuel. Go with me again to Ann Street; it will not hurt you; and see the women there. Visit the wharves, and get some one to tell you about the fruit children, organ players, strolling vagrant girls. Rise early, and you will meet an army of shop girls wending their way to their labor, taking their dinner with them. Look as steadily as you can at these pictures of real life. Give out your sympathies to the suffering and the vicious; regard with seriousness the condition of the vain and the frivolous; remember the hooped skirts, the padded falsities to eke out shrunken and deficient forms, or to disfigure God's workmanship by protuberances and humps he never made. These things are sold by *men*. Can *they* respect *such* feminine delicacy? Be patient yet a moment. Attend any church; fashion presides *there;* the external life of six days is lived out on the seventh. Perhaps these broken hints may excite to

reflection, may rouse some thoughtless minds, awaken some tender hearts to look at the condition of woman in its multiform aspects, and query, What can I do to elevate humanity?

There was a bridge built by Cæsar across the Rhine, so constructed that the heavier the pressure of water on either side, the stronger and firmer the bridge became. It must be so with the great principles of liberty: the harder and more cruel the pressure on humanity, the more pertinaciously will it grasp those eternal truths which lie at the bottom of social, domestic, religious, and political prosperity and happiness. And I say it from the deepest conviction, it were better, my brothers, that woman should surrender her life with the words of Mary Dyer on her lips, "Let me die unless you will annul your unrighteous laws," than submit without remonstrance to *those now existing*, which fetter and destroy, so far as human power can do it, her intellectual life, and crush her moral influence. The laws which settle the destiny of woman, which declare her nonentity, which presume her imbecility and incompetency, and thus sanction *northern slavery*, are as disgraceful in the nineteenth century, as those which were enacted by our Puritan fathers against the Quakers, yea, as those in the code of southern slavery, which bring reproach on the nation. You may be unwilling to believe it, but thousands of women fall a sacrifice to our unjust laws, not on the gallows, but through crippled energies, smothered genius, domestic hardships, pining in solitary and secret places, beseeching for bread and receiving a stone.

It was considered necessary and proper that a New England Woman's Rights Convention should be held in Boston. The 21st September was the day appointed.

It was wonderful, yea, startling to realize what had been gained on this question in five years. An inspiration seemed to rest upon this meeting. In its quietude thought was busy, and the outward disregarded. Equality of *rights* appeared to be recognized, and all the nonsense about inferiority and superiority seemed to have vanished, whilst the claim of both sexes to the same opportunities for development was urged, and the fitness of permitting capacity to be the only test of sphere and position. "*Not* until woman has had as free and generous culture as man" — not until her conscience is aroused like his, under the constant pressure of responsibility, and all legal and constitutional disabilities are removed, and she emancipated from the bondage of conservatism, can we know of what she is capable.

The meeting was well attended. Mrs. Paulina W. Davis presided, and gave the opening address. It was my privilege to welcome the convention by reminding them that Boston was ground, hallowed by the blood of martyrs who had died for freedom and for conscience' sake.

The evening sessions were very large. Wendell Phillips, and Lucy Stone Blackwell, spoke at the first; Ralph Waldo Emerson and Elizabeth O. Smith at the last. Here I would mention that the latter gave three fine lectures in Boston, I think in 1852, — Manhood, Womanhood, and Humanity. She was my guest at the time — my correspondent since. Much satisfaction was expressed with them. Rev. Antoinette L. Brown had preached and lectured here, also Mrs. Coe, and Lucy Stone, so that many minds had been awakened on the subject. The convention baffled the conservative, because they could find nothing to censure —

it puzzled the curious who went to see those "monstrous women," and some became converted. The indifferent were aroused, and believers strengthened. All welcomed Caroline M. Severance of Ohio, as a citizen of New England, and rejoiced in her as an efficient co-worker.

There has been a National Woman's Convention held every year: in Philadelphia, 1854; in Cincinnati, 1855. Those who have watched the progress of this cause know that the interest has deepened from year to year, and may we not prophesy that this *grain of mustard-seed* will become a tree whose leaves will be for the *healing* of the nations?

I have an enthusiasm on the subjects involved in this work, which I feel is born of truth; and as year after year has glided away, I have gathered flowers and fruits which have cheered and beautified the approach of age. Signal blessings, — providential interpositions, — interior guidance in emergencies, — religious thankfulness for strength in times of need, distrust, and sin, mark the periods of my life, rather than days, months, and years.

The following is an exact copy of the protest to be handed in when I pay my taxes. I have never received a summons, and thought this year I would have one, therefore the date is later than in previous years.

To Frederick U. Tracy, Treasurer, and the Assessors, and other Authorities of the City of Boston.

The necessity of *protesting* against "taxation without representation" deepens every year, therefore for the *fourth* time I utter my Protest against present usage, and would refer you to previous Protests for my reasons.

Added to these very weighty ones, is the injustice of city officers incurring whatever expenses may minister to *their* pleasure, or feed

their ambition, and then unceremoniously charging *women* who own property, with whatever percentage is necessary to meet these extra expenditures. Carriage hire, dinners, courtesy to strangers, and other distinguished persons — all *men*. *Our* Linds, Bremers, Stowes, Pfeiffers, etc., are *never* so honored by the municipal authorities; and yet *women* are required to pay a quota of the expenses.

The salaries of our female teachers in public schools, are based on *sex*, *not capacity*, and tax-paying women are aggrieved here. *They* must pay the school tax, but are allowed *no voice* as to its just appropriation.

Has not the time come when a *poll-tax* should be levied upon every woman who is twenty-one years old and upwards? This would be an addition to the revenue of the State, and an incentive (I hope) to the legislature to grant us the *right* which we crave, just as our fathers craved it of the British government, when *they* protested against "taxation without representation." They took up arms to vindicate *this right*, and triumphantly established it by the sword. *Our* weapons are the word and the pen.

This is respectfully submitted,

HARRIOT K. HUNT, 32 Green street.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1855.

It is with satisfaction I record that two other tax-paying women (natives of Boston) have for the two last years protested — one inherited her property, the other has acquired most of it by business. Also one in Plymouth, and another in Lowell, all ably written, clear cases of the injustice of the present position of affairs.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"And to need the *medicinal* art, said I — not on account of wounds or some incidental epidemic complaint, but through *sloth*, and such *diet* as we mentioned, being filled with rheums and wind-like *lakes*, and obliging the skilful sons of Esculapius to invent new names for diseases; such as *dropsies* and *catarrhs*. Do you not think it abominable? Truly, replied he, these are very new and strange names for diseases. . . . . He was constantly using *medicines*, and thus passed his life, *always most uneasy*, if he departed the least from his usual diet, and through this wisdom of his, struggling long with death, he arrived at old age. A mighty reward, said he, he reaped for his cleverness." — PLATO.

IN giving the following fragments of conversations with some of my patients and others, I have scrupulously avoided doing so in such a way as to identify any individual, for I fully recognize the responsibility and sacredness of the medical profession. These few glimpses and glances at real life, are designed to open the doors of the human heart, and show in how many cases of sickness medicine is worse than useless, and the great necessity of introducing patients to *themselves;* for just in proportion as people become acquainted with themselves, do they cease to need or to seek medication either regular or irregular.

RANDOM HOURS.

The road travelled to-day has been of a varied character. I have faithfully noted the mile-stones, — locomotion is now so rapid that representatives from dis-

tant country towns were at my residence at an early hour. The wealthy and aristocratic are not conveyed from place to place with any more expedition and safety than the humble and the needy, for the subtile elements belong to HUMANITY, and serve all with equal alacrity and faithfulness.

"From your town already this morning?" said I to one of those women full of thought, who instantly magnetize you, one of those who are connecting links between yesterdays and to-morrows. "My business with you," said she, "is very peculiar. I want your advice not as a physician, but as a woman. I am a widow with two children. I intrusted my little property with one of our wealthiest citizens — I told him earnestly it was my all, that my health was poor, my children dependent upon me, and therefore I brought it to him that he might invest it safely, where I might receive a moderate percentage. Speculation in land was the fashion, — railroad stock the mania. The man who accepted the trust failed, and paid ten cents in the dollar. Here I am, sick, poor, discouraged. I was educated in the false and ruinous belief that it was masculine to understand, or meddle with business, that *that* was the sphere of *man;* so instead of attending to my own affairs I surrendered all into the hands of another, having been taught that it was feminine to lean on man. I come now to consult you about opening a boarding-house in Boston." "Is not your debtor a man of honor, — may he not recover his property, or acquire more and pay you?" "Ah!" said she with a sigh, "could you see his supercilious bearing, the expensive style in which *his* family live, their splendid furniture, their rich wardrobes, you would not ask the question. They came to Boston last winter and boarded at one of

the great hotels, — half the money they expended there would have paid the debt to me, made the widow's heart to sing for joy, and clothed, fed, and educated my fatherless children." "Tell me the name of the cruel destroyer of your happiness;" she mentioned it; I was shocked, astonished, — I ought not to have been. One of that man's daughters had consulted me, a weak, silly, overdressed girl, who complained of the loneliness of the country in winter, the jealousy of the poor, their tattling propensities, and the ceaseless scandal of such places. I remembered my conversation with her, with what frigidity she received my observations about helping those who had not had the same advantages of school education as herself, and the remark that gossip was the natural consequence of empty heads and icy hearts. I did not tell my visitor this fact; bitterness enough was already in her cup. Indignation would have vent, and I exclaimed: Oh! that we had a journal pledged to truth, which would fearlessly bring to light the hidden things of darkness, publish business failures, give the names of such creditors as have been deceived and victimized, with the sums due to them annexed, that the *wives* and *daughters* of bankrupts might be spared the sin and the shame of living expensively on the spoils of bleeding hearts, broken constitutions, crushed hopes. I know a man who failed twenty years ago; many mechanics were ruined by him. The captain of one of his vessels, who had confidence in him and let his wages accumulate in his hands for twenty years, never received one dollar for his services. He recommenced business, was very prosperous, again became wealthy, but has *not* cancelled his debts; his family, ignorant of his dishonesty, and that they are spending money of which others had been defrauded,

probably wonder why they sometimes meet cold recognitions and averted faces. Said my sensible friend, for we were approaching that relation, "I have had such hard work with my children since I have been compelled to change our style of living, — they know who has robbed us of our property, and they often say, "Why mother, Mr. ——'s children live the same as ever, and his little boy has a new pony; he is so proud he will not speak to me; he says *I* am poor." Her swindler was a church deacon; she folded her arms and said bitterly, "Is this Christianity?" Then she doubted humanity, for her former neighbors looked coldly on her, because she now lived in two small rooms, and they were seeking acquaintance with the rich family. I felt deeply, for I perceived that her confidence in religion had received a shock; her faith in human nature was faltering; a pause followed; my aspirations were for wisdom, that I might console and strengthen her. "You believe," said I, "in a Father in Heaven?" "I believe I do." "Well, then, trust in Him. Trust is a word full of meaning. Trust in God; He will direct you what MEN to trust." I discouraged her opening a boarding-house, for her physical strength was quite unequal to the task; advised her to return to her father and mother, who were aged, soothe their declining years, and thus her children would learn their mission of love and duty to her. She accepted the advice, and we parted as friends.

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"In from the country so soon?" said I to another who lived still further off, and brought me a beautiful bouquet. "Yes, I am suffering from *ennui*; any thing for a change; my headaches are relieved, yet I am not grateful; my neuralgia does not trouble me, yet I am

discontented and unhappy." "Oh, the fact is, you *miss those pains* and *aches*, and have nothing to talk about. Do you know I once refused to prescribe for a girl who was suffering from tic douloureux, because her life was so aimless, that I thought her only chance for reflection was through pain, and I did not dare to interfere? Perhaps I should have treated your case in the same way." This rather startled her. "One has no society in a country town." "Invite your city friends to come and see you." "They are so fashionable, they talk about nothing but dress, parties, and servants." "Does that trouble you?" "Yes." "Very well, then catch that glimmer of light, use it, and it will increase. Offer yourself as a gift to God, and then you can magnetize your friends, and other topics of conversation will be enjoyed."

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A love for the medical profession is indispensable to success; flowing from this love are desires, aspirations for wisdom to apply science to the relief of suffering. Let love for the profession be the centre, and there will radiate from it mystic and magic power; technicalities, abstractions, knowledge ever so profound, are but the exterior, the essence is in the spirit. Test your success, my brother, or sister, by the love you bear to your profession. I do not mean success in obtaining remuneration in satisfying the demands of ambition, or any of the lower elements of our nature — there are holy moments when the dross cannot pass for gold — soul needs soul. Shallow and inefficient is all else; the suffering are eagle-eyed; quiet hours of isolation from the world, distress through illness, give double keenness to vision. Think not to meet such persons externally, they have away in the centre of their being a demand you do not, cannot answer.

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"Where is my home?" said a boy of four, who had been boarded in the country for two years on the hard earnings of his mother, and had been brought to the city by the benevolent woman who had given this illegitimate child a home in her maternal bosom.

"Where is my home? I want to go before dark," said a spirited little fellow of three years, — tears gushed to our eyes, he had no home; he was one of those unfortunate children, of which there are so many; a home was to be sought for him — he was to be given away. "Where is my home?" repeated he with increased earnestness. The thought how little we knew of the destiny of these homeless children invested them with importance, while the feeling that God is the father of the fatherless, quieted our apprehensions.

That same morning, a woman whose delightful occupation it is to obtain homes for the homeless, called on me to talk over the case of another illegitimate child, which she had taken at its birth. The mother was a cultivated, high-toned woman; she had been victimized by an itinerant biologizer, who was employed by her as a physician; his will overmastered the weaker will of the patient, and he took advantage of her helpless condition. A highly nervous temperament, a sensitive nature, a fine intellectual development, were the birthright of this boy; begotten in sin by an artful villain who took advantage of his profession, and the toleration by public sentiment of examinations which are utterly shocking to modesty, and which no woman of delicacy can submit to without slaying her natural repulsions, and passing through the deepest mental anguish. The ruin of this orphan girl, the stay and dependence of an aunt, was thus sealed; she looked upon her child, blest him, then surrendered him, that a home which she could not

give might be found for him; and here he is, nearly two years have elapsed, and none of the lookers after children have been attracted by the delicate little boy. No home has he in this wide world. I had prescribed for these mothers. I knew they had drank deeply of the waters of Marah. I knew that they were grief stricken, that sleepless nights, nervous restlessness, had shattered their healths; my soul swelled with indignation and horror at that state of society which accepts, nay, welcomes the seducer, but shuns and despises the seduced. Man the *protector* of woman! Utter your voices, ye foundling hospitals, ye Magdalen asylums, ye sad and solitary sufferers, outcasts from society, often from the homes ye have dishonored, the hearts ye have wrung. Woman! when will she demand purity of man as a prerequisite for her love? when will she shrink instinctively from the seducer, as from an adder whose poison would taint her lifeblood? The wealthy, upper classes of society furnish terrible cases of seduction;—money purchases private country lodgings; money bribes some man to offer marriage to the cast off victim; all is hushed. Concealment may cover the outermost; money may buy privacy; a palace may be thy residence; gold and silver glitter on thy table; a legal wife, sparkling with jewels, grace thy dwelling; but behind all this there are dark visions, mystic voices, phantom forms; children born in unhallowed wedlock, sickly, dwarfish, deformed, peevish, wretched—people such a home. My soul, listen reverently to the teachings of God; pry not with idle curiosity into the sins and deformities of thy fellow-beings; regard them with an eye of compassion, and seek earnestly for the good wherever it exists.

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Will the time ever come when obedience to physical

laws shal. be regarded as a *religious* duty, was my soliloquy after the exit of a kind, pious woman, who had been to see me. Her indifference about physiology shocked me. When I inquired into her habits with earnestness, she was afraid I gave too much attention to the body. "Have you never heard how much I reverenced that wonderful organism? You have lived on cold duty; have disregarded the appeals of the body when it was unfit for exertion; have dragged it to church when it pleaded for rest, and verily thought you did God service." "The care of the body is so trifling, I cannot be troubled about it. I shall be thinking of *that* instead of my soul, and my conference and prayer-meeting would be neglected." "Is not the body as much the workmanship of God as the soul? Is it not, then, worthy of attention? I fear, my friend, you cannot be my patient. You do not, after all I have said, appear to realize the importance of the laws of life; you complain of ill health; you wish to be well; you need study bodily functions, to honor the residence of your soul. *Then* religion will not run away with common sense; piety will be consistent, and round by round you will ascend the ladder where angels wait to pioneer to health and heaven. No duty, no use is small to the Christian. Wilberforce praying with a sick servant, is as noble, as true to God, as when he triumphantly carried the abolition of the slave-trade in parliament. It is the performance of duty that gives entireness and glow to life. To-day I shall prescribe *reflection*; decision, I trust, will follow, and a change in your habits will be the result." . . . . "Call on me to-morrow, my friend, out of my business hours, that we may compare notes; bring some pencilled thoughts about hereditary tendencies, habits, etc. Let not only

growth, but consolidation have due attention." I hoped I had awakened thought in one who seemed calculated to use it. Her conscience was in a morbid state; nervous restlessness was a consequence. Her overstimulated caution manifested itself in caprice and idle fears; floating on the tide as others floated gave an artificiality, an untrueness to her life, which her higher nature spurned.

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"Broken down again," said a sensitive, nervous, high-toned, fashionable woman — an old patient whom I had not seen for a year — "it is *all* owing to bad servants." "I shall not agree to that," said I, "for you have helped to make them so — you have set an example of late hours; you have given your energies to dress, visiting, etc. What they have seen in the parlor and the drawing-room, they have naturally aped in the kitchen. High life is as attractive below stairs as above." . . . . . It is just so in political life; man has cast aside the dignity of his nature — catered to any party that would forward his plans, never dreaming that he was inoculating every ignorant foreigner with a moral disease more malignant, more contagious than smallpox, — falsehood, bribery; and when the pestilence spread, he began to find fault with those whom he had himself seduced and exampled, and then to stop the terrific inroads made by chicanery and selfishness, a new party — Native Americans — starts into being. Had he been true to principle, inculcated a lofty perception of the privilege of voting, foreigners would have caught the inspiration, the goddess of liberty would have been worshipped by a band of brothers, the American and the adopted stranger had but one watchword, "My country's GOOD." I presume nothing has done more mischief than this

ignorant voting; its effects are felt in every part of society. Said a widow to me, "My Irish man-servant hardly treats me with civility about voting time. He is so overbearing; he seems to say, 'you pay taxes and cannot vote; I pays none, and help elect the President.' Oh, this free country where Pat can vote!" Now it is just so in domestic life — women *sell* their cast-off clothing to servants, that they may afford to purchase new — articles wholly unfit for them to wear have been foisted upon them — a taste for finery encouraged — labor and laborers despised, and servants are in great measure our own handiwork. Let woman have a noble, useful purpose in life, and she will infuse a spirit of usefulness into those around her. I know there is a terrible state of things, but as we have caused it, we must patiently "eat the fruit of our doings." Investigate the *causes*, instead of complaining of the results; offer worthy examples, instead of censuring those who follow bad ones. I am weary of this fault-finding about servants, when homes are so artificial.

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When will woman have her true position in the medical world? I found myself pondering over this question in McLean Street, as I left the Hospital, and had just looked into the wards. My mind took a retrospective glance at the hundreds, nay, thousands of my own sex who have entered that noble institution. No woman physician there to meet them — no doctor of their own sex to sit quietly beside them, closely and tenderly to examine their cases and report, if need be, to the surgeon, or attending physician, delicate truths which *she* has elicited mental states which have been revealed to her. Suggestions which *she* might make in connection with these things, are necessary to a

sound diagnosis. Does it not prove the semi-barbarism of the age, that our brethren in the profession have never drawn attention to the propriety and importance of women having physicians of their own sex? . . Cholera startles — sanitary regulations are adopted — crowded and dirty cellars are visited by health commissioners, and paint, paper, and whitewash find their way into the most noisome apartments; — but no concerted measures are taken by the (*Suffolk*) *Medical Association*, or any other that I know of, to enlighten the people and teach them how to *preserve health*. The doctors are busy writing treatises on *cures*, when they should be writing essays on *causes*, or delivering free lectures on Hygiene. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," has surely been blotted from the manual of the present generation of medical men. Circulars and pamphlets are multiplying; a spirit of rivalry as well as enterprise, exists in medical cliques; colleges are bidding for students; baits are thrown out by advertisements of cheap tuition, cheap board, etc. Learned professors are catering for donations and legacies to their favorite institutions — institutions into which *woman* dares not enter, although they are open to those effeminate youths, whose fathers' purses purchase a diploma, and pay for a written thesis.

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Neglect not daily duties — wait not for great events to rouse you — duties belong to every hour, they call on us for thought and action. It was a rainy day when I was the express to take round baskets of fruit to cheer and gladden the seamstress, to brighten homes where honest labor and ceaseless frugality comfortably sustained the household in spite of miserly remuneration. Fruit was dear and scarce, a luxury the poor could not enjoy,

because bread and clothing were the pass-words. As the baskets were unladened, eyes brightened, tones became musical, vests were stitched with more nimble fingers, shirts were ironed with lighter hearts; love had sent an offering, the sweets of friendship were retasted. My country friends, have you watched your fruit-trees not only for your home enjoyment, but to dispense to others? Have you carefully culled each pear and peach, and when your shelves spoke of fulness, have you shared the blessing with your poorer neighbors? Have you thought of the teacher who instructs your children often through seasons of weariness and discouragement? Have you said to your son, to your daughter, take this choice fruit to school, and in presenting it to your teacher, let your glad tone and bright eyes double the value of the gift, and show that the plants he has watered is bearing fruit? Then the aged, how they enjoy the luscious pear, the purple plum, so grateful to the gustatory nerve, so pleasant to the taste! Do you forego the privilege of making so many happy, and let the earth receive the blessing because you were too indolent, or too careless to pluck it in season? Fruit is a great luxury; when it is an offering of love it is doubly prized. Think of the poor, the sick, the aged, ye country livers and lovers, so shall every tree bear celestial fruit, and every blossom be fragrant with the redolence of heaven. Light and shade, how they blend! My morning rounds had thrown a holy sphere around, but happiness was not without alloy. I was arrested by the tale of a vagrant girl; false charges, false imprisonment, exposure to vice and cell life, aroused my indignation, and I exclaimed vehemently, "Shall we never have *women* on our police? Shall *our sex* be abandoned when they most need a *woman's* care?" —

Then memory brought up another case, a widow, quiet, sad, mournful, — she was employed in a shop with the gay and giddy, had excited their displeasure by her gravity. Having been a milliner, she had some remnants of her former occupation in her trunk. Ribbon was missing; she was accused. No ribbon was found; other articles used in millinery were. Regardless of her protestations of innocence, she was hurried to jail, and was found there by a lover of humanity. Tell me not of the sacredness of *woman's sphere*, when innocence is thus unprotected, and jails and watch-houses receive *her*, where *man* alone is *her* keeper.

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"My ear is pained, my heart is sick." Deception, management, expediency, all hoisting flags, and alluring the eyes of passers-by. "I must apologize for this intrusion, Madam," said a young man with an anxious countenance. "Do you not know me?" I looked, and looked again; a vague recollection came, and I said, "Are you the son of Mrs. ——?" "Yes." He had such a mother — frankness was her diadem. Hesitatingly, in a tone that tells something of moment is coming, he said, "Did you ever practise in the family of Mrs. ——?" "A strange question; I do not tell tales." "I will be frank, like my mother. I married a daughter of that family. I always expressed to her my horror of deception, concealment. I loved her — we married, and formed a home, *if* home it can be called, as *boarders*. The time came when I was awakened to the blessing of paternity; my heart was melted; I longed to do every thing for my wife, that her situation demanded, and I attributed her unwillingness to allow me to bathe and rub her, to false modesty; there always seemed a gulf between us. I often urged her to take

care of her diet, bathing, etc., believing that parents who neglected the means of making their children healthy, were highly culpable. My boy was born. I rushed to gaze upon him. A cold shudder seized me. His appearance distressed me. My dream of beautiful babyhood vanished! Poor suffering infant! I ascertained from the nurse, that my wife had been sorely afflicted with salt rheum from her childhood; that she still suffered intensely from it. Can it be cured? Is it an hereditary heirloom? My *baby boy!*

I made use of this occasion to enforce the necessity of attention to physical laws. Horticultural, agricultural, cattle fairs excite great interest, but *man studies not himself.* I told him he did not suffer alone, and that there was another side to the picture, that many unsuspecting women lost their health after marriage, in consequence of the vices of their husbands. Frankness in this day is the exception, and ever must be, while *dollars* and a *home* come to woman *through man.* Return to your wife; talk to her of your mutual relations; look together at your boy; look at his *soul-life.* Observance of hygeinic rules combined with a spiritual life, may yet make the body a holy temple.

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It is very laughable to watch the patronizing class in society. From the outset of my medical life, I have avoided such, as well as those who desire references. "You have kept me waiting some time," said my visitor. Her tone was one of haughty pique, not of regret. "I have been with those whose time is *money;* yours is not." "I was not aware until last evening, that you practised in such and such families, or I should have called here before." "Disease," replied I, earnestly, "puts us all on a level." Her manner changed instan-

taneously; she became calm, and I prescribed for her. Some friends remarked, "I understand Mrs. —— has called upon you; she has worn out all her medical attendants; how do *you* manage?" "I administered a pill at her first visit, which has worked like a charm," but did not tell the compound.

How different the effect produced by contact with a mother, who dwelt with delight on the enjoyment she had out of school hours with her daughters. "If ever I send them to you," said she, "for medical advice, try to impress them with the duty and importance of attending to physical laws; tell them of the responsibilities of life, and the impossibility of meeting them without *health*."

Another visitor heightened my pleasure. "A daughter born this morning," said an earnest young man. "My wife and babe doing well; my home is blest, for I am a father." "Your babe has a true mother; her knowledge and observance of physical laws has prepared her for her new duties." What a radiance truthfulness to duty sheds on every event! *That* father, he looked as if unuttered and unutterable feelings swelled his heart, and could only find vent in thanksgiving and praise.

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I went to bed last night with my thoughts intensely fixed on social life, and the fearful snares which are laid for the unwary. A terrible case of *abduction* had been presented to me. The wretched victim of *seduction*, in deepest agony, had portayed her shame and her ruin — the money she had earned had been surreptitiously obtained from her; *she* had *no* redress, the *lover* was transformed into the *tyrant*. Alas! for her, her father needed that money to save his little homestead,

but it had been squandered for cigars, etc., by her Parisian exquisite. With these cases resting upon me, and the painful intelligence received from one, who had gone to California with her only child, to meet her husband, gave a hue of sadness to my mind on retiring to rest. This wife had gone full of hope, her heart gushing with tenderness for the father of her babe. Did he meet her? Had death robbed her of him? No! a more cruel fate awaited *her*. He was false, *she* was deserted. Intermittent seized a frame shaken to its centre — the world was shorn of its brightness, but that little daughter — for her she clung to life, and heroically resolved to labor for the maintenance of herself and her child. I remembered as I sank into forgetfulness, "Lead us not into temptation," a sweet feeling of sympathy for the suffering and the tempted clothed my spirit, and "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," soon wrapt me in quiet slumbers. Some blest spirits hovered near, a white cloud overshadowed me. I dreamed. I seemed to be pondering the queries, What is love? What is thought? Does every one love? Does every one think? "Yes," was the reply; but the quality of love, and the quality of thought, were mysteries to me. I said to my invisible companion, "Is there one kind of truth and good for *man*, and another kind for *woman*?" "Can there be? Look at the sun; it sheds its beneficent beams on all. So God sends his divine light into *every* soul." I perceived that sin was the result of an unhallowed marriage *within*; that *true* love and wisdom turned us from the exterior; that a holy union might be formed in the interior; that all these social horrors were the expression of *inward* vice; outward marriage was entered into when the marriage between love and wisdom had

never been solemnized *in* the individuals; hence diseases so terrible, so loathsome, so malignant, defiling the temple of the soul and destroying its beauty. Hence the pernicious and false idea that a form could sanctify marriage, unaccompanied by that marriage *within* which is the only preparation for it. Hence abductions, seductions, and the unnumbered ills of social life. This divorce between love and wisdom, investing one sex with love and the other with wisdom, must ever poison society; this classing man as the embodiment of wisdom, when often he is powerless to impart it, and woman as the love spirit when sometimes she has it not, must blight the world. God has joined love and wisdom; man has put them asunder. Half awake the same train of thought was pursued; manhood and womanhood became encircled by the radiance of truth. Freedom to live our own lives, *internal* unions preparing for external. . . .

The first person who visited me the next day was a minister, one whose disciplined life and persuasive eloquence had awakened thought, and turned many to righteousness; "he shall shine as a star in the kingdom of heaven." In this man the within marriage had been consummated; his companion, too, experienced that blessed union — so they became *one* — internally *first*, then externally. Another came, a man whose face spoke of purity, whose voice was love — gratitude filled my heart that two such men had been sent to teach me that goodness is *not* sexualized. Such men talk not of woman's sphere, they carry about them an atmosphere of confidence and affection, which makes you feel that they recognize their sister as a human being, entitled as such to *all* the rights and immunities which *they* enjoy. . . . . .

"How much I thank you, Dr.," said a noble, true man, "for sending for me when you undertook my wife's case; you introduced me to her interior life. I did not know the gem I possessed. I thank you heartily, and have called for that purpose; my wife will be here to-morrow; she is well, tender, and cheerful now, her gloom is dispelled. We read history together. I have resumed my flute, she her piano, and we are lovers again. My club ceases to interest me, and I have been talking to some of my companions of the change in my home, and that we have decided *not* to *break up housekeeping*."

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"Do you give medicine?" said a new voice to me one morning. "Yes," replied I. "What kind?" Why really you must present me with the case before I can answer. "Well, then, look at me — I have been dosed, drugged, redosed, and redrugged, have passed through the mill of blistering, bleeding, cathartics, nervines, etc.; really, if my stomach had drawers they should be labelled — the catalogue would startle you — no better under regular practice. I determined to try irregular; it would astonish you to hear the number of dollars I have spent." "What is that to me?" said I, "you have not spent them with me;" but queried she, "What shall *I* do? Where shall *I* go? You give medicine, then; I heard that *you* cured without medicine." I often wish for Dickens at my side to aid me in describing character, or do it for me. I looked at her very steadily, and then asked her age. She said she never told that. I laughed outright and said, "Was your birth a secret?" Blushing, she said, "No." Her restrained, fussy manner made me query whether she were a married or unmarried *old maid*, and I said, "Tell me more of your life?" In reply she remarked,

"I am thoroughly conservative, it was a great trial to come to you." "Why, you surprise me, your dress is so fashionable, it must be a great trial for you to change with fashion." "You misunderstand me, I did not mean garments, I meant habits, customs, and days auld lang syne." "You are a puzzle; I thought you said you had travelled much on the railroad; that was new a few years ago; then the telegraph, you never accept a communication through that witch, modern Mercury." "You are very perplexing," said she with much earnestness. "I do not mean sciences, of course they progress; but these newfangled ideas of those who style themselves progressive." "How came you with your rail car, your telegraphic wire? they were opposed to conservatism, to the stage-coach of the past; then again you have tried quackery, and that is ever new. Now it strikes me, if you do not think so much of your ailments, but investigate the great questions of the day, your mind will be diverted from drugs; try this, and in one month call on me again."

CHAPTER XXV.

"I tell you, *honestly*, what I think is the whole cause of the complicated maladies of the human form; it is their *gormandizing*, and *stuffing*, and *stimulating* the digestive organs to excess, thereby creating *irritation*. The *state* of their minds is another grand cause — the fidgeting and discontenting themselves about that which cannot be helped — passions of all kinds; — malignant passions and worldly cares pressing on the mind, disturb the central action, and do a great deal of harm." — DR. ABERNETHY.

WHY that anxious, moody expression on the outer, so unlike the real inner life, was my involuntary thought this morning, as there appeared before me a middle-aged woman of interesting countenance, elegant in figure, graceful in motion, easy in address; yet there was a something so hidden, not secretive, that my eye rested piercingly upon her, and my tone was quiet. She began to tell me of the inroads disease had made upon her, of sleepless nights, loss of appetite, etc. etc., but I found my thoughts wandering from the body. I wished to search the spirit,—approached gently and said, "tell me something of your mother;" here was a key which unlocked the heart. "I lost my mother in early childhood and never was a child again — no one understood me, no one cheered me, no one shed around me the halo of love." Away in the distance of thirty-five

years did I trace the causes that had sapped health and destroyed happiness — a gushing, noble nature had been restrained and crushed; it yearned for utterance, but no kindred spirit echoed back its thought or shared its emotions, icy conventionalities choked thoughts struggling for expression. The secret was revealed, she had been educated in that *proper* circle, where *soul* is termed *sentiment*; suspicion, censure, and ridicule had driven her within herself. Religion wooed her, and she thought she had found the pearl of great price; but it was only the form, the mere shadow; she hugged the chains of conservatism in religion, as she did in social life, and marvelled that she was not happy. She became a wife, but her husband and herself were two; he was a business man, rose early, breakfasted *alone*, dined at a hotel that he might extend his mercantile relations, came home weary to a late cup of tea, read the paper, puffed cigars, talked of dividends if any one came in, if not was too weary to talk at all. They had one child — she was trained for effect, for position, for wealth; the mother's heart was pained, but what could she do, the world was the idol of the father — had she only been a *boy*, she would have been *something* to her father — through this daughter the mother learned the inferiority of the relation she sustained to her husband. This child grew up selfish, proud, self-willed; she bore the image and superscription of her father. Disease came; she went home to her heavenly Father. During her last illness her interior life opened — her mother learned too late that there was a wealth of soul in that artificial being which she had never dreamed of. The father went through the usual forms of grief, the funeral was grand, the monument was artistically beautiful. The mother was left

in utter desolation — health failed. Reader, could you have seen the light that passed over the deep shadows of her face, as I spoke of spiritual communings not as a theory, but as a fact, not as an ideal, but as a real. Her nature was hopeful, buoyant, but it had been crushed; when the voice of faith touched her ear, it penetrated her soul; hope sprung to life, instant resurrection came. The time between her mother's removal and the birth of her child seemed annihilated, her early love returned, the maternal kiss she received was mingled with the one she gave, and mother and child were guests within; then came a deep sense of responsibility, of the importance of living true to her new found life; duty and usefulness were adopted as her watchwords. "Oh!" said she, "What can be done with a man wedded to business?" "Patiently bide your time — gather up your powers — 'acquaint thyself with God,' with the wonders of your own being. In an hour that thou knowest not of, some opportunity will offer to become acquainted with your husband — he may be sick, he may fail in business — prepare yourself, and the way will be opened. Then the body of the patient was talked over, and one could hardly believe the same being spoke; hope had illuminated the sanctuary of her soul. There are seasons, my medical brother and sister, that teem with power, when minds mingling for the first time produce electrical action. Lose those moments, wait for a more convenient time, it never comes. *To-day* tries thy faithfulness; *to-day* is required the offering for *yesterday's* blessing. Watch the Now with your patients; perchance a dream, a foreshadowing has impressed the mind, preparing the spiritual lungs for deeper respiration, the heart for a more interior circulation. How

radiant such serious, earnest hours make the medical profession! Let us be true to our own convictions, so can we never be untrue to others.

The following thoughts were forced upon me one evening, after a wearing day's work. The women who had called upon me, were all in bondage to those conventionalisms in social life, which occupied them with the outward, and prevented them from becoming acquainted with their interior being. Mind had been uncultivated — intelligence smothered — aspirations quenched. The result was physical suffering. One said, "Had I been a man, I should have had some occupation." Another, "I am a woman; my want of education forbade me to select the employment that would have been congenial to my taste." A third, speaking of her married life, "Oh, he is a man; you cannot expect purity." A fourth, "All men are alike. I suppose my husband is as good as other men." A fifth, "I wish I had been an Indian, then I should have enjoyed freedom. Why is it that we are so feeble when rich, so strong when poor?"

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I know of nothing more intimately connected with the interests of humanity than a right view of the position of the sexes. It is the central question in morals, in freedom, in education. Let us commence with morals. Is there male and female virtue? Does the command, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," apply to one sex and ignore the other? Does the declaration, "With the pure thou wilt show thyself pure," recognize male and female? Boys and girls are born in one family; their wants are alike; they require equal attention. You are not told by your physician, that your son can bear an east wind, but your daughter must have a southern breeze, because his lungs are

masculine, and hers are feminine. You are not told that one kind of food must be used for your boy, another for your girl, because their stomachs demand different aliment to perfect their organisms. You do not see in your families robust, healthy children *all boys*, and delicate, sensitive children, *all girls*. You do not see one family all boys, another family all girls. The family is God's type of society; the significance deepening as the mind turns inward to study its own mysteries.

Sex is the central question of freedom. Is freedom male, or female? No, it is a gift to humanity from Jehovah. Freedom is the law of individualism, it is the law of growth; it is neither male nor female. You trample on this gift when you allow a boy to exercise power over his sisters, to quote the perverted usages of society to justify his selfishness. In the strut and assumed superiority of the boy, you see the future bearing of the husband. In the swell and talk of what *he* will do, to show that his mother's wishes do not influence him, that irreverence for woman is seen which leads to sensual indulgence. Hence cases of seduction, prostitution, licentiousness. Hence the little respect woman feels for *herself*.

Equally injurious is it to educate girls in dependence, timidity, sentimentality — with the feeling that strength of character is inconsistent with feminine delicacy — the development of mental power with refinement. The foolish, belittling, indelicate, improper, shamefaced coquetries of childhood, break down that interior perception of the beautiful law of sex which pervades the living universe, increasing as we ascend the scale of creation, and directing the mind ever to the Source of life, love, and wisdom. As love and wisdom are expressed in the Divine operation, so

are they blended in the image of God; in every human being these two principles exist, and we may as well say that the boy's blood can circulate without a heart, or the girl breathe without lungs, as to teach them that any act can be performed rightly without the union of love and wisdom. We talk of masculine and feminine in relation to *persons*, instead of *principles;* we sexualize every thing outwardly, thus planting a Upas tree in the centre of our homes, and the deadly miasm poisons alike the sons and the daughters. But the sun of righteousness is rising with healing in his wings.

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Almost all lyceums in New England, are closed against woman; but there was one in a pleasant country town, whose president believed in *human* rights — believed that woman ought to have an *equal* chance with man. In this lyceum, instead of a committee having the charge of engaging lecturers by a majority in the body, each member of the committee had a right to invite whoever he pleased, and entertained the individual he selected at his own house. Before this lyceum I was invited to lecture, and was not a little amused to hear that on the previous Sunday, the minister had preached from the text, "Women, submit yourselves to your own husbands." I commenced my address with the account of the wisdom of Solomon, and really fancied there was great complacency in some of the countenances around me; and that a change came over them when I proceeded to say that "when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of the king, she went down to prove him with hard questions." As the whole lecture had a religious bearing, some of the audience represented to the good pastor that he had taken wrong ground, to oppose women's speaking in

public, so to satisfy these, he preached the following Sunday from the text, "Husbands, love your wives." The lecture was well attended. This little circumstance is only one of the many efforts made to strangle freedom, to create a public sentiment against woman leaving her home, as if she always *had one*, or as if men did all that could be done to gladden and sweeten the home.

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With pen in hand, writing to a country patient, my door was opened, and there appeared before me an old patient, so haggard, so anxious, so changed, that I said immediately, "What has happened?" Tears came to her eyes, and she said, "I came to tell you, I can't pay your bill, nor any other, I am bankrupt." I knew it must be very serious by her manner. "Tell me all," said I, "and forget my bill." Her sister's husband was a stockbroker; he had filled her head with an increase of dividends, and induced her to sell some real estate and invest her money in stock, and thus was ruined. Said she, "I dreaded to tell YOU, because you had talked to me so seriously about looking after my own affairs, and not trusting the genteel swindlers of the present day." "But," replied I, "*you* said, that you would trust *man*, business was so *unladylike*." "Now," said she, "I must change my boarding-house — everything." "Very well," said I, "*when* you trust in man see what kind of a man he is."

Whilst we were talking, in came another old patient to pour out her spleen against a non-paying railroad, for she wanted to go a journey. So I introduced the sufferers to each other; I could then, (misfortune had brought them into sympathy,) but I could not before, because one *had been* a genteel boarder on an income, the other was a dress-maker, who had saved a few

hundreds. Human hearts are melted into each other by the same fire of adversity.

Said a high-toned physician to me, when the alarm of cholera was terrifying so many: "If cholera does come, it will crowd out smaller evils." I saw this verified now. Those who had been separated by the etiquette of society, now stood on common ground on defalcation — this cholera of the pocket. The former was a very proper woman, and expressed her indignation very *politely* — the other a deep thinker, who remembered all the stitches she had drawn and the hours she had sewed in order to earn what she had lost. "Are there no women on the board of directors," said she, "of railroad companies?" "Oh, no!" said I, "you know *we* have been brought up to trust *man* entirely for business." Said she, with a haughty toss of the head, "*this* is knavery, swindling, polite robbery. I will know if the president is a pious man."

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Said I to a suffering dyspeptic who came to me, "Be frank — utter yourself in confidence and trust, so shall we be one in exploring your case, for you are a chronic invalid — years you have suffered and suffered in silence — you have hugged your chains." Said she, "I have no language in which to utter myself." "Proverbial Philosophy" was on my table; she opened it at the chapter "speaking," and said to me, "read from here, page 114."

"Come, I will show thee an affliction, unnumbered among this world's sorrows,
Yet real and wearisome and constant, embittering the cup of life.
There be, that can think within themselves, and the fire burneth at their heart,
And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not with their tongue;

There be whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to reply,
Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her messengers.
But *nervous dread* and *sensitive shame* freeze the current of their speech;
The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth on the heart,
The mocking promise of power is once more broken in performance,
And they stand impotent of words, travailing with unborn thoughts:
Courage is cowed at the portal, wisdom is widowed of utterance.
He that went to comfort is pitied; he that should rebuke is silent.
And fools who might listen and learn, stand by to look and laugh;
While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by compassion,
And *thought*, finding not a vent, *smouldereth*, *gnawing* at the heart.
And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty sounds.
There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet considered,
And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of *speech*;
For at every turn to want a *word*—thou canst not guess that *want*;
It is as lack of breath or bread: life has *no* grief more galling."

I read the whole paragraph, and then said, "What of your childhood?" Tears filled her eyes. "I never had one—my parents were poor, and when a little child I was bound out to earn my living." A restraint took possession of her, which had to be broken up quietly by letting her feel that sympathy was awakened. I learned she was brought up in a wealthy family, where her nature was constantly irritated by spoiled children capriciously managed. Their petty tyranny, and the power they exercised over her, nearly rendered her a mute.

She was aroused, when the mother who had stamped her with high aspirations, was brought before her, and the true wealth which she had inherited through her was presented for her consideration. There is a ray of light in every heart, and although restraint may exercise its power over the sufferer's soul, and its influence be seen in the body through disease of an insidious char-

acter; yet there *is* something to be done. A mother in heaven can be brought to view, a heavenly childhood awakened again. A similar case is before me whilst writing, of a sweet orphan girl, who was bound out in a sectarian, puritanic family. Her every look and tone, even her movements, were criticized, till apathy and indifference formed a crust over her inner life. She learned a trade, and then neuralgia *kindly* came to rouse her from this torpid state, and restore nervous susceptibilities.

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In thy intercourse with the erring remember the words of Christ, "neither do I condemn thee." Condemnation is *within*. Be careful of thy tone, thy manner, thy look, when the unfortunate approach thee; realize the temptations that have assailed them; the seductive snares that were spread around them; and in the fulness of a grateful soul thank thy father that thou hast not been tempted in the same way; with this gratitude thou canst meet tenderly every forlorn child, and minister counsel, reproof, or encouragement.

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You are very thoughtful this evening, said a friend, who had stepped in to enjoy a little sprightly chat. What is the matter? Had this been my only professional day, enough had transpired to furnish thought for a year, enough to add intensity to the desire to be true to those, who sought medical advice; enough to deepen the already fearful sense of responsibility. Reason has been dethroned. Insensate habit, violating nature's laws, exercises tyrant sway. People have become nearly blind and deaf — just light enough penetrates the gloom of ignorance to show the devastation that ignorance has wrought; just sounds enough have reached the ear

to cause irritation and perplexity without conveying knowledge, — amid heart struggles, head perceptions, the aching eye, the wearied ear have sued for something to satisfy their longing. Fashionable church-going has been tried; the *soul* spurns the mockery, and in its secret chambers hates the counterfeit. Neuralgia brought sufferers to Green street. This has been a day when I could gladly have seen every physician dismissed, and moral and spiritual counsellors called in. *Dose* such cases — you may term them what you please; classify them learnedly; diagnose according to books and approved practice; still there *must be failure;* the cases are not comprehended; the patient has consulted the best physicians, has been the round of formularies, and now dyspeptic stomachs, aching heads, sleepless nights, cadaverous countenances reveal the inefficacy of the remedies.

I wish you could have seen these three cases, so unlike and yet so much alike; so very different, yet not differing. A cold, frigid, polite manner met me in No. 1. She looked as though she was all *alone*, the only inhabitant of the earth, or rather *her* earth; for there are some thus constituted; — no birthdays, no gladsome hours seem to have left their rainbow tints; *self* seemed her centre and circumference; the case was puzzling. I cared not for dyspepsia or neuralgia. I cared not for the physique except as the guide. "Is your mother living on earth, or in heaven?" said I; and there was a reverence in my tone. "I lost my mother in early girlhood." "And have you used that dispensation to aid and bless you in life?" "No! no!" said she, with emphasis. "I have banished *her* from my mind, because my life has been fashionable, and so at variance with *her* counsels." "And think you, my young friend,

that food would nourish you from our common mother, the earth, if regardless of the mother who bore you? Think you that holy ministrations would narcotize the pillow, if conscious violation of duty be persisted in? No! abandon all medicine; commence a diary; go back into the chambers of the past, catch up your mother's lessons; repeat the Lord's prayer again as with her, and let your wealth be an aid, not a stumblingblock, to your soul."

I prescribed bathing, a course of diet, a course of reading for one week, with a record faithfully kept, and you will marvel when I tell you of the results. Close the communication between soul and body by a *false* life, and you *wilfully* shut out the indications of Divine Providence; then what mercy *that* pain which arrests the thoughtless!

"You are a very curious physician," said my friend; "tell me the other case, for I am deeply interested. I never have seen so clearly the abomination of dosing the *body* when the *heart was sick*. Yes, Jesus' teachings are so true; 'Go and *sin* no more,' is the true panacea."

No. 2. Fashionable parentage, with an aspiration beyond it, and a religious nature warring with it, were the cause of disease in this case. Fashionable church-going on Sunday, with the hollow life of church-members on weekdays, had fastened a sort of infidelity on a trusting, loving nature. She was always scanning the real and apparent — the outer and the inner, and having been disappointed in marriage, her heart history was very sad. She had crushed a bright sanguine organization, and doubt, distrust, misgiving, were indicated by her very tread, her tone, her voice. *Trust* was to be the talisman. Trust was to be the

elixir vitæ. Trust was the tonic and laxative, and when accepted and applied, the work would be done. The acts and charities of life were to be exercised according to the golden rule. Openness and frankness were to break the chain of habits, and a sympathy was to be awakened for the sighs and heavings of souls similarly situated. Then sweet sleep and a quiet spirit would come.

"Why, I am afraid you will neutralize the power of religion," said my friend, "and affect some doubting minds unfavorably." No! no! God is *living*, *his* influences therefore are *lifegiving*, and whenever you see such corpse-like forms, such *closed* expression in faces, be assured there is something wrong.

Now for your third case. I would not utter myself on these subjects, but that I give you no names. I only ask your attention to *principles*, to moral and physical laws, so infinitely beyond all medicines — setting at naught the *pharmacopia*. Heart histories buried for years, and anguish aggravated by this living death, and the victim stands before you shelly, cold, sad. Lady-like educated — she married; her husband died, and left an only daughter to her; she was rich in this gift; she had loved and was loved — but poverty was there, and bread must be obtained; she had no money, but she could be a milliner. Her taste for the beautiful could lead her to trim bonnets — her constructiveness could act itself out in the fitting of garments — and so she went out to work — but her dear child must be boarded out, she could not enjoy its presence *and* earn its bread. Her love nature hoping, yet suffering, looked forward to the future; but in the absence of a mother's care, consumption laid its hand upon this beautiful love-child, and the mother, almost driven to despair, came to me

for advice, that she might have health to work, and be able to supply the wants of her dying child.

Then came up doubt and distrust of Divine Providence, and horror-stricken she exclaimed, "If I had had money and could have taken care of my darling, this would not have been; and losing faith in God, she was indeed wretched. Yes, said she, I have often stooped to arrange the hem of a dress when my weak frame refused to rise, but my will overmastered my feebleness. I have been consulted and fretted about the trimming of a dress, when pride kept the tears from my eyes. Such a hard life, such sorrow, oh my child! my child!" Would that I had had twenty in my room to have heard her appeal. Think you, my friend, that medicine — that drugs were needed here? No; it was my mission to awaken tenderness in her, to ask to see that child in consumption; to ask her to trust her patrons, to tell some of them her sorrow, her agony, her distrust. *Medicines* — they never seemed so feeble as this very morning, and to add to this, a widow came overrunning with anguish, with the daguerreotype of a child *she was obliged to give away*, for she could not support three. Yes; woman as physician needs to be behind the veil, to probe hearts that are asking (but not in words) for investigation. She needs to take those words of Holy Writ, "As a father pitieth his children," etc. We parted. I to bed, my friend to thought, and she came to me early next morning, and said, "the religious element must be more demanded, and recognized in the medical profession, or it can perform but half its mission to humanity — its *power* is in ministering to the *spiritual*, as well as the material."

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"Have you seen that article in the Daily Advertiser

on the Marriage Question?" said an anxious, kind woman to me at the time of the New England Convention that met in Boston in September 1855. "No!" "I will bring it to you." "Very well," said I — my first thought was, who has written it?

Some Swedenborgian had answered that part of it which referred to that society, leaving the rest open. Now I have a few words to say on this subject, for I think it safe to affirm that (although unmarried) no one has been permitted such an experience, in virtue of my profession. "That the *quality* of love decides the life," is a truth which will deepen in significance as we become more and more pure. Let this *quality* of love be our test in examining this question, and we shall have a light to guide us. Now, for a moment, suppose that the women interested in this movement, this great moral reformation, believed in "free love," as it is termed, they would but represent our abandoned sisters, our profligates and seducers, our unfaithful married couples and libertines. Think how numerous this class. But this could not be, because *obedience to law* is the fundamental principle of this movement — the law of right is *permanent*, but the other party believe only in *attraction for the time being*. Now obedience to physical laws, (which are also permanent,) is the true preparation for obedience to higher law, and this state of mind is as far removed from the other as light is from darkness. I call upon every true mind, in investigating this subject, to look within and see what is the quality of the love they bring to it. Are not broken-hearted wives crushed by the libertinism of their husbands, (I know terrible cases here,) opening their eyes and ears for deliverance? Let opponents look at the cause — again let them look at the principal actors in this move-

ment; they are those who, blessed personally in their relations, cannot fold their hands whilst looking at the position of others. Love, that regenerating, purifying power is *talked* of by those whose lives are degenerate and impure. Such are very apt to fear for woman a recognition of her position, for it will shield her from their arts. Said a poor shop-girl to me, who had been seduced, "I owed for my board, because I had been sick, and would have been turned out, had I not got the money in some way."

I challenge every writer on this great central subject, that with clean hands and a pure private life he or she touch it, for the time now is when the advertisements in our papers, the private circulars sent to me as a physician, utter a language more powerful than words. This is no place for me to enter within the veil. Broken-hearted women have not had to *tell* me their sorrows, for their countenances have betrayed the anguish of their hearts. Man must know, and woman too, that vice is vice, whether it be in one street or another,— that servants are beginning to read books on hygiene, and if they were not, their virtue is roused by insults received to fortify their position. In 1850, five years ago, this subject was fairly brought out; now look back of that and see *why* the time had come. I have purposely omitted a part of my medical life, preferring this book to be for the general reader; but I am none the less moved by facts unknown to you, to ask a thorough criticism of the moral character of the men and women who speak disparagingly of this movement, after understanding its claims.

"My heart is broken," said a sorrowful young woman to me, "because my father speaks so lightly of my sex." I knew why — I had seen the victim he had seduced —

yes — and I had known, too, her whose anguish at his unfaithfulness had caused her death. Marriage, — that holy union of truth and good, that sun of light and warmth, — approach it reverently; dare not to ridicule it by sneers, slights, or taunts on those women who perceiving its elevation would enlighten woman. Ah! the coquetry, flirtations, etc., of this age break down dividing lines, and the virtue even of very young persons is soiled and weakened, *before they are aware of it.*

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"What, reading Homœopathy," said a lively, impulsive, wide-awake woman, noticing the volume in my hand, "I thought you were too practical for that." "It is because I am practical that I am reading. I am acquainted with several homœopathists whom I greatly respect; their obedience to physiological laws, shows me that they are willing to submit to nature's teachings; that they are not the slaves of appetite. Vaccination, etc., gives me a lesson on the results produced by infinitesimal particles; I took the hint; good spirits aided me; I reasoned, if the virus of vaccine permeates the whole system and produces such effects in preventing disease, why may not a minute dose of medicine effect as much as a curative agent? A kind Dr. sent me some wee preparations, and I intend to examine and test Homœopathy. This is what every candid, truth-loving mind should do, ere it condemns any system." "All nonsense, our family tried and abandoned it." "That is rather an argument in its favor; *your* family have such large alimentiveness, *they* do *not* obey physical laws." "I came to consult you because I thought you gave medicine." "I do administer it, but shall rejoice when attention to the preservation of health renders it unnecessary." After prescribing for her, I remarked,

"I see why so many good men are dissatisfied with the profession; it is such bo-peep play. The true way would be to have a physician examine well people, advise them how *to keep well*, tell them what their hereditary and acquired tendencies are, explain to them that even the quality of the saliva is affected by different states of mind," etc. etc.

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One cold, stormy, wintry evening, when the snow and sleet were playing all kinds of pranks, and cracks and crevices gave notice of the violence of the tempest, the wind whistling all kinds of tunes, I was sitting alone pondering moodily on the cases I had examined that day; they had been peculiarly trying, so cold, so cheerless, so irresponsive to the voice of the spirit, so calculated to create doubt in the Divine, I was tempted to yield to a want of filial trust in God, when suddenly a little incident in my child life occurred to me. I was anxious to go out, but it rained in torrents, and I knew if it continued to do so, I must give up my afternoon pleasure. Often did I run to my father and ask his opinion of the weather; finally he said, "Go to every window and look for blue sky." I scampered off, and through one of the attic windows discovered a radiant spot. I cannot describe how the recollection of this blue sky at once changed the current of thought, shedding light and inspiring life. Ah! have we not all a little opening in the clouds? if we search for it diligently shall we not find it?

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These evenings — these twilights — what a blessing to the busy mind! There is a sunless tint around one, which reveals beauties unseen at mid-day; and in this state there appears in long procession the events of the

day. Well, I have seen parched, shrivelled, half-baked women to-day, who have revelled in the heat of a furnace in autumn, as though midwinter had come; their skins crying aloud for moisture, and certainly a very peculiar drought rests upon such. Well, this drought was not entirely physical; it was felt in the *soul*. One case will serve for illustration. Married well, respectably, properly, thoroughly domesticated, so that the kitchen was well cared for, the mind constantly bent on household duties, making and mending clothing, etc. The husband was a thorough business man. This couple, like many others, knew very little of each other. She was in her place, he in his; both believed they had distinct duties to perform. In her anxiety to economize, she overworked herself; consequently their children were precocious mentally, and physically very frail. Then came dentition, which is a test to such constitutions, when one and another of these feeble ones passed into the spiritual world, leaving the parents to *wonder* why their children had not inherited better constitutions. This law of transmissibility violated, other transgessions followed in their train. The children that were raised were feeble, delicate, and constantly overtaxed the mother by the care they required.

Well, years rolled away — property was accumulated — the husband retired from business — the children grew up and were married, and now I want to present to the reader this wife and mother. With good natural abilities, she is, nevertheless, wholly unfit to be the intelligent and interesting *companion*, or wise counsellor of her husband or children. The dignity of her womanhood has been sunk in the drudgery of her kitchen, and whilst providing for the *physical* comfort of her family, she has forgotten that the time would come when her

husband, relieved by competency or wealth, from the engrossments of business, and her children arisen into manhood and womanhood, would seek in *her*, — not the caterer to appetite only — not the careful provider of their wardrobes alone — but the *intellectual companion*, whose garnered treasures of historic facts, scientific principles, and varied experiences in a life of fifty years, would render her the most delightful and attractive companion — the wisest and tenderest of counsellors, and the brightest of examples as the mellow hues of autumnal life gathered around her venerated form. All this she had forgotten, or it may be, so beautiful a picture of the meridian of womanhood was never imagined, far less aimed at by her, and she is resigned, contented to live the rest of her life a broken down invalid, with overworked, overanxious, crippled energies, and withered mind inscribed upon her wrinkled, sombre face. Is she to blame? No, she has only lived out *her* ideal — *this era's* ideal of woman's sphere — she has offered herself up a willing sacrifice upon the altar of domestic duty. Verily she has her reward. Peace be upon her heart. But reader, are you willing that *your* daughter should be thus mentally and bodily immolated? We wonder at the Hindoo widow who burns herself upon the funeral pyre, but we wonder *not* at the Christian wife who starves her *mind* to death, and moves about her house a living corpse.

Meanwhile the husband has been developing *mentally*, for his business relations have brought him into contact with *minds* full of energy, thought, and emulation — not with kitchen utensils, curtains, and carpets, old clothes, and new cloth. *He* is wide awake, he attends lectures, he goes to the club, to the political meeting, to the gallery of art — they are beautiful and

interesting to him, but *her unfed mind* and overworked body cares for none of these things — she is a cipher in the world of intelligence — an invalid — and sometimes a burden, and not a blessing to her family — loved with the love of pity, rather than that of reverence, served from duty rather than deep filial affection.

Look at the accumulation of facts in this direction, and you must feel that there is a vast unopened mine of intellect in woman, over which the common duties of life have grown a deep and verdant sod which has never yet been upturned, so that golden and silver ingots and precious gems have been buried; but may be these costly jewels shall be inherited by her offspring; thus can be solved the enigma of those children of genius, who *seem* to have dropped from the clouds. O these suffering middle-aged women, with dollars in their purses but *no deposits* in the bank of mind; and whose natures not being deep enough to drink of the waters of life, have been cheated into accepting a *form, without the substance*, of religion.

Better for *such* men that they should always continue in business, moderately accumulating their gains, and such wives the supervision of their household, and the care of their wardrobes, for to jostle *these* relations is hazardous. Such cases are truly saddening, particularly so, because to superficial observers their position is considered enviable because of their wealth. Such cases, too, are posers to physicians. Wherever *maternity* has failed to impress itself upon woman as a *type* of her own *individual growth*, it has failed in its *highest mission*, and its reverse action has been paralyzing and withering; disobedient, disrespectful, wayward children, are the fruits of this state. Young Americans, they are called.

How many feeble mothers are driven along under the crushing and exhausting cares of maternity without an interior growth, a rest, a pause! But the day of recompense comes, and man instead of finding his old age beautified by the cheerful companionship of the wife who had gladdened his young manhood, one who would have loved to read, to talk, to think with him, has now but too often a worn-out, sickly companion, lounging in an arm-chair, moodily worrying herself over every trifle. This poison in married life — this interior divorce whilst in each other's presence, is terrible; and the time is now when *homes* should be analyzed, and facts brought to light, and *causes* investigated, so that the rising generation may be saved such sad experiences.

"I am so lonely," said one of these women, "my husband is always out." "Well," said I, "why do you not render his home so attractive that he cannot be," was my answer. "I would chain him, and he should not see the chain." "How? Why?" "Many ways." "O," said she, "*you* know nothing of married life. As soon as the children grow up, then the mother is old." "Nonsense," said I, "there is no age when the *soul* cannot be alive — *that* need not moulder and decay — it was made with an ever-growing principle within itself, and growth keeps the mind fresh even in old age. Do you not read?" "Very little," said she. "I was obliged to abandon it for household duties." "Well, now you are receiving your punishment. At the very time when business tact and unwearied industry in your husband has brought you wealth, you are leaning upon a crutch to receive it, and begin to see that 'you have paid too dear for the whistle,' in having overdriven and broken down your own physique under the pressure of *home* duties."

I would not be understood to depreciate domestic duties. I understand their *vital* importance. I do *not* feel that they are *beneath any* mind, however *great.* They are the hidden ministrations which should sustain man in the battle of life, and soothe him in his hours of rest. All that I ask wives and mothers to do is to put every duty of life in its *true relation*, to weigh each in a balance, and not to allow one set of duties *wholly* to absorb *all* the energies of the mind; for whenever this is the case, an *inharmonious* development of character is the consequence, the mother sinks into a "child-keeper," the wife into a domestic overseer, intelligence flickers and dies in the socket of a sickly body, and many diseases are induced which are never traced to their true source.

There is yet another class of middle-aged women, even more to be pitied than the above. Here is an example. "Don't laugh at my over-dress," said an old patient to me, "I have nothing else to do with my time." "Better that than nothing," said I, "for clothing the body *may* suggest clothing for the *mind:* an overdressed body with a *naked soul* beneath it, is a sorry sight." I could not help enjoying this train of thought with my old patient, for she had become a convert to the narrow sphere of woman in her youth. This fashionable class, almost wholly neglectful of home duties, fritter away their time in elegant stores, in millinery shops, and at mantuamakers — the choice of the color, stripe, and texture of fabrics, are subjects of *vast moment to them*, and when fully "equipped as the law (fashion) directs," they parade themselves at certain hours, and in certain places, according to fashionable etiquette. What kind of companions can such women make for their husbands? "O! dear me," said an ex-

perienced dress-maker, "this particularity about shades of propriety in deep mourning, saddens my soul — this morning." She looked grieved, and I remarked, "You have a fine opportunity for insight into life." "Yes, but *so* mournful. Form, figure, color, propriety, are all regulated by the Moloch of fashion. If I had been a man, I should have been an inventor, but now my constructiveness is expended on bows, and basques, and trimmings," etc.

Another. This lady's husband had failed since I had last seen her. Impossible, thought I. Her bearing is the same; her clothing even more elegant. Now I knew who had been injured in this failure, and so I said, "You have passed through a severe discipline since I last saw you, and it must have worked some good — you *used to be* so extravagant." "O," said she, with apparent indifference, "failures are very different *now* from what they were many years ago — it is only a *suspension.* My husband says we must keep up the *same* style." Truth is very bold. I felt desperate, and said, "Who are your creditors? Were you not building?" "O yes." "Then mechanics are to lose, and their wives must work the harder for it." She understood me; her countenance betrayed it. I then prescribed.

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"Do you take gentlemen patients?" said a quiet, pleasant voice to me one morning. "I hardly know how to answer," said I, "for I have taken some, through wives, mothers, and sisters, but not as a general thing." This set me to thinking of the immense *debt of gratitude* we owed man for his medical care of us so long, and I queried whether there was any way to *pay the debt.* It was very clear that none but women of mature age, ought to prescribe for man. Two reasons for this offered

themselves. 1. He would then be able to test their capacity, and *perhaps* might feel the necessity, if not the justice of opening all the *colleges* to them. 2. If man was brought into contact with woman as his physician, in those weak and suffering states in which he is wholly dependent upon her sympathies and care as a nurse, he would learn to appreciate her more, and the office of nurse would be invested with a dignity it never has been. This is a subject for deep thought. Man, *man alone* has had the care of *us*, and I would ask how *our health stands now.* Does it do credit to *his* skill? There have been no — *intruders* shall I call them — no women physicians until lately. *He* has had undisputed possession of the field. Quackery was eagle-eyed — it saw the weaknesses, infirmities, and diseases of women, and invented divers straps, supporters, and bands. No action, to my knowledge, has ever been taken among medical men to enlighten woman, to save her from the *causes* of her peculiar suffering. Now is it not reasonable that *we* should prescribe for man? Might we not put to him very startling questions? Might *we* not suggest to him *some of the causes of woman's multiplied sufferings?*

CHAPTER XXVI.

"There is at Florence, a palace in which is a circular hall, faced with separate mirrors. In the centre is a statue of exquisite beauty. Each of these mirrors reflects the image of the statue at different angles, and consequently exhibits some particular point more prominently and accurately than any of the others. Artists study the statue through these mirrors, and thus can estimate the beauty of each separate part, and form a better judgment of the perfection of the whole."

In the previous pages I have introduced you into an apartment in which is placed the statue of my life. The chapters, like mirrors, reflect the different phases of that life.

1. A beautiful and joyous childhood in a true and happy home.

2. The opening struggles of life in my experience as a teacher.

3. The sudden departure of my father, and the uplifting of my mother into greater dignity and strength, when her responsibilities doubled upon her.

4. The long illness of my sister, and consequent turning of our minds to the study of Anatomy and Physiology.

5. Our entering together upon the untrodden path of female practice of the medical profession.

6. Her marriage and removal, which left me alone in it, and the help afforded me to meet this increased responsibility, through my introduction to the writings of Swedenborg.

7. The departure of my mother to the spirit land, which left me *alone* in our home, and the consequent deepening of my religious experience, when a lonely orphanage was added to the solitary duties, and increasing responsibilities of my professional life.

Why have I thus invited you to look at this statue of my life?

Do I presume upon the aloneness of this experience? How can I, knowing as I do, that every child is stamped by its parents with organic peculiarities, which being developed by HOME influences, prepare it to follow the leadings of Divine Providence?

I have never asked any one to look at myself. O no. *Great principles* are *all* I have sought to exhibit. It is *these only*, I have invited you to study in the different phases of my life. But after all, my friends, I have only shown you the *outside* of that life, and just as the sculptors who study the Florentine statue by looking into the mirrors which surround it, see only the *reflection* of marble *superficies*, so many — it may be, *all* of you will see nothing, *know* nothing of my *interior* self. The *I* is still concealed behind this *paper tapestry* — still inshrined within a holy of holies, into which human eye has *never* looked — where human foot has never trod. Even now I stand in *conscious hiddenness*. True, you see *some* of the things I have done — *some* of the trials, sorrows, and joys of a happy life. But these are no more ME than the physique that my spirit wears. And as the artists who sit before those mirrors to study the laws of grace and proportion, regard the

statue as of *no account*, save as it unfolds and impresses *these* upon their minds, *so am I nothing;* but earnestly do I desire, that through the pages of this book, the harmonious laws of our common humanity may be perceived and studied; and woman's *present* position, and her *unsatisfied* aspirations after knowledge, independence, and enlarged usefulness be duly appreciated.

Whether this life will be regarded as worthy of study as the Italian statue, depends, 1. Upon the correctness of the principles it involves; 2. The clearness with which they have been presented; 3. The heathfulness of *your moral* vision; and 4. The *purity of the social atmosphere* through which *you* view it.

Every individual, like a statue, develops in his life the laws of harmony, integrity, and freedom; or those of deformity, immorality, and bondage. Whether we wish to or not, we are all drawing our own pictures in the lives we are living, and through them we are, (to a certain extent,) "known and read of all men."

But why have I presented to you this statue of my life? I will tell you. When seven times seven years, with their seedtime and harvest, had come and gone, and gone and come, emptying upon my head their seven horns of plenty, in the varied experiences and observations of private and public life, I heard a voice saying unto me, "Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are." In simplicity I have obeyed, doing what my hands found to do; I feel a debt has been paid to humanity, a burden rolled off my heart, and a recognition of my home responsibilities publicly expressed.

As the upheaving island carries up the waters of the ocean around it, even so will woman in her moral and

intellectual elevation, carry up the tone of public morals, and of professional and political life in our country and the world. And as the natural philosopher, by unfolding to us the laws of light and vision, has enabled the optician to prepare the finest and truest mediums of sight; so the spiritual philosopher, by exploring the great principles of humanity, will yet enable the philanthropist to understand the necessities of the present age, and provide for its wants intellectually, morally, and spiritually.

END.

V